June 12, 1989

THE NEW YORKER

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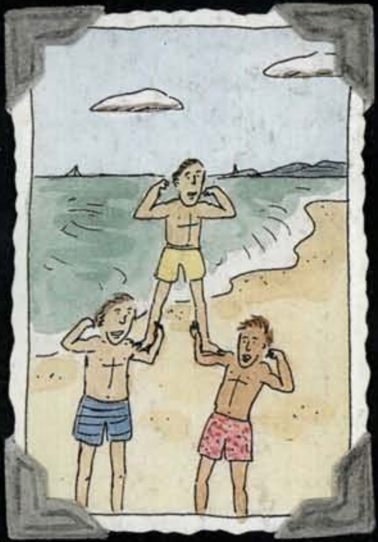
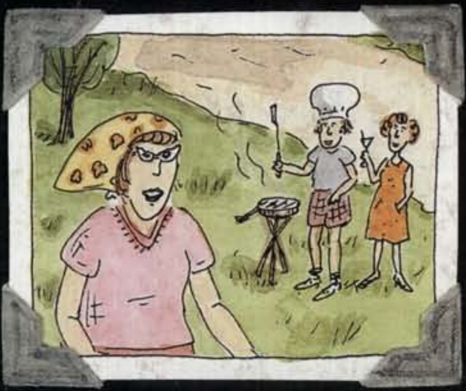
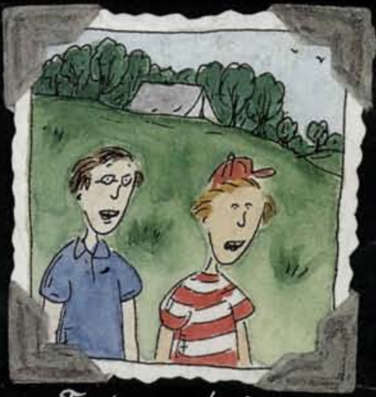


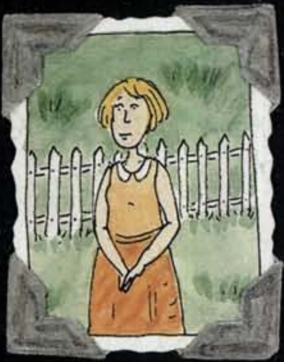
Those crazy Kastner boys!



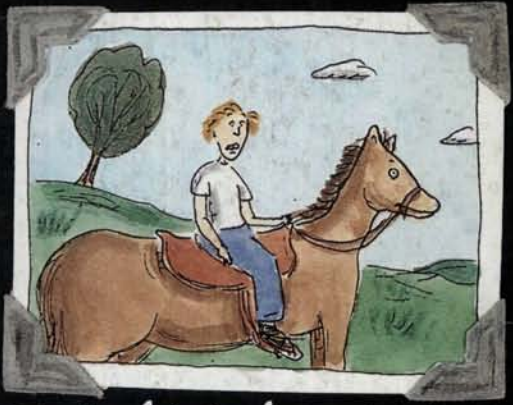
Barbeque at Betty and Ed's. Some fun!



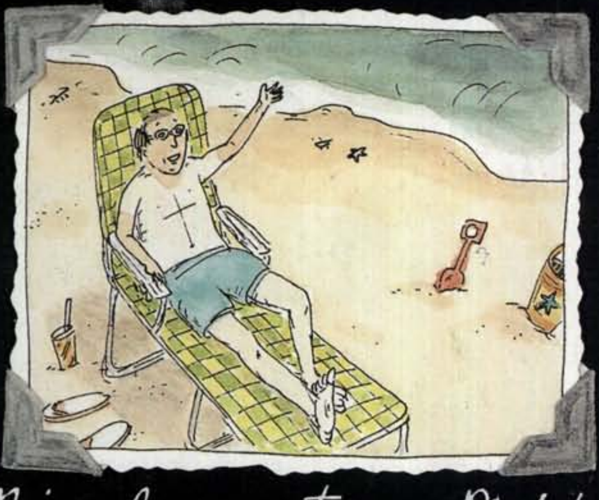
Tod and Stu. Camping trip, Underhill Falls



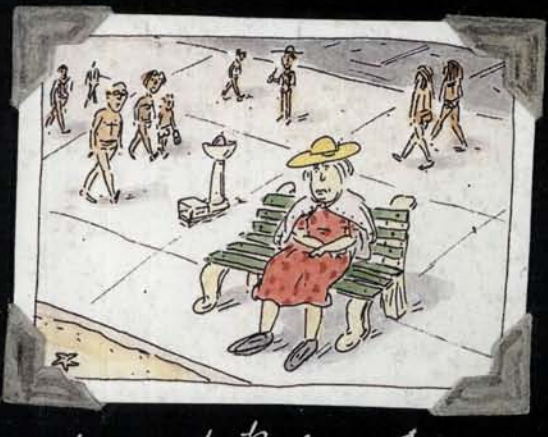
Josie, age 14½



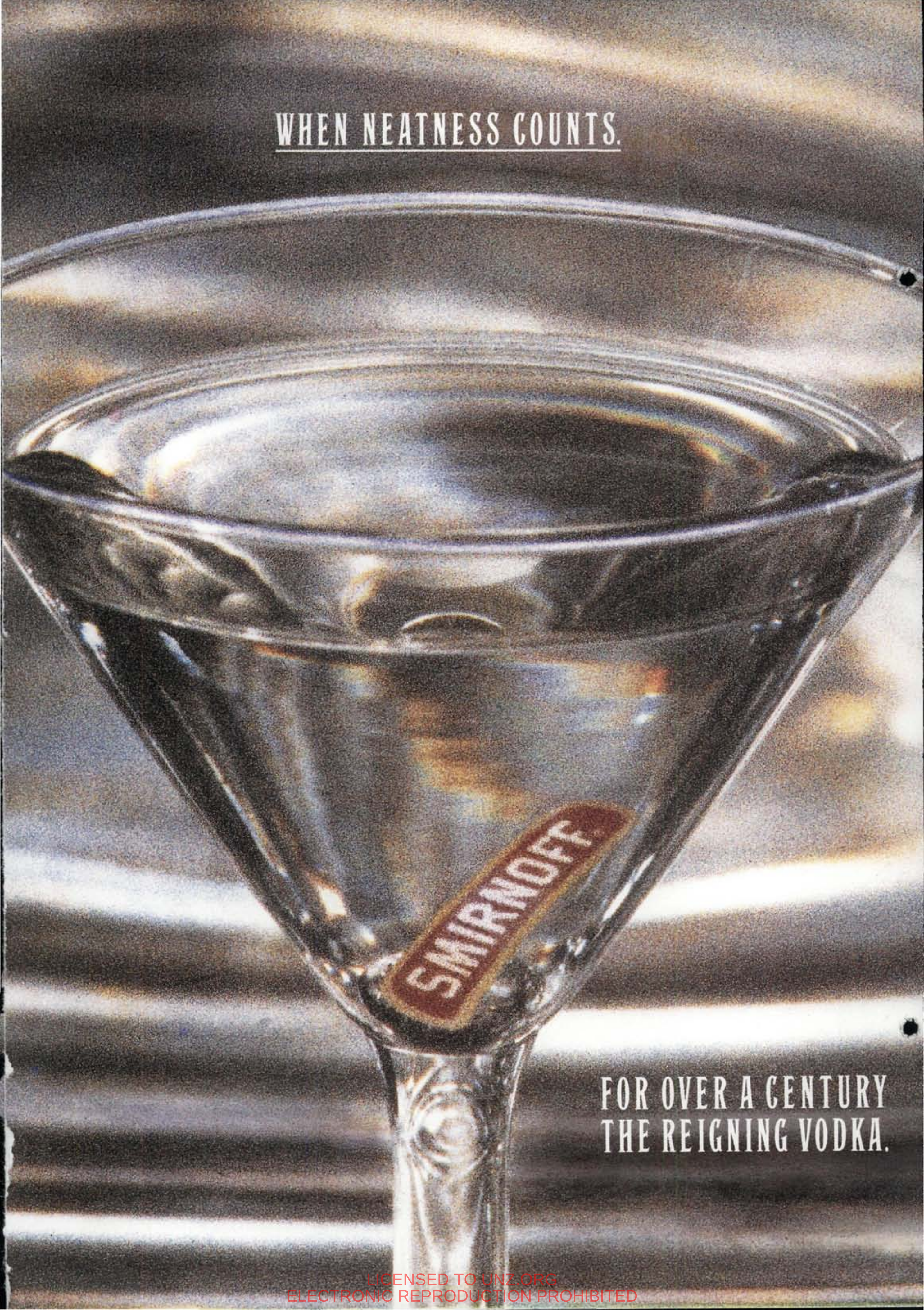
Stu's first horseback ride



Nice farmer tan, Dad!



Grandma at Pulver Beach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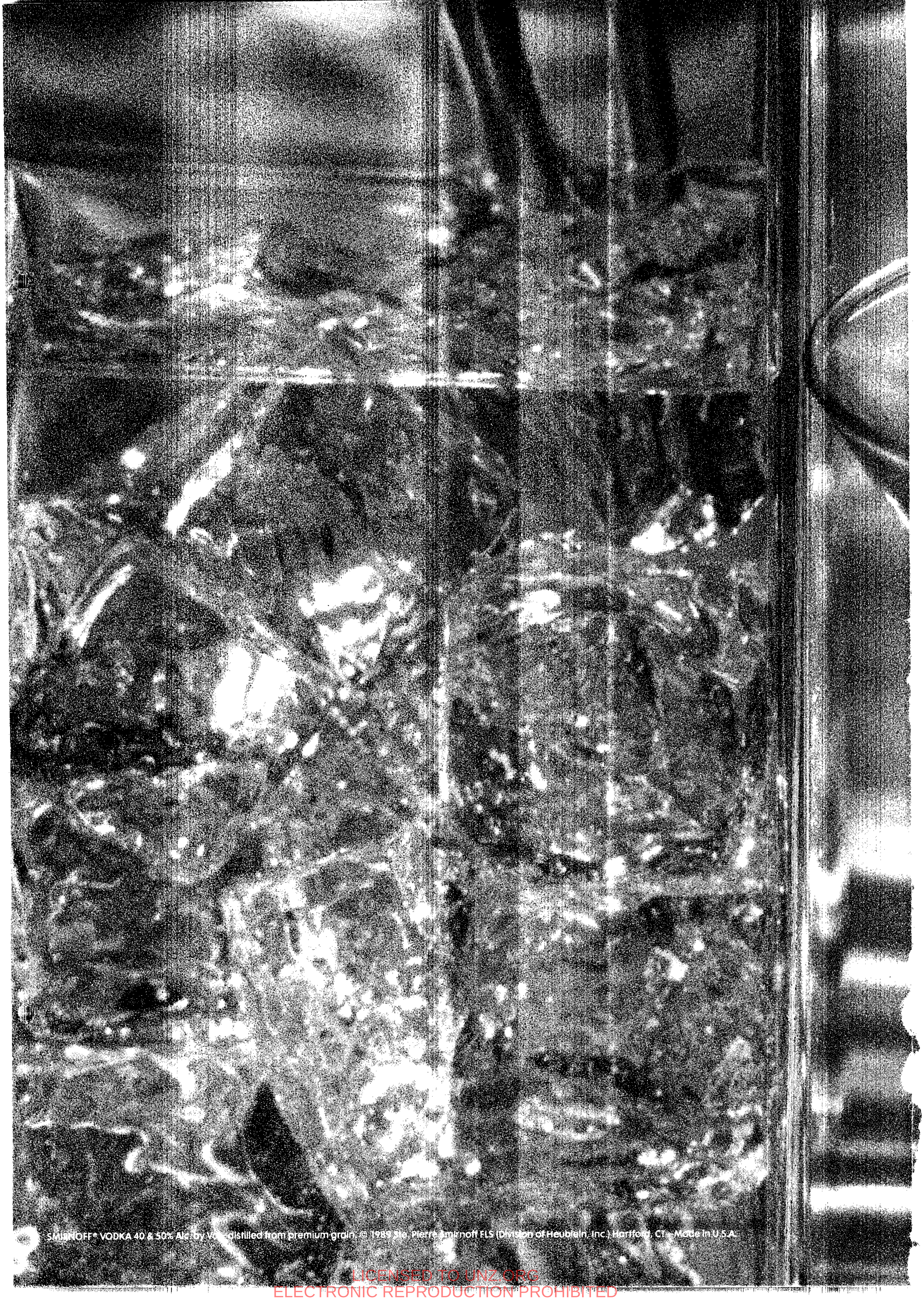

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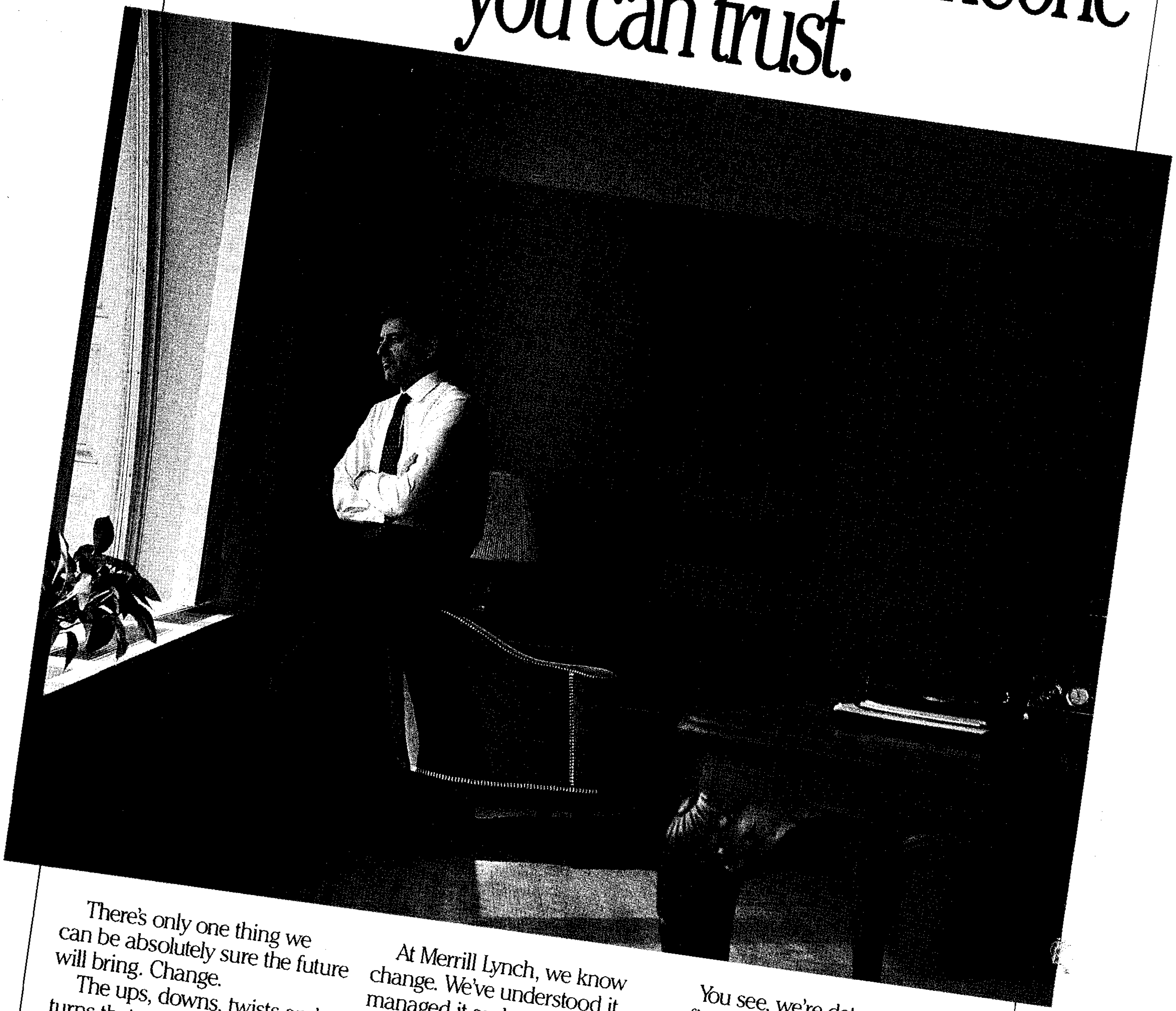

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

NEXT week, a revival of "Like It Was," an original jazz and rhythm-and-blues opera by Dan Feigelson, will be performed by members of the fourth-grade class at P.S. 321 in Brooklyn. The sung-through opera, in which a group of bored schoolchildren is transported back in time and given a tour of American history by ghosts from the past, is scored for a six-piece band.

Mr. Feigelson, who has taught fourth grade at P.S. 321 for three years, wrote "Like It Was" for last year's class. "I wanted to show a hipper side of American history than I was being instructed to teach," he told us. The first act—which covers a thousand years in about fifteen minutes—dramatizes the white man's displacement of the Native American. In the second act, the Revolutionary War is fought by duelling saxes ("So fresh the way those Sons of Liberty," sing the children, "dissed them Brits and trashed their tea").

Another feature of the production is nontraditional casting. Last year, a black girl played the role of Columbus. "We thought that was justice, casting a black woman as Columbus," Mr. Feigelson said. Asked if he planned to take the same approach again, he considered for a moment. "Actually, it might be a boy this time," he said. "It's really a question of who can shake it the best; Columbus has got to be funky." This year, Feigelson talks of "pulling a Handel"—incorporating an aria from an earlier piece ("Attack of the Robot Children") which he feels would work better here.

"Like It Was" will be performed on June 14th at seven-thirty and June 16th at six-thirty—the unconventional times are to accommodate the musicians, all of whom have other gigs.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

Babes in Arms—A concert version of the 1937 Rodgers and Hart musical, conducted by Evans Haile and featuring singers Judy Blazer, Donna Kane, Judy Kaye, Gregg Edelman, and Jason Graae. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. June 5 at 8.)

The Good Coach—A psychological thriller by Ben Siegler, with Tom Mardirosian. Previews through June 10. Opens June 11 at 7:30, and will run through June 25. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

The Lisbon Traviata—A play by Terrence McNally, with Anthony Heald, Nathan Lane, Dan Butler, and John Slattery. John Tillinger is the director. Opens June 6 at 8. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Ubu—Larry Sloan and Doug Wright's adaptation of Alfred Jarry's "Ubu Roi," based on a translation of the play by Jacqueline de la Chaume. With Oliver Platt as Père Ubu, Jodie Markell as Mère Ubu, and Christopher Durang as Ubu's Conscience. Directed by Mr. Sloan. In previews. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

NEW THIS SEASON

Aristocrats—Brian Friel's portrait of the family of Judge O'Donnell, of Ballybeg Hall, in Donegal, is witty, ironic, and loving. It is faultlessly performed by Niall Buggy (an astonishing actor, who got his start at the Abbey Theatre), Peter Crombie, John Pankow, Kaiulani Lee, John Christopher Jones, and Margaret Colin, among others, under the direction of Robin Lefèvre. Distinguished setting, lighting, and costumes by John Lee Beatty, Dennis Parichy, and Jane Greenwood. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/8/89.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-0102.)

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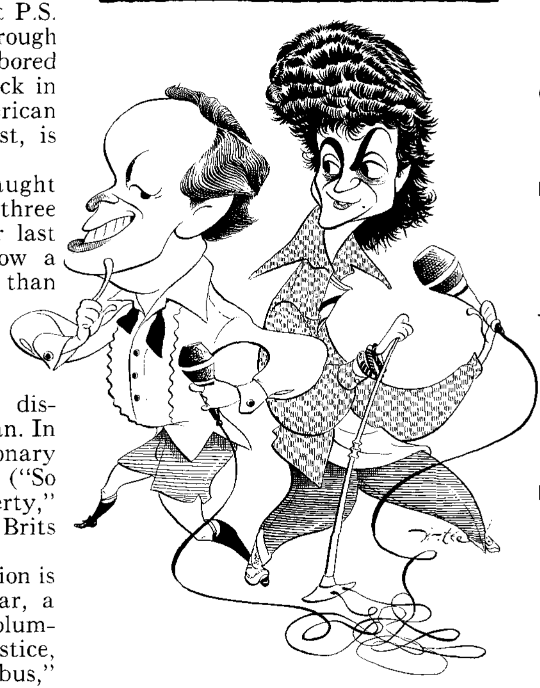

Larry Keith and Paul Provenza in "Only Kidding!"

Arms and the Man—Shaw's comedy, with Daniel Gerroll, Roma Downey, and Christopher Noth. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

Black and Blue—An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (2/6/89, under Dancing.) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

Born Yesterday—Madeline Kahn's performance as Billie Dawn (the role that made Judy Holliday famous) is the only good thing about this revival of Garson Kanin's 1946 political fable. Ed Asner is entirely inadequate as the scrap-metal tycoon who makes the mistake of hiring a *New Republic* writer to educate his mistress. So, unfortunately, is Daniel Hugh Kelly, who plays the journalist. (2/13/89) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Closes June 11.)

Cantorial—Ira Levin's play about a couple who move into a renovated apartment on the Lower East Side that was once a synagogue, only to find that the place is haunted (by the restless spirit of an intrusive cantor, no less). Anthony Fusco and Woody Romoff are as cute as all getout playing, respectively, the young man of uncertain origins who finds himself wanting to be a Jew and the wise old bird who owns the deli across the street. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Closes June 11.)

Circle Repertory Company—The final play of the season is **FLORIDA CRACKERS**, a drama by Wm. S. Leavengood about three brothers and their involvement in the drug trade. John Bishop is the director. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Closes June 25.)

The Cocktail Hour—A dramatist returns home to break the news to his prosperous family that he has written a play about them and to ask their permission to have it produced. More easily said than done. A. R. Gurney's humor has never been more sparkling, his characters never more engaging. Under Jack O'Brien's direction, Nancy Marchand gives a marvellous performance as the hero's mother, and Holland Taylor and Keene Curtis do well also. (11/7/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Cymbeline—The ninth production in the Shakespeare Marathon stars Joan Cusack as Imogen. JoAnne Akalaitis is the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—The 1989 marathon of one-act plays. Through June 18: "Pathological Venus," by Brighde Mullins; "Woman Floating Out a Window," by Jacklyn Maddux; and "The Open Boat," by Neal Bell. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. The marathon continues through July 2.)

The Heidi Chronicles—Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With a superb cast, led by Joan Allen. (12/26/88) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

I Could Go On Lip-Synching!—This one-man variety show made up of cultural arcana is *kind of weird, kind of quirky, and kind of* brilliant. Performed by John Epperson and written by him and Justin Ross (who directed), it uses the rhetorical tactics of drag theatre to attack some of the Big Questions, managing not so much to raise lip-synching to an art as to transform aural montage into psychodrama. Certainly this is the strangest show in town. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556.)

Jerome Robbins' Broadway—A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. The evening is an orgy of family entertainment, a display of theatrical arts and crafts, and a canonization of Robbins and his era. Whether the fifties was your generation of your parents', this is the show for you. (3/13/89, under Dancing.) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Kathy and Mo Show: Parallel Lives—Comedy skits and vignettes about gender and its role in society, written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

Largely New York—It would be a mistake to assume that Bill Irwin's dance-mime extravaganza is fundamentally boring because it lacks words; in fact, it has the best "book" on Broadway. The piece is partly a send-up of theatrical technology, partly a comment on the ills that beset a pluralistic society, and partly a debate about art. Irwin puts onstage all the conflicts, tensions, and antagonisms of city life and resolves them by means of an invented language. His solution is unrealistic—it obtains only in a theatre—but what makes the message so uplifting is that to understand it you have to learn a new idiom. (5/15/89) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

Laughing Matters—This comedy revue by the team Wallem & Tolan is so consistently unfunny that it borders on the offensive. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 564-8038.)

Lend Me a Tenor—The setting of this farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. Philip Bosco, Victor Garber, Tovah Feldshuh, J. Smith-Cameron, Caroline Lagerfelt, Ron Holgate, Jane Connell, and Jeff Brooks make up the splendid cast. (3/13/89) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

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LOVE LETTERS—Staged readings of A. R. Gurney's new two-character play. June 5, Patricia Elliott and Josef Sommer; June 11, Debra Mooney and John Cunningham; and June 12, Barbara Barrie and George Grizzard. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

METAMORPHOSIS—Steven Berkoff's one-act adaptation of the Kafka story, with Mikhail Baryshnikov in the role of Gregor Samsa. Spinach. Performances resume on June 12. (3/20/89) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

THE MYTH PROJECT: A FESTIVAL OF COMPETENCY—A play conceived by Michael Almareyda and Adrienne Weiss, and inspired by Joseph Campbell's "The Power of Myth." (Mann Theatre, 114 W. 17th St. 727-0020. Closes June 11. No tickets necessary, but reservations are suggested.)

OBSESSION FOR THE BODY—A musical by Stephen Kennedy Murphy. (18th Street Playhouse, 145 W. 18th St. Closes June 21. For reservations, call 807-4990.)

ONLY KIDDING!—Jim Geoghan's comedy about stand-up comedians, in all their panic and desperation, has the ring of authenticity, and jokes that invariably pay off. (One monologue, about a Greek restaurant, is a knockout.) The characters are an aging Catskills type; a young comedy team, still scrambling for a foothold; a jumpy writer; and a beef-brained manager. All the actors do well, under the lively direction of Larry Arrick. (5/29/89) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY—Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York stockbroker's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. Kevin Conway can seldom have been better or funnier than he is as Bronx-born Lawrence Garfinkle, and Janet Zarish plays his adversary (with a difference). They are ably supported by Scotty Bloch, James Murtaugh, and Arch Johnson. The performance as a whole is a credit to Gloria Muzio, who directed it. An import from the Hartford Stage Company. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

RUMORS—This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has written. It is acted to perfection by Christine Baranski, Ron Leibman, Joyce Van Patten, Charles Brown, and Cynthia Darlow, under the impeccable direction of Gene Saks.(11/28/88) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

SHIRLEY VALENTINE—Pauline Collins gives a funny, beguiling performance as a Liverpool housewife who, feeling herself engulfed by drab domesticity, flies off to Greece, where she finds a temporary lover and lives happily ever after. Miss Collins is the only actor, and she is backed every inch of the way by Willy Russell, who wrote the play, and by Simon Callow, who directed it. (2/27/89) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

S. J. PERELMAN . . . IN PERSON—Lewis J. Stadlen plays the American author and humorist in this one-man show written by Bob Shanks. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

STARMITES—This musical about a girl who enters the world of her favorite comic-book characters is pretty much what you'd expect. The style of the main plot—visually and otherwise—leans toward Michael Jackson, aerobic dancing, and Andrew Lloyd Webber; the style of the subplot is more in the direction of leather. We lasted almost to intermission. (Criterion Center Stage Right, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200.)

A TALE OF TWO CITIES—Everett Quinton's over-the-top one-man version of Dickens' novel has Miss Pross literally hanging from the ceiling. Unfortunately, his performance is more spirited than it is consistently funny. Best is the word "BLOOD" scrawled on the bathroom wall. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

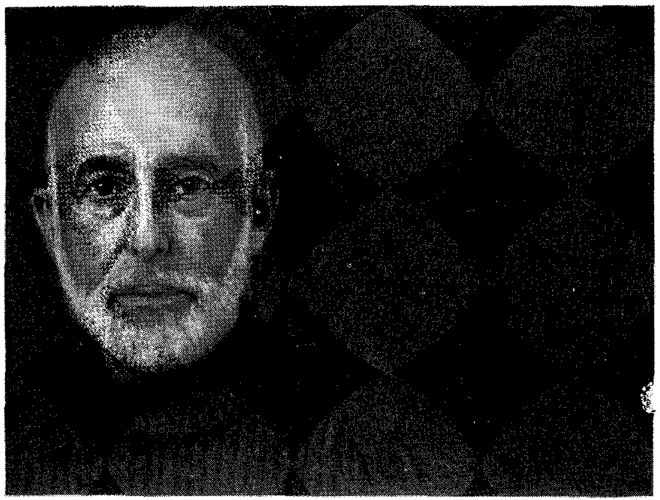
UP 'N' UNDER—A comedy by John Godber about England's worst amateur rugby team. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810.)

THE VALUE OF NAMES—A play by Jeffrey Sweet, set in the eighties, about a comedian who was blacklisted during the fifties. With John Seitz; directed by Gloria Muzio. (Gertrude & Irving Dimson Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874.)

YANKEE DAWG YOU DIE—Philip Kan Gotanda's comedy about a couple of Asian-American actors trying to make their way in the film industry in the face of Hollywood stereotyping probably should have been a one-act play. Still, Sab Shimono and Stan Egi bring a certain amount of complexity and appeal to their roles, and the playwright treats his subject with aplomb. (5/29/89) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes June 11.)

LONG RUNS

ANYTHING GOES: This exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Leslie Uggams, Bill McCutcheon, and Gregg Edelman, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction, and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run recently celebrated its twenty-ninth birthday. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1989:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. The performers are Toni DiBuono, Roxie Lucas, David B. McDonald, and Michael McGrath—inspired mimics all. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **INTO THE WOODS:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful and funny—sometimes both. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363.) . . . **M. BUTTERFLY:** David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play, with John Rubinstein and B. D. Wong. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** A silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. Starring James Brennan. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **SARAFINA!:** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 246-0102.)



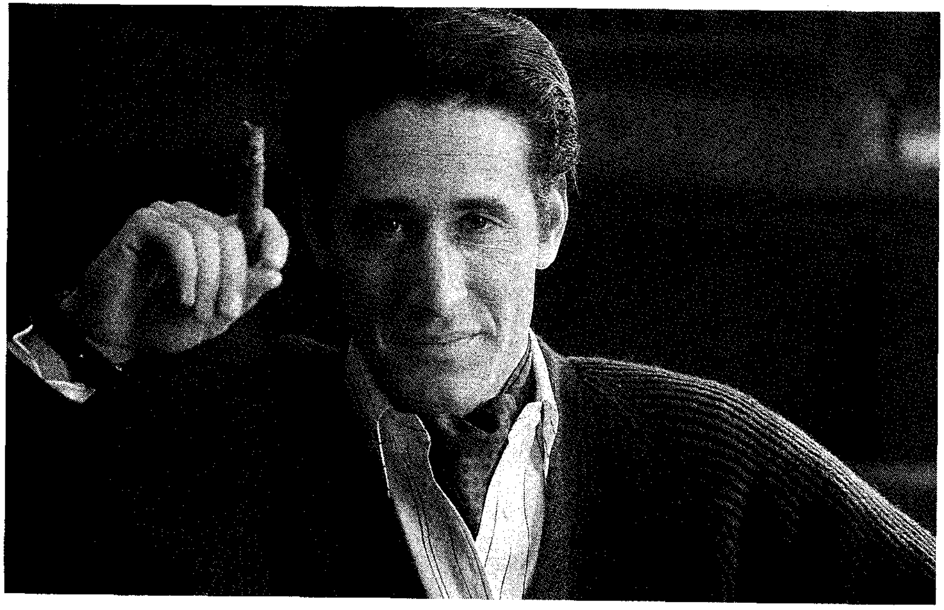
DANCE

JEROME ROBBINS—who, for his seventieth birthday, will be honored by New York City Ballet at its spring gala on June 8th—exemplifies the spectacle that is New York. This is partly, as the current hit revue "Jerome Robbins' Broadway" reminds us, because some of his most remarkable Broadway work was made for shows here—"On the Town," "West Side Story." But the urban connection goes deeper. Robbins knows that city thoroughfares constitute our largest theatre, and that studying the people in them is our most accessible form of entertainment. He has paid attention to this quintessential civic habit, looking, and, before we realize it we start looking to his dances for our ideas of what New York should be.

For Robbins, observation is a matter not of detachment but of bonding. In City Ballet's current repertory, one can see the adolescent figures of "Interplay" encouraging the solo displays of their companions, or the mysterious priestesses of "Antique Epigraphs" attending each other's intricate rites, or the girl and boy of "Afternoon of a Faun" playing off each other's mirror image, or the man and woman of "Other Dances" admiring each other's wit. We think of the girls who serve as the sailors' audience in "Fancy Free," and of the terrible ocular discoveries of "The Cage." And we think of Robbins himself, whom we often spot on our side of the footlights, looking. A couple of weeks ago, we noticed him a few rows away at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, watching the Lully opera "Atys." Anyone who cares about musical theatre in this city is a part of his audience.

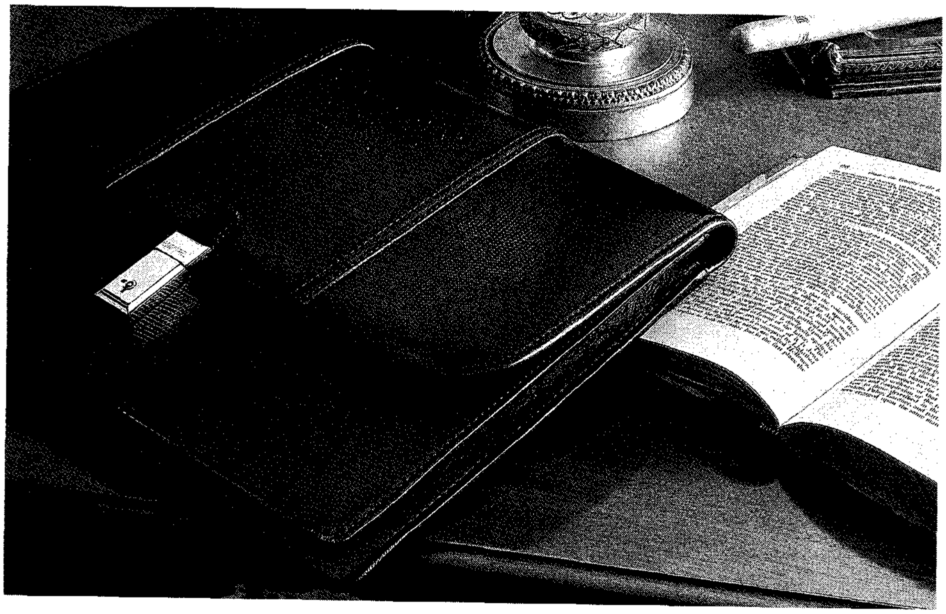
NEW YORK CITY BALLET—June 6 at 8: "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Songs of the Auvergne," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ June 7 at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Songs of the Auvergne," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ June 8 at 8: An all-Robbins program. A benefit; for tickets, call 870-5585. . . . ¶ June 9 at 8: "The Four Temperaments," "Barber Violin Concerto," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ June 10 at 2: "Fanfare," "Ballade," "Sonatas and Interludes," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ June 10 at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Moves," "Other Dances," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." . . . ¶ June 11 at 1: "Divertimento No. 15," "Barber Violin Concerto," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ June 11 at 7: "Fanfare,"

It's easy to tell the good things in life.



CDC

They're even harder to find than to afford.



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GOLD/PFEIL

Goldpfeil: Miami, Dadeland Mall · Dallas, Galleria · Houston, Galleria III · Chicago at Kaehler, Oakstreet · Los Angeles at Bullocks Wilshire; El Portal, South Coast Plaza/Crystal Court · New York at Crouch & Fitzgerald, Madison Avenue · San Francisco at I. Magnin, Union Square; Malm, Grant Avenue; El Portal at San Francisco Center, Edwards at Embarcadero III · Las Vegas, El Portal at Fashion Show Mall and at selected fine luggage shops.

DANCE–Cont'd

"Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Slaughter *on* Tenth Avenue." . . . ¶ June 13 at 8: "The Four Temperaments," "Behind the China Dogs," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ June 14 at 8: "Apollo," "In Memory of . . .," and "The Four Seasons." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through June 25.)

American Ballet Theatre—June 5 at 8: "Don Quixote (Kitri's Wedding)." . . . ¶ June 6 at 8: "Ballet Imperial," "Pillar of Fire," and "Everlast." . . . ¶ June 7 at 2: "Ballet Imperial," "Airs," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ June 7 at 8: "Everlast," "Quartet," "Bum's Rush," and "In the Upper Room." . . . ¶ June 8-9 at 8, June 10 at 2 and 8, and June 12 at 8: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ June 13 at 8, and June *14 at 2 and 8: "Don Quixote (Kitri's Wedding)."* (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through July 1.)

Battery Dance Company—Two premières—"Four Corners" and "The Conversation"—and "The Anyone's Ballet." (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 488-1715. June 6 at 8; June 7 at noon and 6:45; and June 8 at noon.)

Jean Erdman Theatre of Dance—A program of Erdman works from the late forties and early fifties, performed by an ensemble of seven dancers. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. June 8 at 7:30, a benefit, and June 9 at 8. For information about tickets, call 769-4141.)

Annabelle Gamson/Dance Solos—A company of solo performers in works by Isadora Duncan and Eleanor King: June 7-8, and June 10 at 8. . . . ¶ In works by Ms. Gamson: June 9 at 8, and June 11 at 5. (New York University School of the Arts Theatre, 111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. For reservations, call 877-3399.)

Angela Caponigro Dance Ensemble—In "The Serpent Power" and other works. With Guy Klucevsek and his Polka Band. (Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St., 11th floor. June 9 at 9, and June 10-11 at 8. For reservations, call 1-718 596-2457.)

Zvi Gotheiner—Presenting a program that includes a *solo dance, performed* by Elisa King, and a work with nine dancers. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. June 10-11 at 8. For reservations, call 673-2207.)

Benefit Performance—Steve Paxton, the Stephen Petronio Company, Lenny Pickett, Stephanie Skura, and others. (Ethnic Folk Arts Center, 179 Varick St. June 10 at 8. For reservations, call 691-5788.)

FELT FORUM

Until the early nineteen-seventies, when nearly all of the great transatlantic liners sailed out of New York Harbor for the last time, the Hudson River was discussed as a link between the city and the world. Since then, environmentalists have encouraged us to regard the river as a link between the city and the earth. To reinforce that link, on Saturday, June 10th, at two o'clock, a mile-long strip of green felt will be unrolled into the hands of hundreds—perhaps thousands—of New Yorkers lined up along the river's edge. The event, which is expected to draw a crowd of a hundred and fifty thousand, will extend north and south of Pier 45, which is located at the foot of Christopher Street. A flotilla of clipper ships will be sailing nearby; and there will also be an all-day rally and street festival at the pier. The coalition of groups sponsoring the activities is hoping that this year's mayoral candidates will give environmental issues more weight in their campaigns. How could the candidates do otherwise?

NIGHT LIFE

IT never occurred to us to visit Hoboken until there were rumors of a PATH strike and the newspapers were saying that getting there might become a problem. We didn't know much about the place. We knew that recently it has been populated by a lot of young people who had been headed downtown and veered off a bit, that it was the home of a resourceful rock club called Maxwell's, and that it was briefly the subject of a beer ad disguised as a television series, the subtext of which seemed to be that, in New Jersey, Springsteen is everywhere yet nowhere.

On a recent outing to Maxwell's, we learned that many people live in Hoboken for precisely the reason many others don't: it's *like* New York but it's *not* New York. Hoboken is a pleasant, emptyish town overrun with pizzerias and dry cleaners. It's not a place where you can keep your screen door unlocked, but it's a place where you might conceivably *have* a screen door. Maxwell's is named after the nearby factory, whose giant neon coffee cup drips its good-to-the-last-drop into the Hudson River. The club is in "uptown" Hoboken, a five-minute walk from "midtown" and a fifteen-minute walk from the PATH station, which is "downtown." We couldn't find much in this tiny space to look at: it's a collegiate, back-room affair, with a dingy stage and a baby grand someone apparently tried to papier-mâché. Still, we found Maxwell's congenial enough, and when we considered the acts that its bookers had waylaid before the fact, so to speak—R.E.M., 10,000 Maniacs, the Replacements—we thought, Even if it means ten minutes on the PATH train, we've always got six dollars for a twenty-two-dollar band.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A glitzy, color-coördinated jazz house, designed for maximum seating efficiency, where blue-suspendered waitresses sweep by your table bearing shrimp cocktails, champagne, and other trappings of the good life. After the show, out-of-towners flock to the upstairs souvenir shop, where, at last check, Blue Note golf balls were still available. Saxophonist and free-lance writer (for Louie Bellson, Woody Herman, and others) **JOE ROCCISANO** will be here with a band on June 5. **GARY BURTON**, one of the first vibraphonists to give audiences more mallets for their money, starts up on June 13. Early on in his career, Burton got a hand from Stan Getz, and he's passed the favor on to Pat Metheny and John Scofield, to name a few. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. The walls and columns are basic black with some rainbow detailing here and there—the place looks a little like the outside of a van. If you end up without a seat, you can stand at the bar—finally a club where they don't force you to drink—and mull over photographs from great shows you've missed. Singer, guitarist, and keyboardist **AL KOOPER**, one of the founders of Blood, Sweat & Tears, presides on June 8; **KENNY RANKIN**, a pop singer with Brazilian overtones, goes to work June 9-10. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A Village bar that has long featured first-rate piano-bass teams and pro conversationalists and that now also features Bradley's T-shirts, Bradley's sweatshirts, Bradley's customized coasters, a person to take an admission fee, and a person to seat you and shush you. It's an institution. Pianist **HUGH LAWSON** and bassist **PAUL WEST** work through June 10; on June 11, pianist **PETER MALINVERNI'S** trio (with **RALPH LALAMA** on sax and **PETER WASHINGTON** on bass) holds forth; and **JOHN HICKS** (piano) and **WALTER BOOKER** (bass) begin their residency on June 12. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. **OLU DARA**, a trumpeter partial to, among other things, African dance rhythms and John Philip Sousa, brings in his quintet June 6-11. A group directed by baritone saxophonist **HAMIET BLUIETT**, whose credentials include the Mingus band and the World Saxophone Quartet, gets cracking on June 13, with the singers **FONTELLA BASS** and **DAVID PEASTON**. Jean DuShon works out her blue-tinged vocal cords on Mondays. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Cat Club, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—This room, which caters to thrash-metal buffs and cooler heads on weeknights, opens its doors on Sundays to swing-music fans, most of whom come to Lindy. Up by the stage, two men who have come stag scatter their feet when the band breaks into "Jumpin' at the Woodside." The New York Swing Dance Society organizes these Sunday-night meetings; on June 11, the band in command will be an orchestra belonging to multi-instrumentalist Lynn Oliver, and the music will favor the Dorsey clan. Music from eight to midnight.

Dan Lynch, 221 Second Ave., at 14th St. (677-0911)—Outside Dan Lynch, you'll come across a lot of suspicious characters who'll claim to know you; inside, you'll find a pupil-dilating, brown-on-brown bar decorated with an Aretha poster and remnants of a birch tree. The place brightens up considerably at ten, with a variety of live blues, including vamps of the "put on your red dress" variety.

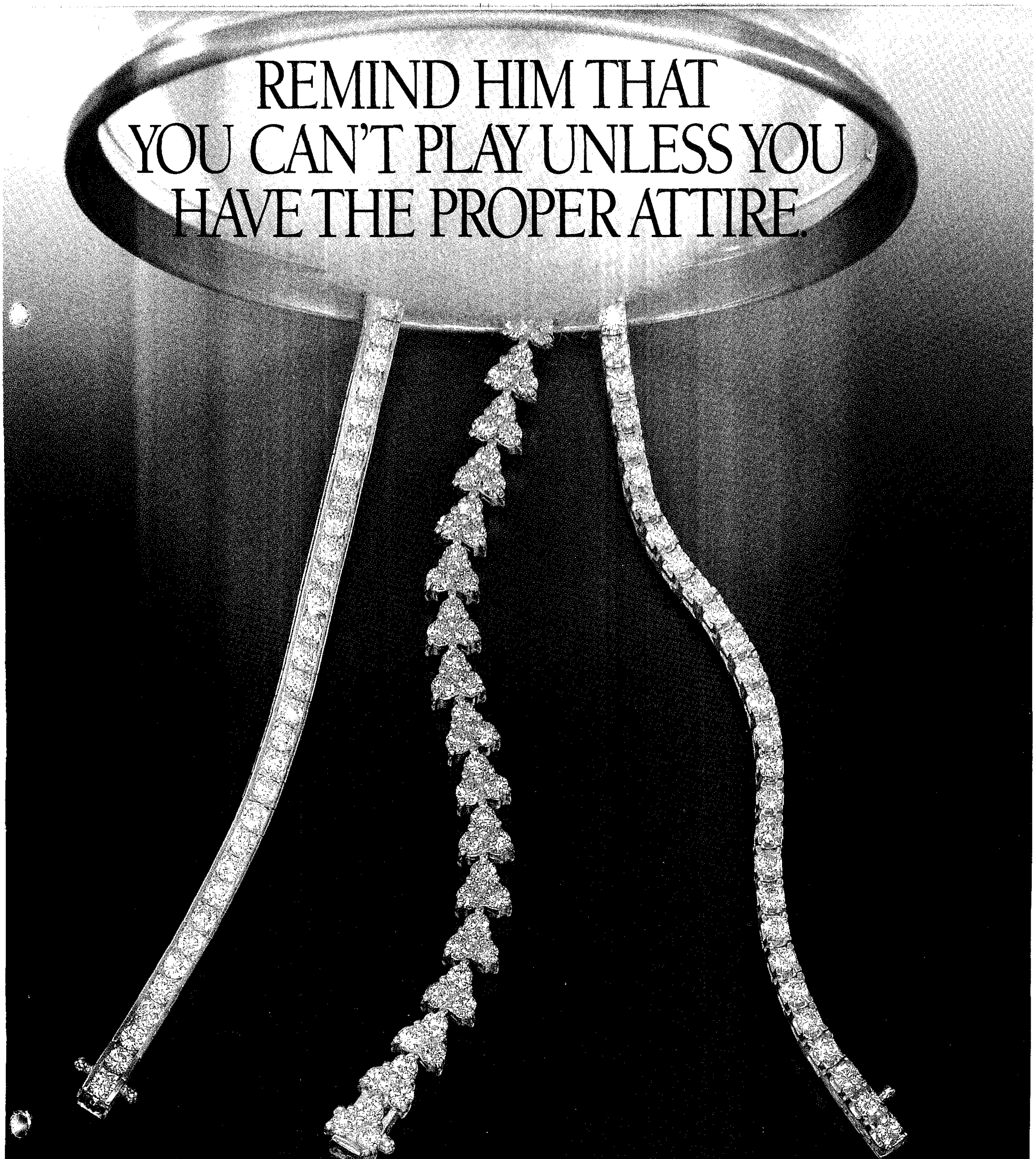
Delta 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A tin-roofed, hubcap-awninged, soul-food-serving, chicken-shack theme bar. Exhibits include a rusted Orange Crush sign, a Pat Boone record jacket, bottle caps spelling out "Welcome," and other peckerwood flotsam. (If this place weren't a restaurant it could be a flea market.) The clientele is mainly Northern urban. There's live music most nights, including gospel on Mondays, R. & B. on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and zydeco on Thursdays, with **LOUP GAROU**. Shows after nine. Chicken-fried steak, deep-fried crawdads (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), and other exotic Southern fare.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—On Saturdays, in the back room of this bar, you can drink a tankard of cool stout and listen to traditional Irish music. Pat Kilbride, a Pond-hopping, finger-picking singer-guitarist from Scotland, performs on June 9.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A low-ceilinged, belowstairs jazz room, its walls decorated with alternating bands of mirror and red plush, which will seem intimate to some people and too intimate to tall people, who may want to remove their top hats before entering. Singer-pianist **SHIRLEY HORN**, who clambered up her first upright at the age of four, performs June 6-11. Guitarist **HIRAM BULLOCK** punches in for a week-long shift on June 13. Mondays remain in the hands of guitarist **LES PAUL**, the guitarist, guitar-builder, and overdubbing pioneer. Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Chinese food served in a plush greenhouse setting. Through the glass roof, which supports a jungle of potted greenery, you can admire the fruits of the midtown real-estate boom and, when available, the moon. A Steinway grand is encamped in the middle of the room, making things tricky for the waiters but improving the over-all quality of life. It's occupied by **PETER MALINVERNI** on June 5; by **JUNIOR MANCE** June 6-11, with **MARTY RIVERA** on bass; and by **NEVILLE DICKIE** be-

REMIND HIM THAT YOU CAN'T PLAY UNLESS YOU HAVE THE PROPER ATTIRE.



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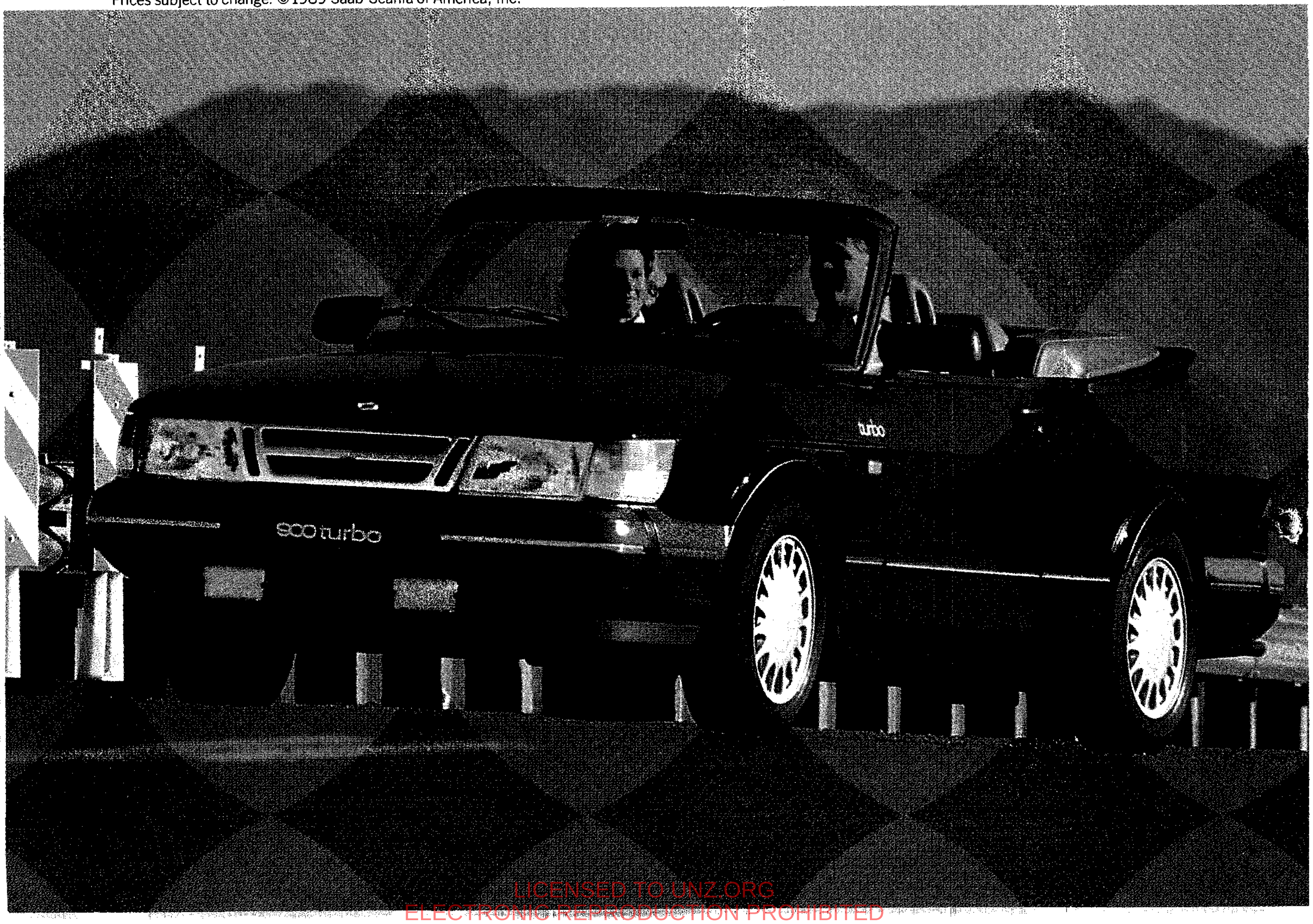


NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

ginning June 13. Guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** claim June 12. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays.

J'S, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room where the tenth letter of the alphabet (uncapped and disguised as a quarter note) turns up often: on doors, window shades, matchbooks. It's also a room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). Singer-pianist **RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT** holds court on June 6, followed by **LARRY LUGER'S** trio on June 7; guitarist **JOHN PIZZARELLI, JR.,** guides a threesome on June 8; and trumpeter Jack Sheldon's quintet, with **KEN PEPLOWSKI** on sax and clarinet, goes to work on June 12. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

JAN WALLMAN'S, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—This burgundy room walled with mirrors gives one the not unpleasant sensation of sitting in a giant glass of red wine. Singer Lisa Sokolow has her way on June 6, with some help from pianist **JIM MC NEELY;** Darcy Thompson teams up with **BUDDY BARNES** on June 8; and **JUDY KRESTON** and **DAVID LAHM** perform on June 10. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music and performance space, where people come to ponder the meaning of harmolodics and the post-ness of postmodernism. The room is run by two amiable young guys from Wisconsin, whose views on such things as cover charges are enlightened. On June 7, saxophonist **NED ROTHENBERG** shares the limelight with drummer **BOBBY PREVITE** and Jerome Harris. June 9-10 is in the hands of **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER,** a guitarist whose playing contains equal measures of Jimi Hendrix and Ornette Coleman. The **ORDINAIRES** play post-something-or-other every Monday. Music after nine.

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—Now New York's lone Lone Star. There's no lizard nesting on the roof, but there's more legroom, better sight lines, and fancier grub than there was at the old Fifth Avenue address. The façade is a Silver Eagle bus, the kind your itinerant musician tools around in. The inside is upscale roadhouse; it has a couple of postage-stamp dance floors and some real pretty Gibson guitars decorating the walls. R. & B. singer **RUTH BROWN** leads the proceedings on June 5, with singer **IRENE REID;** on June 7, there's salsa music (a novelty here), with **WILLIE COLÓN** & the Legal Aliens; **ROOMFUL OF BLUES,** a jump-blues band that celebrated its twentieth anniversary last year, holds forth on June 9, with **RONNIE EARL & THE BROADCASTERS,** and Young Neal & the Vipers; **WILLY DE VILLE,** whose band Mink DeVille was a staple of the late-seventies downtown scene, takes over on June 10. Music after nine. Dining.

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A good sound system, cheap Rolling Rocks, and a regular-guy atmosphere make this restaurant-bar, home of the "Hoboken sound" and of the phrase "jangly guitars," a popular hangout for musicians and their followers. **SUN RA,** a cosmically inclined keyboardist whose performances with his **ARKESTRA** are like something you might see in a planetarium, descends on June 10.

Bonnie Raitt

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14			

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and high-heeled foxes. It's not always easy to detect the music over the babble, but if you listen closely you should be able to hear **ANITA O'DAY,** who thought up her surname back when she was an aspiring dance-marathon contestant. O'Day sang at New York's Hotel Pennsylvania in 1941, and she and Gene Krupa's big band are back for more. Dining. Closed Sundays.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This rock establishment, which recently moved from the East Village to the former temple of excess Studio 54, is still a place where the customer is not always right. The signature feature of its previous address, the giant Big Brother video screen, has been preserved intact. Upstairs in the balcony, there are designated seating areas for industry and non-industry people. **BONNIE RAITT,** once and future white girl with the blues, shares the bill with **RICHARD THOMPSON** on June 8. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. The schedule, in part: the **MIGHTY SPARROW,** one of calypso's leading lights, sings June 9-10; **SHINEHEAD,** who got his reggae from Jamaica, where he was born, and his rap from the Bronx, where he was raised, mixes the two on June 13; **ARROW,** one of the leading proponents of soca (soul-calypso), weighs in June 14-15. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—The kind of murky, vinyl-and-mirrors lounge one might find in a sunken ocean liner. Onstage, performers pick, strum, and fiddle, and get worked up about long-gone friends and life on the run. If they're nervous, the master of ceremonies—a bearded guy in a red sweatshirt who sits at the back of the room—will say things like "You're doing fine" and "*Rock* it." Music from about eight-thirty.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment was once described by the late Max Gordon as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." **RICHIE COLE,** whose high-school education included saxophone lessons from Phil Woods, leads a quartet June 6-11, with **VIC JURIS** on guitar. Alto-sax man and Blakey alum **BOBBY WATSON** and his quintet get under way on June 13. Mondays are reserved for the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

ZANZIBAR & GRILL, 550 Third Ave., at 36th St. (779-0606)—A Murray Hill jazz resort, where the ceiling fans turn slowly, and the palm trees rustle tropically, and the jukebox contains Xavier Cugat and Perez Prado, and a waiter, delivering a plate of fried chicken and maple-pear corn bread to a customer, sings "It's suppertime" (to the tune of "Summertime"). The professional musicians tend to come on at around nine. **PETE YELLIN,** who splits his time between the saxophone and the flute, performs on June 6. June 7 is the property of **TED DUNBAR,** the man who wrote the book—several, in fact—on jazz guitar. Drummer **CHICO HAMILTON,** who's served with Illinois Jacquet, Lionel Hampton, and the U.S. Army, performs on June 11. **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI,** a father-and-son jazz-guitar team, come front and center June 13-14. The Pizzarellis hail from Paterson, New Jersey, but they're well known in these parts.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

THE lineup of talent for "Don't Bungle the Jungle!," the benefit staged at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, was right up there in the Incongruity Hall of Fame. Perhaps Lee Radziwill *is* a big Del Fuegos fan. Maybe Diane von Furstenberg's usual response to satiric performance art such as Ann Magnuson's is silent appreciation. But one thing's for sure: by the time the Jungle Brothers asked the audience to back up a rap by shouting "Ho! Ho!" at the top of its lungs, those down front in the big-money seats (some were reserved for ten-thousand-dollar corporate contributors and their guests) had no, no in the bottom of their hearts. Those in the "cheap" seats (twenty-five to fifty dollars), up in the balcony, were not afraid to make it clear when they were having a great time. They loved the voguing. And the six Deadheads standing downstairs in an aisle owned the theatre while Bob Weir, the Grateful Dead's rhythm guitarist, was on.

All made sure to be in their seats when Madonna opened and closed the show. But up until the B-52's came on—for their first performance in New York in five years—the BAM lobby was as crowded as at pre-curtain time. One woman, who had not adhered to the "Casual Evening Attire" suggestion, gestured toward the theatre door and snipped, "None of them seem quite appropriate," though exactly which acts would complement the cause of saving a rain forest was left unspoken. When the "2's" came on, she went in, as did everyone else; by the band's second song, one could actually see the heads atop jewelled necks bobbing. But as for the event echoing the band's incantation of their classic "Party Out of Bounds": not a chance.

ART

THE Museum of Modern Art's Christopher Wilmarth retrospective is a discomfiting experience—a beautiful bummer. More than half the show is devoted to the artist's best-known work—abstract configurations of plain, green-tinted, and etched glass sheets. These sculptures were made between 1969 and 1980, and are the first pieces you see at the exhibition. They are sliced, stacked, bound, and bent into perfectly calibrated arrangements, and they fill the rooms with an opalescent glow. Compositionally, they remind one of work by a few of Wilmarth's slightly older contemporaries (Robert Mangold, Dorothea Rockburne). Whatever the associations he gave his work, its subject is the translucence peculiar to his material. "Tina Turner" (1970-71), for instance, is made up of large, serene screens of greenish glass, and is more like Lot's ex-wife than like Ike's.

In the mid-seventies, Wilmarth, feeling exploited by galleries, severed his commercial relationships. Later, he was incorporated independently as "The Studio for the First Amendment," and was seen picketing on Fifty-seventh Street. His work also took an embattled, expressive turn. Two pieces from 1979—a drawing and a glass wall relief, both titled "The whole soul summed up . . . "—introduced the ovoid "head" (here with halo) that figured in Wilmarth's work until his suicide, in 1987. Though without features, the shape resembles the head from Munch's "Scream" and is clearly intended as a surrogate for Wilmarth himself. From this image on, in despairing works of darkened bronze and sickly-looking whitish glass—many with grimly nudging titles such as "Doors Give Reasons," "Self-Portrait with Sliding Light," and "Do Not Go Gently"—Wilmarth relentlessly hints, like Anne Sexton or Sylvia Plath, at what is to come.

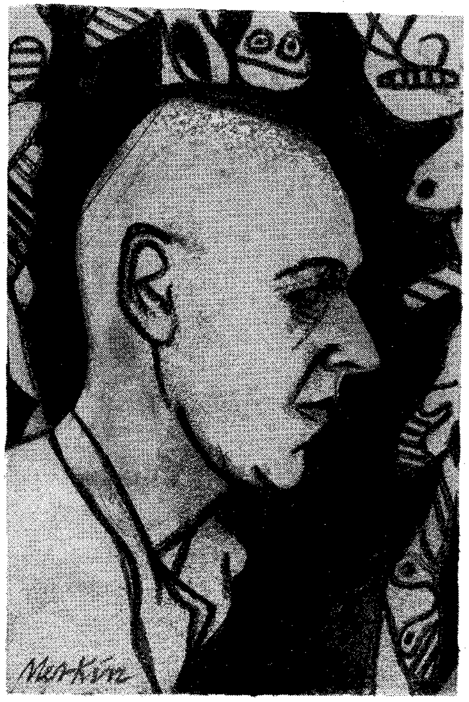
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Museum Mile Festival—The eleventh annual open house takes place June 13, from six to nine in the evening. Fifth Avenue between 82nd and 106th Streets is accessible to pedestrians and street performers only, and nine of the museums along the way are free of charge. (This year, even the Metropolitan Museum has suspended its usual policy of pay-what-you-want admission.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Goya and the Spirit of Enlightenment," a major exhibition of paintings and works on paper by this intense and elusive giant (1746-1828), proposes the artist as philosopher and political theorist. The installation is a little low on visual magic, a little long on wall labels, and of particular interest for two self-portraits: a young Goya working by the light of a candle-holding hat; an old, sick Goya attended by his physician. Through July 16. . . . ¶ "Apropos Aprons," a presentation of the Costume Institute, considers not the workaday item but apron extremes—extremely ornate examples from eighteenth-century Europe and the extremely short Rudi Gernreich mini (1969), not to mention the Egyptian noblewoman's funerary apron and various loincloths, girdles, pinafores, and pendant sashes. . . . ¶ Thirty-six of Lucas Samaras's works on paper from the museum's collection are on view in the Berggruen Klee Gallery of the Wallace wing (the Klee works that are usually there are at the Tate Gallery for the summer). . . . ¶ A survey of Italian majolica, with many Renaissance-era examples, such as a bowl depicting the papal arms and tiara of Julius II. Through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ "American Porcelain: 1770-1920." Through June 25. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-five sculptures and fifteen drawings by Christopher Wilmarth (1943-87). Through Aug. 20. (A complementary show is at Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.) . . . ¶ The Helen Frankenthaler retrospective—forty paintings from the past forty years, including early "soak-stain" canvases and some recent impastoed and scumbled paintings. Through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ "Minor White: The Eye That Shapes." Through June 18. . . . ¶ "America Worked: The 1950s Photographs of Dan Weiner." Through July 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The Austrian artist and teacher Arnulf Rainer is a sympathetic and influential figure. Best known for his ongoing series of "Face Farces"—photographic self-portraits altered with paint—he exemplifies both a sixties-style liberated Expressionism and the sensuous flamboyance associated with the Viennese school. Seen in small doses, Rainer's work has considerable verve. But there's not quite enough variety or sweep in it to sustain this museum retrospective. Through July 9. (The Ulysses Gallery, 568 Broadway, also has a Rainer show.) . . . ¶ Hannelore Baron (1926-87). This small show features modest abstract collages, from 1975 to 1984, composed of threadlike ink lines and frayed bits of discarded canvas and paper. They offer a glimpse of a child's world marked more by trauma and darkness—the artist was a Jew who came to New York from Germany in 1941—than by dreams. There are several fine boxed collages, which, thankfully, manage to escape the Cornell reference. Through July 9. (A companion show of collages is at Gallery Schlesinger, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.) (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)



Jean Dubuffet

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Biennial. Through July 9. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Hispanic Art in the United States: Thirty Contemporary Painters & Sculptors" includes works by Luis Cruz Azaceta, Robert Graham, and Manuel Neri. Starts June 9. . . . ¶ An exhibit of sixty-six lacquerware dishes, boxes, and bottles from China, Japan, Korea, Burma, Thailand, and Iran. Through June 14. . . . ¶ The museum's Georgia O'Keeffe holdings (twelve pieces), including five paintings and one pastel drawing that all came through a recent bequest. Through June 19. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Jewelry, artifacts, fabrics, baskets, and some reconstructed dwellings from Madagascar. Through Aug. 27. (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of works by newly elected members (Jasper Johns, Jane Freilicher, John Cage, Mary McCarthy, and others) and by recipients of Academy-Institute awards, among them Isaac Bashevis Singer, Richard Rogers, Rackstraw Downes, and Anne Arnold. Manuscripts, paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Through June 11. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—"George Nakashima: Full Circle" is a show of furniture by a woodworker who favors an organic approach to tables, chairs, cabinets, and lamps. Through Aug. 13. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Two hundred years' worth of French design, in honor of the bicentennial of the French Revolution. Through July 16. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A small sampling of views of Venice and Paris by Francesco Guardi (paintings), Charles Meryon (prints), and James A. M. Whistler (pastels and prints). Guardi may have looked closely at Venice's canals, but Whistler makes you want to travel down them. Through June 18. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by eighteen Israeli artists, responding to their country's political and social conflicts of the past decade. Through Aug. 6. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Words of Blood, Images of Fire," another tribute to the French Revolution, includes Robespierre's holograph of a speech Saint-Just gave attacking Danton; a sketch (attributed to David) of Robespierre on the day of his execution; and letters, more speeches, and memoranda. Through Aug. 20. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Calvert Vaux, Architect and Planner" salutes (with photographs and drawings) the nineteenth-century designer, whose career was distinguished by, among other things, his collaboration with Frederick Law Olmsted on Central Park and Prospect Park. Through Aug. 13. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—The first installment of a two-part retrospective of work by Nancy Spero, that most politicized of aesthetes, including a few of her long-overlooked and now legendary erotic paintings from the late fifties and early sixties, when she lived in Paris, and several segments of "Codex Artaud" (1971-72), the most famous of her scrolls. Spero's more recent style characteristically involves collages with passages of typescript (feminist treatises, literary quotes, Amnesty International bulletins) that seem to float among lyrical sequences of block-printed, archetypal female figures from many different periods and cultures, ranging from Greek goddesses on the warpath to bereft Vietnamese mothers. Part One through June 11; Part Two opens June 14. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Botanical illustrations from the eighteenth to twentieth centuries, including: Georg Ehret's colored engraving "Yucca Aloifolia," a couple of Redouté watercolors and prints of his work from "Les Roses" and "Les Liliacées," and watercolors by Lilian Snelling, Mary Grierson, and Pandora Sellars. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Odd Nerdrum—Lush yet rigid new drawings in charcoal on lamb's-wool paper. As in the artist's paintings, Norse folkloric figures are realized in a dramatic neoclassical style that recalls David and Ingres. Through June 9. (Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Paul Rotterdam—In the seventies, this artist made masterly post-minimalist drawings in deeply rubbed graphite. His new graphite works, on view here, are mostly abstractions from nature, and his characteristic intensity is now diffused over large areas of white paper. Through June 10. (Cadé, 1045 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Rhonda Roland Shearer—Bronze sculptures of thin leaves, including a Sol LeWitt-like cube with a philodendron leaf on the outer edge of each of its compartments. The works could be nice as architectural decoration, but as pure sculpture they're bizarre. Through June 9. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

J. H. Twachtman (1853-1902)—Stylish, shim-

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mering paintings of flowers and figures made between 1889 and 1902, a period when this American Impressionist lived in Greenwich, Connecticut. Through June 10. (Spanierman, 50 E. 78th St.)

Center for African Art—"Wild Spirits Strong Medicine: African Art and the Wilderness." A provocative display of artifacts. It begins with pairs of objects which illustrate the contrasts between village life and wilderness, or bush, life. The village objects are refined and domesticated; the others are aggressive and exaggerated. Additional exhibits related to the wild include an extraordinary fifteen-foot snake mask. Through Aug. 20. (54 E. 68th St. Opens at noon on Sundays.)

"Faces of China"—Recent realist portraits of pretty Chinese women, by three artists from the People's Republic. Some of the works look urban and Westernized, others rural and sentimentalized. Through June 30. (Heimer, 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

"Visions of Flight"—A disappointing retrospective from the NASA art collection which consists mostly of Ken dolls and big airplanes in homogenized, textbook styles. Robert Rauschenberg is the only avant-garde artist represented (by an unexceptional color lithograph). Kent R. Sullivan's two 1984 Florida landscapes have some Spielbergian atmosphere—they allow for the possibility of a close encounter. Through June 16. (Society of Illustrators, 128 E. 63rd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Four Icelandic Artists—This exhibition could also be titled "Unrelated Works by Two Married Couples from Reykjavík." Jón Axel Björnsson is an expressionistic painter, and his wife, Sóley Eiríksdóttir, makes odd, linear figure sculptures in black concrete. Kolbrún Björgófsdóttir, a ceramist, shows cones and pyramids with a brown-spotted glaze, while her husband, Magnúss Kjartansson, is represented by ambiguous work—simultaneously abstract and Pop—painted on paper. Through July 28. (American-Scandinavian Foundation, 125 E. 73rd St. Open Mondays; opens at noon on Saturdays.)

"Poelitical Object"—Twenty years of vanguard Spanish art—printed work, mostly—with a neo-Dada attitude. Joan Brossa's visual poems are especially succinct and fun—there is an "O," for instance, shaped like Alfred Hitchcock's profile. Through July 22. (Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St. Open daily.)

Group Shows—At the **Acquavella,** 18 E. 79th St.: A twentieth-century blue-chip mishmash, including some standard minor paintings by Matisse, Seurat, and Bonnard. The most awake-looking work here is a 1915 Feininger, "Locomotive with a Big Wheel." Through June 9. (Open Mondays.) . . . **Beadleston,** 60 E. 91st St.: "Affinities" is the title of this essentially themeless drawing show that ranges from the sixteenth century to the twentieth. Highlights include a scene by Tiepolo of a Punch-and-Judy show held in a convent, and a small, vivid landscape with figures by the little-known symbolist Ker-Xavier Roussel. Plush viewing conditions. Through June 9. (Open Mondays.) . . . **Lafayette Parke,** 58 E. 79th St.: This hodgepodge of still-lifes includes works ranging from Martin Johnson Heade's simple floral arrangements in a champagne glass to an odd pre-Pop abstraction in Sumi ink by Jim Dine. The show is worthwhile for its hidden marvels, like Jean Metzinger's Cubist oil and Gabriele Münter's two Expressionist paintings. Through June 24. . . . **Perls,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A delightful Miró painted on burlap in the artist's characteristic figurative shorthand, a sturdy analytic-Cubist Braque of 1913, an airy Matisse of a woman in her boudoir, and other exquisitely selected masterworks of the early Parisian modernists. Through June 30.

Short List—**Hannelore Baron,** Schlesinger, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (through June 30); **Christopher Wilmarth,** Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (through July 29).

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Romare Bearden (1911-88)—A memorial exhibition for the influential African-American artist, mostly of richly colored collages (many with watercolor), which display a delight in artmaking and owe much to Matisse's cutouts, Rousseau's idyllic jungle paintings, and jazz. Through June 10. (ACA, 41 E. 57th St.)

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SOON TO BE CONSTRUCTED ON THIS SITE
13
BEEDLEMEYER TOWERS
LUXURY CONDOMINIUMS
1-2-3-4 BEDROOMS

Patrick Henry Bruce (1881-1936) / **Morgan Russell** (1886-1953)—This show of paintings made in Paris traces the development of the American Bruce (a descendant of the revolutionary Patrick Henry) from Cézannesque still-lifes and landscapes through an enervating Synchromistic painting (1916) that manages to be both still-life and landscape to solid, cubic still-lifes. / A modest display of drawings illustrating Russell's fascinating shift from figuration to Delaunay-like Synchromism. Through June 30. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Alexander Calder (1898-1976)—Calder's signature metal sculptures and generally cheerful flying shapes have survived their well-known official uses, and, coming on the heels of similar work by Neo-Geo artists and a revived interest in biomorphic abstraction, they look refreshed. Through June 17. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

SOFT SHOE

What happens when the one-flight escalator at the Mid-Manhattan Library eats up a rubber overshoe on a rainy day? The woman behind the information desk at the top of the escalator immediately calls a guard, who immediately stops the escalator and walks downstairs, where the overshoe has apparently landed, somewhere inside the Rube Goldberg entrails of the rubber-eating monster. The guard calls a workman, the two do something to the mechanism, and in an instant—they have obviously done this before—the workman holds up the overshoe. "You want this?" he yells to the man watching from the flight above. "Is it any good?" the man asks. Perhaps he cannot see the spaghetti swirls hanging from the workman's hand. "It's all shreds," the workman reports. "All right, throw it away," the man says. He begins to move off, but the workman is not finished. "Next time," he shouts up—here it comes, a nugget of urban savvy, the advice whose need could never have been anticipated by one's parents, the information the man should have had before entering the library—"Next time, don't wear your overshoes on the escalator!"

Anthony Caro—New, compositionally majestic sculptures by this master welder, including one inspired by a Rubens depiction of the descent from the Cross, which is paired with a photographic reproduction of the original; and "Xanadu," a huge tour de force of crushed-and-rolled steel. Through June 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jean Dubuffet (1901-85)—Paintings and works on paper from 1955 to 1962 (called "assemblages," "texturologies," and "matériologies") that look like closeups of soil. With these sere and gritty surfaces, Dubuffet seems to anticipate the work of artists as disparate as Milton Resnick and Anselm Kiefer. Through July 8. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Lucio Fontana (1899-1968)—While Jackson Pollock was busy liberating paint over here, Fontana was in Italy slashing his monochrome canvases. The results were often surprisingly poetic (and about as accidental as Arp's "chance" compositions), and here are some prime examples, gathered under the auspices of the Peggy Guggenheim Collection, of Venice. Through June 16. (Rayburn Foundation, 41 E. 57th St.)

Roberto Juarez / Robert Graham—Juarez has traded his spicy Expressionist flowers, shells, and fruit for sombre ones (à la Terry Winters) drawn against painted abstract backgrounds; some are lined with paper towels, others mixed with sand. / Beautifully framed drawings of nudes by a fine sculptor. Through June 30. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Gustav Klimt (1862-1918)—A lot of pale pencil drawings; a few major paintings, including several pointillistic park scenes; and some fascinating extras, like Klimt's caftan. Through June 10. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Pablo Picasso (1881-1973)—"Petits Formats"—small works from the Marina Picasso collection (most are for sale), including thirty paintings and more than twenty drawings, plus sculptures and graphics. There are choice tidbits from many decades, presented in a slightly stuffy way. Through June 30. (Krugier, 41 E. 57th St.)

Billy Sullivan—Exuberant pastels that chronicle a cross-section of New York social life—voguing, a society benefit, boys dancing at the night club The World in their B.V.D.s—and breathe life into a tired urban-realist tradition. There is also a lively version of van Gogh's "Irises" that is stapled directly to the wall. Through June 17. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

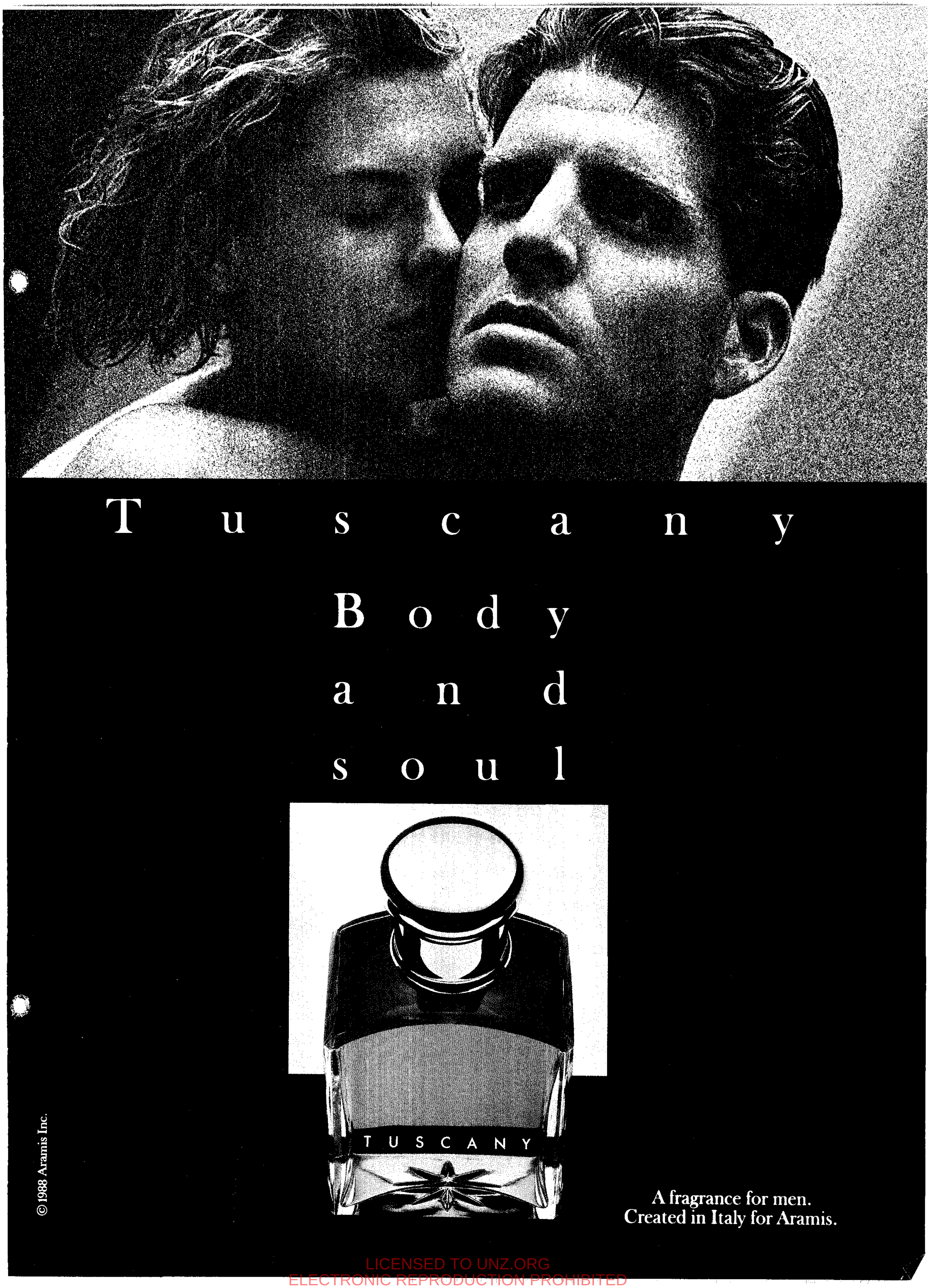
Group Shows—At **Langer,** 41 E. 57th St.: A small sampling of impeccably selected works by German artists: a Polke, two Richters, a Kiefer, and some Beuyses, including his famous felt suit. Through June 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5:30; Fridays, 10 to 2.) . . . **Marlborough,** 40 W. 57th St.: Figurative sculptures by six artists, most of them very cartoonish. Grisha Bruskin, a Soviet artist, is represented by white, delicately modelled "toys" of small creatures and people—some in military gear, one with bunny ears—holding objects like a map of the U.S.S.R. or a red tennis racket. Red Grooms displays carved comic-book updates of Reginald Marsh's muscle beach. Fernando Botero is the only artist who makes the lampooning enjoyable. Through June 17. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Scott Burton—Burton's furniture sculptures may be among the most decadent objects being made today, but they surpass most geometric post-minimalist sculpture in beauty and presence and in the questions they raise about function. His new sandstone table and chairs are a lesson in architecture. Through June 10. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Jean Dupuy—The artist is best known for sixties and early-seventies work that is technological and interactive, and that usually has a quirky philosophical tinge—a microscope that reflects your own eye back at you, a clock that runs in reverse. Here, however, he is at his most verbally poetic: this cool, playful show of new, mostly graphic work is full of puns, homonyms, and rebuses. (The wordplay is in French, but efforts to understand it will be rewarded.) Through June 17. (Harvey, 537 Broadway.)

David Hammons—A vast, loose installation



Tuscany

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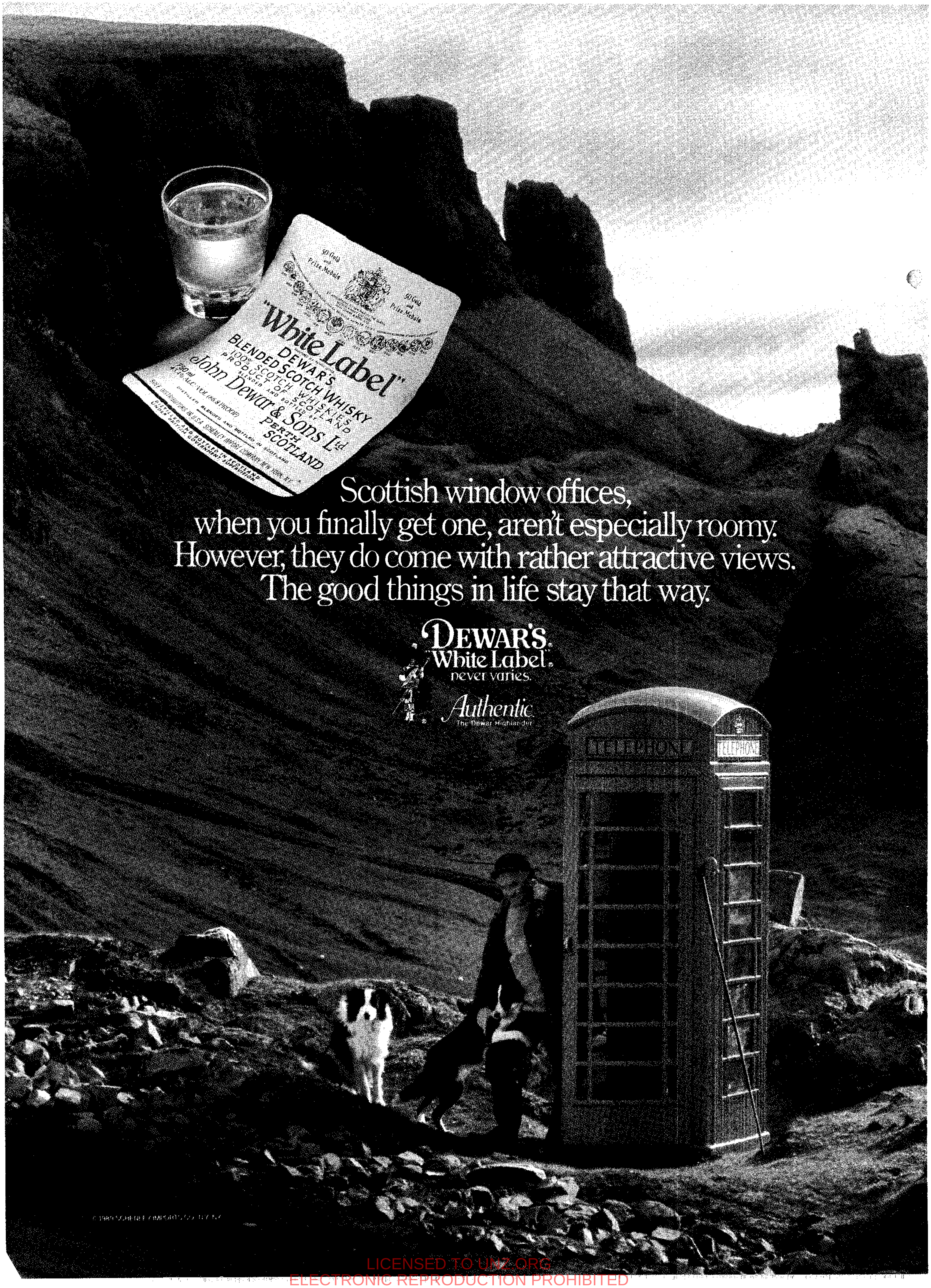
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made up of a pile of coal, a loop of toy-train tracks, a John Coltrane soundtrack, some bottles of Night Train, and an assortment of piano lids arranged to suggest depots, stopping points, the ghosts of live musicians, or just scenery along the way. The poetry of this piece surges at you in a direct but existentially unsettling way: it's a spiritual that isn't addressed to God. Through June 10. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway.)

Inigo Jones (1573-1652)—An impeccable scholarly display of lovely ink drawings by the great Palladio-influenced Elizabethan architect. Through July 22. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Mary Kelly—This feminist has updated the presentational style of her work. It was pointedly ephemeral during the seventies—her best-known work, "Post-Partum Document," consisted of notebook pages with various tabulations, scribbles, and bodily stains. The new work consists of book pages, cast in oxidized metal, whose narrative has to do with relations between the sexes and with real estate. But Kelly's aggrieved message remains essentially unchanged. Through June 23. (Postmasters, 80 Greene St.)

Roy Lichtenstein—This invigorating exhibition brings together virtually all of the Pop master's bronzes (1976-89), an underappreciated aspect of his oeuvre. Such classic Lichtenstein images as mirrors, brushstrokes, and drinking glasses are flat pictorial reliefs that have to do more with Cubist painting than with three-dimensionality. The bronzes have all the charm and wit of the artist's best paintings and are marvels of abstract composition. Through July 1. (65 Thompson Street Gallery.)

Mimmo Paladino—Big, bland recent paintings, mostly abstract, with some construction and with small figurative elements, such as the artist's signature masks. Through June 10. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Chris Pfister—Romantic dark-green-and-brown landscapes with brushy fauna, some à la Claude. Many have an animal or putto frolicking about, and in one a soldier stands at attention. Through June 17. (Cutler, 593 Broadway.)

Helen Soreff—Barren, mostly white constructivistic paintings. Through June 24. (M-13, at 73 Greene St.)

Merrill Wagner—Post-minimalist paintings and assemblages on found sheets of slate and metal. The face-size works are the most satisfying, for their concision. Through June 10. (Fawbush, 568 Broadway.)

Steve Wood—Large, mostly black sculptures of flattened geometric shapes—generic post-minimalism with little staying power. Through June 17. (Sharpe, 152 Wooster St.)

Joseph Zito—Triangular and circular steel cannisters filled with wax; some have a light bulb that melts the wax into sludgy puddles. The work is derivative of Kounellis—without the metaphors. Through June 10. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

"A Belgian Exhibition"—Lately, Belgium has been producing vital art that is just beginning to travel. These seven Flemish artists, for example—most of whom have been working for a while—make intelligent mixed-media work that owes something to Broodthaers and much to a worldly local culture. Through June 24. (Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St.)

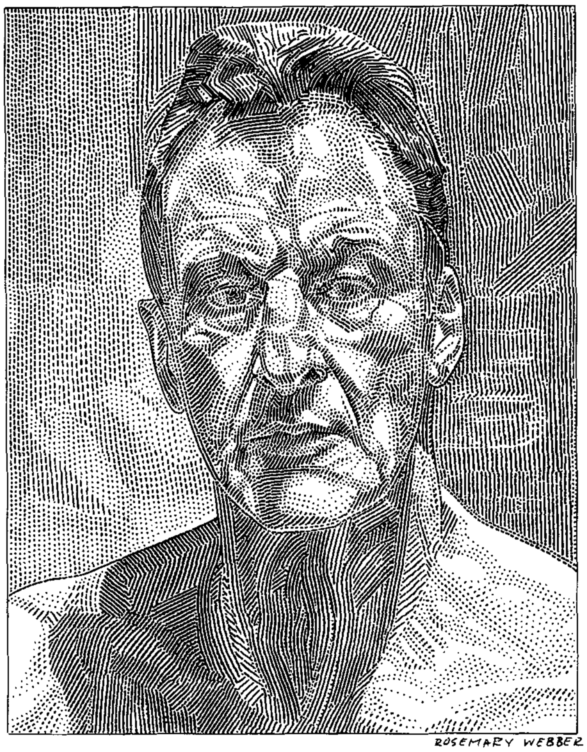
Short List—**dennis ashbaugh,** Kasmin, 580 Broadway (through July 7); **david bates** and **chema cobo,** Cowles, 420 West Broadway (through June 30); **marcel broodthaers,** Boone, 417 West Broadway (through June 24); **herman cherry,** Shapolsky, 99 Spring St. (through June 10), and Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (through June 23); **lucian freud,** Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (through June 24); **mike glier,** Gladstone, 99 Greene St. (through June 30); **tom wesselmann,** Davidson, 415 West Broadway (through June 10); **rhonda zwillinger** and **jean lowe,** Gracie Mansion, 532 Broadway (through July 1).

OTHER GALLERIES

Kahlil Gibran (1883-1931)—A generous selection of drawings and watercolors, by the author of "The Prophet," interspersed with printed excerpts from his correspondence with a longtime soul mate, Mary Haskell, a Boston headmistress. Gibran—a Christian Syrian born in Lebanon—was an American Symbolist who imitated William Blake and who was almost certainly influenced by his near-contemporaries the Belgians Jean Delville and Fernand Khnopff. Through June 24. (Baghoomian, 611 Broadway.)

David Hatchett—Large, accomplished sculptures of zippy assembled structures bound by grommeted metal, much of which is yellow or white or from old advertising signs. The work perhaps owes too much to John Chamberlain. Through June 17. (Souyun Yi, 249 Centre St.)

Jenny Holzer—A new installation of electronic message boards and inscribed stone slabs. As decadent as Beardsley and as tortured as Poe, this has to be the most brilliant incarnation of contemporary fin-de-siècle aestheticism yet to appear. Through June 18. (Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)



Lucien Freud

Robert Morris—Fourteen works, dating from 1967 to 1983, constructed with industrial felt. Through July 14. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 7.)

"Reagan: American Icon"—This exhibition includes Reagan as a centaur (Komar & Melamid), as a bronze portable TV (Robert Arneson), as a missile-wielding whirligig (Edward Larson), as a prison (Anton van Dalen), and as a massive amalgamation of corporate logos (Leon McFadden). Through June 11. (Humphrey, 242 E. 5th St. and 37 E. 7th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

P.S. 1—Two major sculpture shows. On the main exhibition floor is "The Drowned World," a suite of ten scherzi on the theme of the fountain. One floor up is a roomy, relaxed retrospective of work made since 1977 by Franz West, a liberated, puckish Austrian sculptor. Through June 25. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Show—"Writer's Digest/Reader's Art," an exhibit of poetic works from Germany, including: Karel Trinkewitz's especially ardent political icons; and beautiful and compelling illuminated manuscripts by Horst Haack and by Reinhold Metz. Through July 1. (Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. Opens at noon.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

We are at the beginning of that time of the year when many galleries seem to run out of steam and put up group shows in order to keep something on the walls. The Marian Goodman Gallery, however, has assembled "A Photo Show" that is anything but tired. Some of the inclusions are sixties classics and some were made this year. You see, for example, a sequence of hot-blast stoves by Hilla and Bernd Becher; Dan Graham's color scenes of housing developments; and Ed Ruscha's modest books on parking lots, swimming pools, real estate, and other contemporary iconography. There are a couple of narratives about animals, by a godfather of postmodern art, John Baldessari. One of these is a twist on nature photography, and the other is about the twistedness of experiments with nature; the top half of the latter piece has the sweetness of Beatrix Potter's dressed-up mice, which makes the bottom half, an image of mice that would appall antivivisectionists, all the more shivery.

Some of the photographs are about the relationship between painting and photography—none more critically astute than those by Louise Lawler and by Gerhard Richter. Their photography can be seen as a conceptual solution to the problem of art inflation—today, even millionaires can't afford to collect paintings. Richter's photographs are similar to many of the paintings he produces—they look like Abstract Expressionist brushstrokes magnified under a microscope. These photographs cost what people used to pay for prize paintings. As for Lawler, the exhibition includes her photograph of "La Lecture," by Léger, and a couple of images that are even more pointed: photographs of paintings that you can't identify, because they're tied up in packing. It was only a matter of time before photo-realism had its second coming. But who could have predicted that the new picture pragmatics would bring to mind art's most prodigal wrapper, Christo?

Emmet Gowin / Joel-Peter Witkin—Delicate and exquisitely toned, these rich photographs find the abstract in the real. Aerial views, they show photography as drawing, photography as painting, and photography as beauty. / These works have less of Witkin's earlier suspense, invention, and risks and none of that challenge to the tyranny of what's "normal." Through June 10. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Georges Hugnet (1906-74)—The lighter side of Surrealism, by a fairly unknown, witty collagist, who was also a poet, critic, and publisher. Through June 9. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Short List—**tina barney,** Borden, 560 Broadway (through June 16); **harry callahan** and **barbara morgan,** International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St., open Sundays (through July 16); **peter campus,** Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (through June 30); **robert capa,** Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St., closed Fridays and Saturdays (through July 5); **ellen carey,** Good, 532 Broadway (through June 10); **beatrice helg,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway, opens at noon on Saturdays (through July 8); **dan weiner,** Photofind, 138 Spring St. (through June 30), and Museum of Modern Art (through July 11); **minor white,** Museum of Modern Art (through June 18).

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MUSIC

MORDECAI SHEHORI is a pianist who consistently gets what might be called "yes, but" reviews in the press. He is praised for bringing a touch, or sometimes more than a touch, of Romantic freedom to his work, or for his vivid interpretation of short character pieces, or for his technical virtuosity. He is criticized for being perhaps a little eccentric or a little sloppy, or for somehow not quite having everything put together. Nobody seems to expect a big career to blossom, and to date none has. He has enough of a following, however, to justify annual New York recitals, and he is well regarded in certain pianistic circles: when Vladimir Horowitz decided to play a Mozart concerto for the first time recently, and needed a rehearsal pianist to play the orchestra part while he practiced, he called on Mr. Shehori. Mr. Shehori will play at Weill Recital Hall on Tuesday evening, June 6th.

Marin Alsop is a conductor who almost won the Stokowski Conducting Competition earlier this year—indeed, according to the *Times* report, the Competition orchestra, when polled, thought she should have won it, and the reporter agreed. She has also led an all-female, all-string swing band called String Fever. This is unusual for an aspiring classical conductor. Ms. Alsop is an exponent of the oneness-of-music idea beloved to many musicians who work on both the popular and the classical sides of the fence. Friday night, she will conduct her chamber orchestra, Concordia, at Alice Tully Hall, in a program that includes a new piece by Bob Christianson and a selection of Gershwin songs and overtures.

BETH LEVIN—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. June 6 at 8.)

NORTH/SOUTH CONSONANCE—Performing works by five contemporary composers. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. June 6 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

S.E.M. ENSEMBLE—Performing works composed in the sixties. With the Soldier String Quartet and Tom Kora, cello. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. June 6 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

NEWBAND—In compositions by New Yorkers Linda Bouchard, Dean Drummond, Leroy Jenkins, and James Pugliese, *among others.* (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. June 6 at 8.)

CONCERT ROYAL—With the New York Baroque Dance Company, in staged performances of Jean-Jacques Rousseau's "Le Devin du Village." James Richman will conduct. (Florence Gould Hall, French Institute–Alliance Française, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6105. June 7-10 at 8.)

CONCORDIA: A CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Marin Alsop conducting a program whose second half is devoted to Gershwin. Judy Kaye is the soloist. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. June 9 at 8.)

BACH/MOZART FESTIVAL OF JAPAN—The New York début concerts of an eight-member instrumental and vocal ensemble. June 9 at 8: Bach compositions, including Cantata No. 209. . . . ¶ June 10 at 2: Mozart works for the flute, violin and viola, voice, and piano. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800.)

ULYSSES KAY TRIBUTE—A benefit program of works by the composer, including an abridged version of his 1976 opera, "Jubilee," in concert form. Among the performers are William Warfield, narrator; Hilda Harris, soprano; and Ben Holt, bass. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. June 10 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 960-8766.)

BEL CANTO OPERA—Hugh Kronrot conducting the New York première of Udo Zimmermann's "White Rose," a one-act opera set in 1942 about the German resistance. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. June 10 at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

VIRTUOSI QUINTET—Performing classical and contemporary works for winds. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. June 11 at 2. Tickets are free with museum admission.)

FLORILEGIUM CHAMBER CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA—JoAnn Rice conducting the premières of works by Dennis Riley, Joelle Wallach, and Enrique Ubieta. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. June 13 at 8.)

CANTICUM NOVUM SINGERS AND ORCHESTRA—In a performance of Handel's oratorio "Samson." Harold Rosenbaum conducting. The soloists are Allan Glassman, tenor; Fredda Rakusin, mezzo-soprano; David Arnold, baritone; Drew Minter, countertenor; Terry Cook, bass-baritone; and Jeanine Thames, soprano. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. June 14 at 8.)

GOODMAN CHAMBER CHOIR—Andrea Goodman directing premières by Charles Martin Loeffler and Michael Davis, among other works. With guest artists. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. June 14 at 8.)

JAZZ / ROCK / POP / PERSONAL APPEARANCES

ASHFORD AND SIMPSON—After writing some great tunes for Marvin Gaye and Tammi Terrell in the late sixties ("Ain't No Mountain High Enough," "You're All I Need to Get By," "Ain't Nothing Like the Real Thing"), Nick Ashford and Valerie Simpson left Motown, married, and started recording their own songs. By the late seventies, they were established as a pleasing, soulful duo. In the eighties, they began producing and writing songs for Chaka ("I'm Every Woman") Khan and Diana ("The Boss") Ross, among others. In concert, their duets are warm, low-key, and solid as a rock. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. June 9 at 8.)

JACKSON BROWNE—Lately, he has made more of a name for himself as an organizer of benefits than as a musician, but his first record in three years, "World in Motion," has just been released, and will, no doubt, be the centerpiece of this tour. Although many of his recent songs are filled with grave political meaning, some of his older, more romantic numbers still deliver quite an emotional punch. (Radio City Music Hall. June 10-11 at 8.)

BON JOVI—"Shot through the heart, and you're to blame/ You give love a bad name"—words to live by, according to lead singer and sex god Jon Bon Jovi. The band's music is, basically, a product of mid-seventies rock, and their concerts rely on chorus sing-alongs by screamingly obliging crowds. This show, *in support of their mega-platinum album* "New Jersey," is big—hydraulics lift part of the stage, fireworks blaze. "I was never hip," Mr. Bon Jovi said recently. No argument here. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. 1-201 935-3900. June 11 at 4.)

DIANA ROSS—Throughout her career, Lady Di has depended on producers and writers like Holland-Dozier-Holland, Ashford and Simpson, and Nile Rodgers to provide material that she can make her own. Since the superb crossover pop and high-pressure dance songs of the early eighties ("Upside Down," "I'm Coming Out"), however, her record sales have slipped. So it's welcome news that her new album, "Workin' Overtime," has Rodgers back at the helm. In performance, beneath the glitzy costumes and constant voguing (she did it decades before it became fashionable), Ross is always riveting, a perfect mesh of silk and steel. (Radio City Music Hall. June 14-17 at 8.)

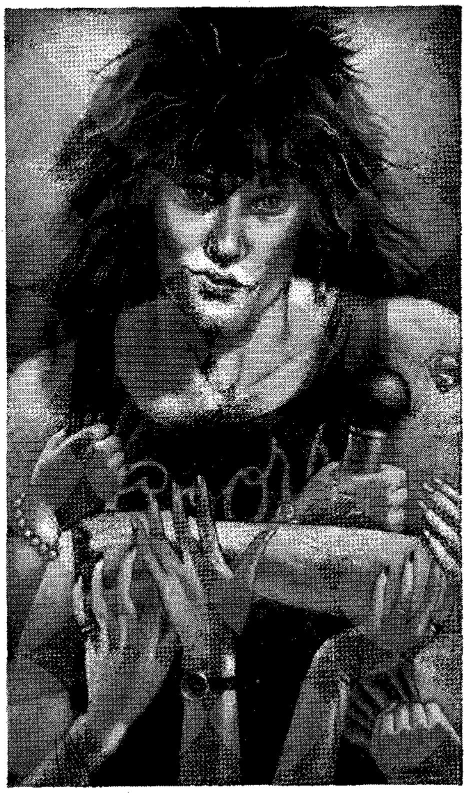
BARRY MANILOW—His luxurious orchestrations, combined with his dramatic tendencies as a performer, result in a night that could put a listener into sugar shock. But to anyone whose taste in music runs to the bombastic and sentimental, he sounds nice and sweet. (Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Through June 10.)

"ELVIS: A ROCKIN' REMEMBRANCE"—With three actors portraying Elvis at various stages of his career, film footage, and twenty-four backup people. Opens June 6 at 8, and runs through June 25. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070.)

BLACK SABBATH—With Kingdom Come and Silent Rage. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. 473-7171. June 10 at 7.)

SHIRLEY BASSEY—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. June 13-15 at 8.

JONES BEACH THEATRE—June 6 at 7:30: Poison, with Tesla. . . . ¶ June 10 at 8: Kenny G. (For information about tickets, call 1-516 221-1000.)



Bon Jovi

IMPROVISATIONS FESTIVAL—Sponsored by the World Music Institute. At **GREENWICH HOUSE**, 27 Barrow St.: The Jeffrey Schanzer Ensemble, June 6 at 8. . . . Gamelan Son of Lion, June 7 at 8. . . . At **WASHINGTON SQUARE CHURCH**, 135 W. 4th St.: Karl Berger, Dave Holland, and Ed Blackwell, June 10 at 8. (For information about tickets to all the concerts, call 206-1050.)

HENRY STREET JAZZ SERIES—June 9: The Tommy Flanagan trio. . . . ¶ June 10: The Sumi Tonooka trio. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Evenings at 7. Through June 17.)

SPORTS

SEVERIANO (SEVE) BALLESTEROS, the extraordinary Spanish golfer—he has won the Masters twice and the British Open three times—will be on hand for the Westchester Classic, at the Westchester Country Club, in Harrison, New York, from June 8th to 11th, to defend his title, which he won in a four-way playoff last year on the first extra hole. Ballesteros brings to his golf all of the passion and flamboyance of a torero, and those aficionados who want to be sure to get a good look at him should try to be on hand for the first and second rounds. An interesting backup attraction is Ken Green, a talented if unruly native of Danbury, who in fretful moments likes to toss his club to his caddie after hitting a shot. The following week, the professional pack will be gathering at the East Course of the Oak Hill Country Club, in Rochester, New York, for the United States Open Championship.

HOME TEAMS

YANKEES—Vs. the Baltimore Orioles, June 5-7 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Boston Red Sox, June 8-9 at 7:30, June 10 at 3:20, and June 11 at 1:30. The Sox traded Babe Ruth to the Yankees in 1920, and nothing has been the same since. . . . **NOTE:** On June 10, a Lou Gehrig commemorative postage stamp will be issued at the Baseball Hall of Fame, in Cooperstown.

METS—Vs. the Chicago Cubs, June 13-15 at 7:35.

(Home base for the Mets is Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; and for the Yankees, Yankee Stadium, 293-6000.)

RACING

HORSES—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. The Belmont and the Hempstead Handicap June 10, and the Mother Goose June 11. . . . At Monmouth Park, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30. . . . At Atlantic City Race Course: Starting June 7, Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:15. . . . ¶ Trotting at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30. . . . At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:45.

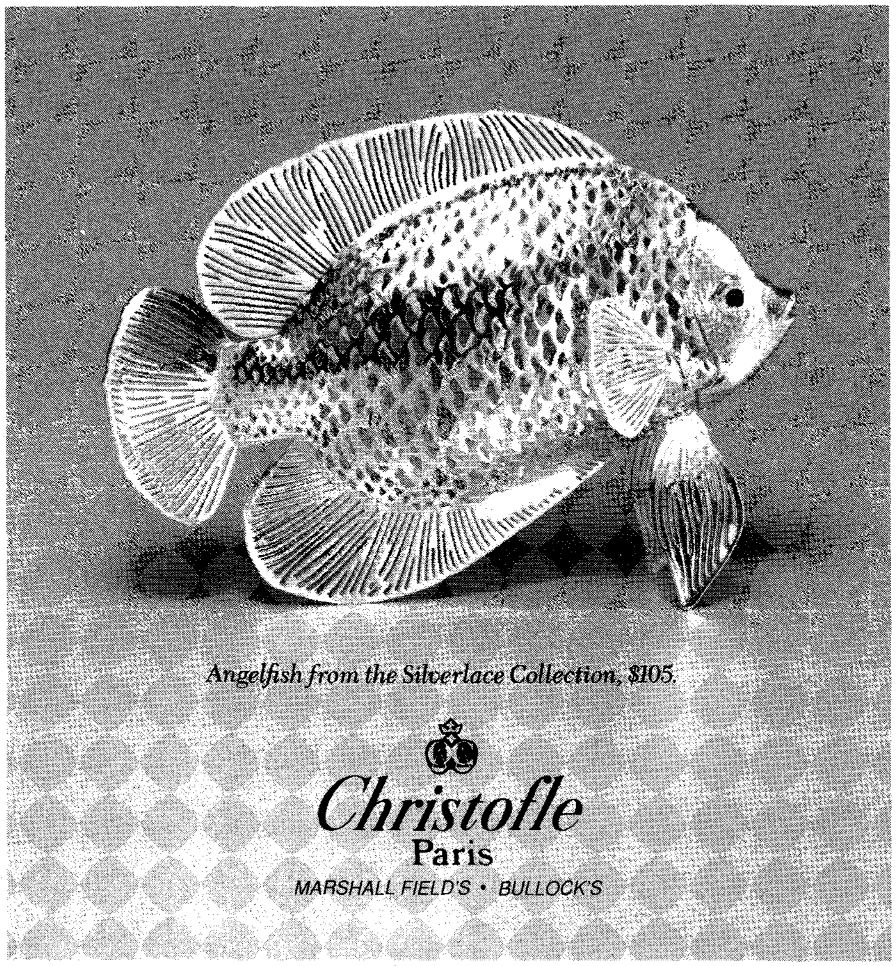
ABOVE AND BEYOND

WAR OF THE ROSES—You can see an awful lot of roses this week. The New York Botanical Garden, in the Bronx, is the place to start. June 10-11 is "Rose Weekend" there, a celebration that includes lectures and concerts, not to mention strolls through the newly restored Peggy Rockefeller Rose Garden, an eighty-three-bed triangle of ground populated with damasks, grandifloras, floribundas, and so forth. Not to be outdone, the Brooklyn Botanic Garden opens its award-winning, sixty-one-year-old Cranford Rose Garden. Here you'll find five thousand rosebushes, representing about a thousand varieties.

"THE CENTER SHOW"—Site-specific installations (of paintings, photographs, and sculptures) commissioned by the Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center, to commemorate the twentieth anniversary of the riots at the Stonewall Inn, in Greenwich Village. Among the many artists involved are Keith Haring, Jane Dickson, David LaChapelle, Martin Wong, and Arch Connelly. (208 W. 13th St.)

"CENTRAL PARK BY DESIGN"—The Parks Department and the Museum of the City of New York will collaborate on a Tuesday walking tour in Central Park, to be held weekly from June 6 through August 15. This free program, which begins with a 1 P.M. bus ride from Grand Army Plaza (Fifth Ave. at 59th St.), will focus on the architectural legacy of Calvert Vaux. Currently the subject of a show at the museum, Vaux designed Central Park's Dairy and several of its cast-iron bridges, all of which will be covered by the tour. For more information, call 534-1672.

READINGS—Readings by Gary Indiana, Adrian Piper, Thomas Lawson, and Lynne Tillman. (The New Museum, 583 Broadway. June 6 at 7:30. For reservations, call 219-1222.) . . . ¶ Meg Wolitzer and Harold Brodkey read from their fiction. (Whitney Museum at Federal Reserve Plaza, 33 Maiden Lane at Nassau St. June 13 at 12:30 P.M. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Cynthia Zarin and Steven Sandy read from their poetry. (Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. 219-3055. June 13 at 7.) . . . ¶ Judith Martin hosts a night of readings by Roy Blount, Jr., Nora Ephron, and Calvin Trillin—the second of three evenings to benefit the American Foundation for AIDS Research. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. June 13 at 8.)


Angelfish from the Silverlace Collection, $105.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 28.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
June 6-9: At 6, "Cane Toads" (1988, directed by Mark Lewis) and "The Emperor's Naked Army Marches On" (1987, Kazuo Hara), both documentaries; at 10, "Pattes Blanches" (1949, Jean Gremillon; in French), with Paul Bernard.
June 10-11: At 4, "Pattes Blanches"; at 6, "Cane Toads" and "The Emperor's Naked Army Marches On"; at 10, "Pattes Blanches."
From June 13: At 6, "Cane Toads" and "The Emperor's Naked Army Marches On"; at 10, "Pattes Blanches."

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Say Anything" (†).
Theatre 2: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.
Theatre 3: "Pink Cadillac" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood and Bernadette Peters.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Dead Poets Society" (Peter Weir), with Robin Williams.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Field of Dreams" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
"Pink Cadillac" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood and Bernadette Peters.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).
Theatre 2: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).
Theatre 3: Through June 8: "Road House" (Rowdy Herrington), with Patrick Swayze, Ben Gazzara, and Sam Elliott. From June 9: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier" (William Shatner), with Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, DeForest Kelley, James Doohan, Walter Koenig, Nichelle Nichols, and George Takei.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Miss Firecracker" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Pink Cadillac" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood and Bernadette Peters.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Say Anything" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Miracle Mile" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Renegades" (Jack Sholder), with Kiefer Sutherland and Lou Diamond Phillips.
Theatre 2: "No Holds Barred" (Thomas J. Wright), with Hulk Hogan.

59th Street East Cinema, *239 E. 59th. (759-4630)*
"Field of Dreams" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Dead Poets Society" (Peter Weir), with Robin Williams.
Theatre 2: "Scandal" (†).
Theatre 3: "How to Get Ahead in Advertising" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.
Theatre 2: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Vampire's Kiss" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through June 8: "Major League" *(David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger,* Charlie Sheen, and Corbin Bernsen. From June 9: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier" (William Shatner), with Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, DeForest Kelley, James Doohan, Walter Koenig, Nichelle Nichols, and George Takei.

"Star Trek V: The Final Frontier"

Theatre 2: "Road House" (Rowdy Herrington), with Patrick Swayze, Ben Gazzara, and Sam Elliott.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through June 8: "Cold Feet" (Robert Dornhelm), with Keith Carradine, Sally Kirkland, and Tom Waits.
From June 9: "Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills" (Paul Bartel), with Jacqueline Bisset, Ray Sharkey, and Ed Begley, Jr.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Earth Girls Are Easy" (Julien Temple), with Geena Davis.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"No Holds Barred" (Thomas J. Wright), with Hulk Hogan.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 8: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene *Wilder and Richard Pryor. From June 9:* "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier" (William Shatner), with Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, DeForest Kelley, James Doohan, Walter Koenig, Nichelle Nichols, and George Takei.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Pink Cadillac" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood and Bernadette Peters.
Theatre 2: "Renegades" (Jack Sholder), with Kiefer Sutherland and Lou Diamond Phillips.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I, 57 Watts St. (431-1590)
Through June 13: "The Brave Little Toaster" (1987, directed by Jerry Rees), an animated film.
From June 14: "Comic Book Confidential" (Ron Mann).

Bleecker Street Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Vincent: The Life and Death of Vincent van Gogh" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Courier" (Joe Lee and Frank Deasy).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through June 8: "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (†). From June 9: "Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills" (Paul Bartel), with Jacqueline Bisset, Ray Sharkey, and Ed Begley, Jr.
Theatre 2: "Renegades" (Jack Sholder), with Kiefer Sutherland and Lou Diamond Phillips.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"How to Get Ahead in Advertising" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Field of Dreams" (†).
Theatre 2: "Vampire's Kiss" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Let's Get Lost" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 8: "New York Stories" (†). From June 9: "High Hopes" (†).
Theatre 3: "Murmur of the Heart" (†).
Theatre 4: "Scandal" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "No Holds Barred" (Thomas J. Wright), with Hulk Hogan.
Theatre 2: "Renegades" (Jack Sholder), with Kiefer Sutherland and Lou Diamond Phillips.
Theatre 3: "Heathers" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Dead Poets Society" (Peter Weir), with Robin Williams.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Lawrence of Arabia" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"New York Stories" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Through June 8: "Field of Dreams" (†).
From June 9: "Scenes from the Class Struggle in Beverly Hills" (Paul Bartel), with Jacqueline Bisset, Ray Sharkey, and Ed Begley, Jr.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Let's Get Lost" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Rainbow" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through June 8: "Rain Man" (†).
From June 9: "Field of Dreams" (†).

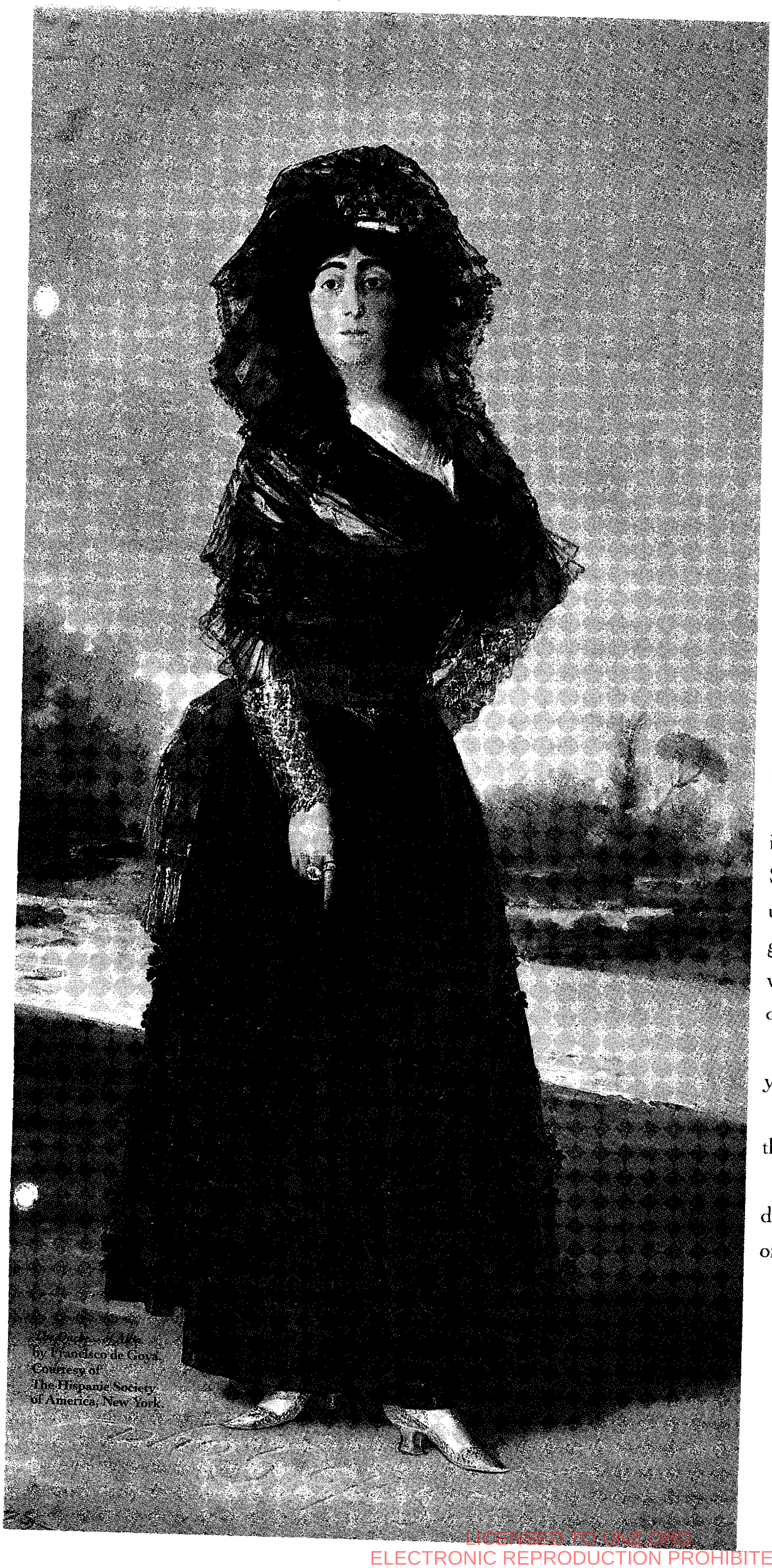
Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Road House" (Rowdy Herrington), with Patrick Swayze, Ben Gazzara, and Sam Elliott.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Little Vera" (Vasily Pichul; in Russian), with Natalya Negoda.
Theatre 2: "High Hopes" (†).
Theatre 3: Through June 8: "Murmur of the Heart" (†). From June 9: "La Bohème" *(Luigi Comencini; in Italian), with Barbara* Hendricks.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).
Theatre 2: "Chocolat" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Field of Dreams" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through June 8: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor. From June 9: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier" (William Shatner), with Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, DeForest Kelley, James Doohan, Walter Koenig, Nichelle Nichols, and George Takei.
Theatre 2: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).
Theatre 3: "Dead Poets Society" (Peter Weir), with Robin Williams.
Theatre 4: "No Holds Barred" (Thomas J. Wright), with Hulk Hogan.
Theatre 5: "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).
Theatre 6: "Pink Cadillac" (Buddy Van



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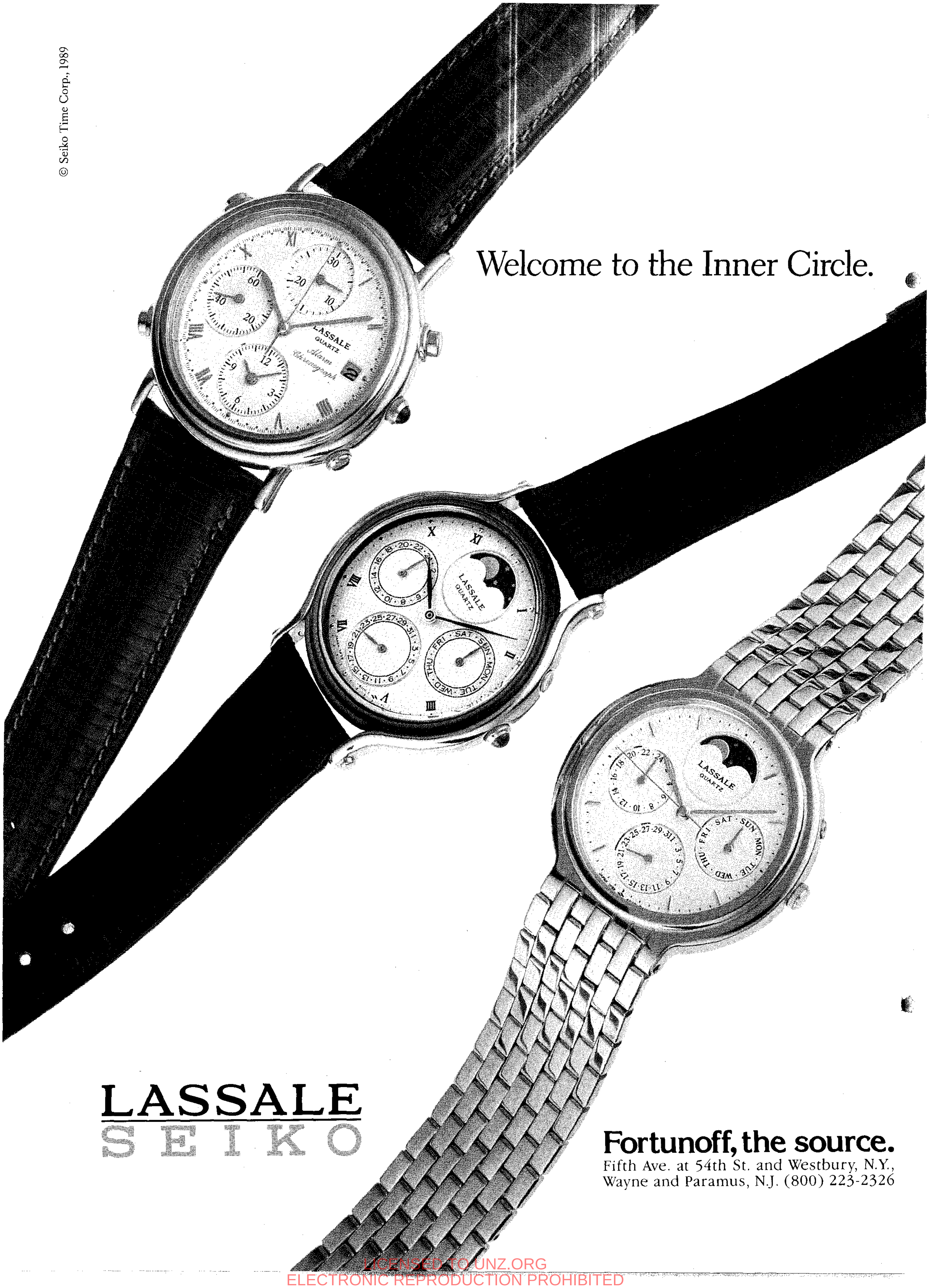
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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Horn), with Clint Eastwood and Bernadette Peters.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (†).

Theatre 2: "Scandal" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Vampire's Kiss" (†).

Theatre 2: "Renegades" (Jack Sholder), with Kiefer Sutherland and Lou Diamond Phillips.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Cyborg" (directed by Albert Pyun), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

Theatre 2: "No Holds Barred" (Thomas J. Wright), with Hulk Hogan.

Theatre 3: Through June 8: "Earth Girls Are Easy" (Julien Temple), with Geena Davis. From June 9: "Lady Terminator."

Theatre 4: "See No Evil, Hear No Evil" (Arthur Hiller), with Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor.

Theatre 5: Through June 8: "Fistfighter" (Frank Zuñiga). From June 9: "Warlocks Atlanta."

Theatre 6: Through June 8: "Miracle Mile" (†). From June 9: "Pet Sematary" (Mary Lambert).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

Through June 8: Theatre closed.

From June 9: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier" (William Shatner), with Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, DeForest Kelley, James Doohan, Walter Koenig, Nichelle Nichols, and George Takei.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through June 8: "Rain Man" (†). From June 9: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier" (William Shatner), with Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, DeForest Kelley, James Doohan, Walter Koenig, Nichelle Nichols, and George Takei.

Theatre 3: Through June 8: "Pet Sematary" (Mary Lambert). From June 9: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier."

Theatre 4: Through June 8: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger, Charlie Sheen, and Corbin Bernsen. From June 9: "Star Trek V: The Final Frontier."

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Scandal" (†).

Theatre 2: "Renegades" (Jack Sholder), with Kiefer Sutherland and Lou Diamond Phillips.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

"Vampire's Kiss" (†).

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: "Pink Cadillac" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood and Bernadette Peters.

Theatre 2: "Pink Cadillac."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th (582-4582)

June 5: "Comrade X" (1940, directed by King Vidor), with Clark Gable and Hedy Lamarr; and "Song of Russia" (1944, Gregory Ratoff), with Robert Taylor, Susan Peters, and Robert Benchley.

June 6: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (1981, Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

From June 7: The New York International Festival of Lesbian and Gay Films.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through June 6: "Mondo New York" (1988, Harvey Keith); and "Salvation!" (1987, Beth B).

June 7-8: "36 Fillette" (1989, Catherine Breillat; in French); and "Meduses" (1987, Christopher Frank).

June 9-10: "Dead Ringers" (1988, David Cronenberg), with Jeremy Irons and Geneviève Bujold; and "The Brood" (1979, Cronenberg), with Oliver Reed and Samantha Eggar.

June 11: "1900" (1977, Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, Gérard Depardieu, Alida Valli, and Stefania Sandrelli.

June 12-13: "The Tenant" (1976, Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and "Chinatown" (1974, Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston.

From June 14: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1975, Miloš Forman), with Jack Nicholson; and "Marat/Sade" (1967, Peter Brook), performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590)

June 5: "Law and Order" (1932, Edward L. Cahn), with Walter Huston; "Hell's Hinges" (1916, Reginald Barker; silent), with William S. Hart; and "Wild Horse Mesa" (1925, George B. Seitz; silent), with Jack Holt, Billie Dove, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

June 6-7: "The Naked Spur" (1953, Anthony Mann), with James Stewart, Janet Leigh, Robert Ryan, and Ralph Meeker; and "The Man from Laramie" (1955, Mann), with Stewart, Arthur Kennedy, Donald Crisp, and Cathy O'Donnell.

June 8-9: "The Wild Bunch" (1969, Sam Peckinpah), with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan.

June 10-11: "Duel in the Sun" (†); and "River of No Return" (1954, Otto Preminger), with Robert Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe.

June 12: "The Vanishing American" (1925, George B. Seitz; silent); and "The Winning of Barbara Worth" (1926, Henry King; silent), with Ronald Colman, Vilma Banky, and Gary Cooper.

June 13: "The Ox-Bow Incident" (†); and "Yellow Sky" (1949, William Wellman), with Gregory Peck, Anne Baxter, and Richard Widmark.

June 14: "Return of Wild Bill" (1940, Joseph H. Lewis), with Bill Elliott; and "Haunted Gold" (1932, Mack V. Wright), with John Wayne.

Seaport Cinema, 210 Front St. (608-7889)

June 5: "3 Men and a Cradle" (1986, Coline Serreau; in French); and "Cousin, Cousine" (1976, Jean-Claude Tacchella; in French), with Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier.

June 6-8: "The Phantom of the Opera" (1925, Rupert Julian; silent), with Lon Chaney, Mary Philbin, Norman Kerry, and Snitz Edwards; and "He Who Gets Slapped" (1924, Victor Seastrom; silent), with Lon Chaney, Norma Shearer, and John Gilbert.

June 9-12: "Boy Meets Girl" (1984, Leos Carax; in French); and "Betty Blue" (1986, Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Jean-Hugues Anglade and Béatrice Dalle.

From June 13: "Bird" (1988, Clint Eastwood), with Forest Whitaker; and "Round Midnight" (†).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

June 5: "Best Foot Forward" (1943, Eddie Buzzell), with Lucille Ball and William Gaxton; and "Du Barry Was a Lady" (1943, Roy Del Ruth), with Red Skelton, Ball, and Gene Kelly.

June 6: "Mouchette" (1966, Robert Bresson; in French); and "Au Hasard, Balthazar" (1966, Bresson; in French).

June 7: "Phantom Lady" (1944, Robert Siodmak), with Franchot Tone, Ella Raines, and Alan Curtis; and "The Chase" (1946, Arthur Ripley), with Robert Cummings, Michèle Morgan, and Peter Lorre.

June 8: "Mr. North" (1988, Danny Huston), with Anthony Edwards; and "Our Town" (1940, Sam Wood), with Frank Craven, Martha Scott, and William Holden.

June 9-10: "Female Trouble" (1975, John Waters), with Divine; and "Hairspray" (1988, Waters), with Divine and Ricki Lake.

June 11: "Love in the City" (1953, in Italian), five episodes by five different directors; and "It Is Spring" (1949, Renato Castellani; in Italian).

June 12: "Now, Voyager" (1942, Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and John Loder; and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962, Robert Aldrich), with Davis and Joan Crawford.

June 13: Five short films by Les Blank.

June 14: "Ride the Pink Horse" (†); and "In a Lonely Place" (1950, Nicholas Ray), with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 5: "General della Rovere" (1959, Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Vittorio De Sica; and "Open City" (1945, Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani.

June 6: "Bus Stop" (1956, Joshua Logan), with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart; and "Niagara" (1953, Henry Hathaway), with Monroe, Joseph Cotten, and Jean Peters.

June 7: "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" (1938, Ernst Lubitsch), with Claudette Colbert, Gary Cooper, David Niven, Elizabeth Patterson, Edward Everett Horton, and Herman Bing; and "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941, Lubitsch), with Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, and Burgess Meredith.

June 8: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962, Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford; and "The Nanny" (†).

June 9-10: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949, Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Miracle in Milan" (1951, De Sica; in Italian).

June 11: "The Innocents" (1961, Jack Clayton), with Deborah Kerr and Michael Redgrave; and "The Uninvited" (1944, Lewis Allen), with Ruth Hussey, Ray Milland, and Gail Russell.

June 12: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II" (†).

June 13: "Vertigo" (†); and "Frenzy" (1972, Alfred Hitchcock), with Jon Finch, Barry Foster, Anna Massey, Barbara Leigh-Hunt, Vivien Merchant, and Alec McCowen.

June 14: "Fellini's Roma" (1972, Federico Fellini; in English and Italian); and "Ginger and Fred" (1986, Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Guilietta Masina.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

THEATRE 1: June 9 at 2:30: "St. Louis Blues" (1928, directed by Dudley Murphy); and "Top Hat" (1935, Mark Sandrich), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. . . . ¶ June 9 at 6: "The River" (1937, Pare Lorentz); and "The City" (1939, Ralph Steiner and Willard Van Dyke). . . . ¶ June 10 at 2: "Anatomy of a Murder" (1959, Otto Preminger), with James Stewart, Lee Remick, and Ben Gazzara. . . . ¶ June 10 at 5: "Pull My Daisy" (1959, Robert Frank and Alfred Leslie); "All My Life" (1966, Bruce Baillie); "Bridges-Go-Round" (1958, Shirley Clarke); "An American March" (1941, Oskar Fischinger); "Dots" (1940, Norman McLaren); "Tal Farlow" (1980, Len Lye); "Abstronic" (1952, Mary Ellen Bute); and "Sky Dance" (1980, Faith Hubley). . . . ¶ June 11 at 2: "Monterey Pop" (1968, D. A. Pennebaker), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 11 at 5: "The Last Waltz" (1978, Martin Scorsese), a documentary. . . . ¶ June 12 at 2:30: "Pull My Daisy," "All My Life," "Bridges-Go-Round," "An American March," "Dots," "Tal Farlow," "Abstronic," and "Sky Dance." . . . ¶ June 12 at 6: "St. Louis Blues" and "Top Hat." . . . ¶ June 13 at 2:30: "The River" and "The City." . . . ¶ June 13 at 6: "Monterey Pop."

THEATRE 2: Argentine films, all in Spanish. June 5 at 3: "Rosaura at Ten O'Clock" (1942, Manuel Antín). . . . June 6 at 3: "Summer Skin" (1961, Leopoldo Torre Nilsson). . . . June 9 at 3: "Hand in the Trap" (1961, Torre Nilsson). . . . June 9 at 6: "Flooded Out" (1961, Fernando Birri). . . . ¶ June 5 at 6:30: Films by Chick Strand, who will be present. . . . ¶ June 8 at 3: American documentaries by independent filmmakers, shown on PBS's "Point of View." . . . ¶ June 8 at 6: A panel discussion about independent films on public television and a screening of excerpts from "Point of View."

American Museum of the Moving Image, 36th St. at 35th Ave., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—A three-week program of silent Japanese films. June 7 at 2:30: "The Water Magician" (1933, Kenji Mizoguchi). . . . ¶ June 8 at 2:30: "Tokyo Chorus" (1931, Yasujiro Ozu). . . . ¶ June 9 at 2:30: "I Flunked, But" (1930, Ozu). . . . ¶ June 10 at 2: "Every Night Dreams" (1933, Mikio Naruse). . . . ¶ June 10 at 4: "I Flunked, But." . . . ¶ June 11 at 2: "A Page of Madness" (1926, Teinosuke Kinugasa). . . . ¶ June 11 at 4: "Tokyo Chorus." . . . ¶ June 14 at 2:30: "Bantsuma: The Life of Tsumasaburo" (1980, Shunsui Matsuda), a documentary.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—June 5 at 6:30: "Kid Commotion" (1935, Torajiro Saito) and "Blood Splattered at Takadanobaba" (1928, Daisuke Ito), both silent films, with *benshi* (live narrator-storyteller) performances by Midori Sawato; and "Jirokichi the Ratkid" (1931, Ito), a silent

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

film, with recorded *benshi* narration by Shunsui Matsuda. . . . ¶ June 9 at 6:30: "The Lady and the Beard" (1931, Yasujiro Ozu, silent) and "To Sleep So As to Dream" (1986, Kaizo Hayashi; silent, with music and sound effects). . . . ¶ June 12 at 6:30: "A Story of Floating Weeds" (1934, Ozu; silent) and "Every Night Dreams" (1933, Mikio Naruse).

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing at either the Jonas Mekas Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. June 7 at 7: "They Had to See Paris" (1929, Frank Borzage). . . . ¶ June 7 at 9: "Landlord Blues" (1988, Jacob Burckhardt). . . . ¶ June 8 at 7: "Film Exercises 1-5" (1943-45, John and James Whitney); "Lapis" (1966, James Whitney); and "N:O:T:H:I:N:G" (1968) and "T,O,U,C,H,I,N,G" (1969), both by Paul Sharits). . . . ¶ June 8 at 9: "Landlord Blues." . . . ¶ June 9 at 8: "Early Abstractions (Nos. 1-5, 7, 10)" (1941-57), "Mirror Animations (No. 11)" (1957), "Late Superimpositions (No. 14)" (1964), and "Oz, the Tin Woodman's Dream (No. 13, 16)" (1962, 1967), all by Harry Smith. . . . ¶ June 9 at 9:30: "Landlord Blues." . . . ¶ June 10 at 6: "Unconscious London Strata" (1982) and "Egyptian Series" (1983), both by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ June 10 at 8: "Heaven and Earth Magic (No. 12)" (1958-61, Smith). . . . ¶ June 10 at 10: "Landlord Blues." . . . ¶ June 11 at 4: "S:TREAM:S:S:ECTION:S:ECTION:S:ECTIONED" (1968-71) and "Sound Frames" (1974), both by Sharits. . . . ¶ June 11 at 6 and 8:30: "Seven Women, Seven Sins" (1986), by seven different directors. . . . ¶ June 14 at 7: "Carriage Trade" (1972, Warren Sonbert). . . . ¶ June 14 at 8:30: "Abraham Lincoln" *(1930, D. W. Griffith), with Walter Huston.*

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Films, videotapes, and performances by thirty-four artists as part of the 1989 Biennial. June 6 at 1:30 and 6 and June 7 at noon: "This Time Around" (1989, Jane Aaron) and "The Lighted Field" (1987, Andrew Noren). . . . ¶ June 6 at 4 and June 7 at 3: "Reverse Transcriptase" (1989, Sandy Moore), "The Red Thread" (1987, Larry Gottheim), "Alaya" (1987, Nathaniel Dorsky), and "Bosque del Apache" (1988, Linda Klosky). . . . ¶ June 8-14: "Incidence of Catastrophe" (1988, Gary Hill), "Joyride" (1988, Tony Oursler and Constance DeJong), "Hitchcock Trilogy: Vertigo, Psycho, Torn Curtain" (1987, Rea Tajiri), "Under a Malicious Sky" (1988, Hans Breder), "Peggy and Fred in Kansas" (1987, Leslie Thornton), and "Peggy and Fred and Pete" (1988, Thornton). Showings Tuesday at 1:30, Wednesday through Saturday at 11:30, and Sunday at 12:30. . . . ¶ June 8-14: "Motorist" (1989, Chip Lord), "Ritual Clowns" (1988, Victor Masayesva, Jr.), "Lilith" (1987, Steina Vasulka), and "Living with the Living Theatre" (1989, Nam June Paik, with Betsy Connors and Paul Garrin). Showings Tuesday at 4, Wednesday through Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. . . . ¶ June 13 at 6:30: "Motorist."

MUSEUM OF BROADCASTING, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," a chance to see the television dramas you may have missed in the past thirty years. June 6-10: Ken Russell and Sewell Stokes' "Isadora Duncan, the Biggest Dancer in the World" (1966, BBC), with Vivien Pickles. . . . From June 13: Jeremy Sandford's "Cathy Come Home" (1966, BBC), with Carol White. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ Comedy specials and episodes from comedy series. June 6-10: "The Joe Piscopo Special" (1985). . . . From June 13: "Weird Al Yankovic—The Compleat Al" (1985), a documentary. Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15. . . . ¶ Programs incorporating the music of Richard Rodgers. June 6-8: "Music with Mary Martin" (1959, NBC). . . . June 9-10: "Together with Music" (1955, CBS), with Mary Martin and Noël Coward. . . . From June 13: "Rodgers and Hammerstein" (1954, ABC, CBS, NBC), celebrating the tenth anniversary of their collaboration, with such performers as Gordon McCrae, Florence Henderson, Yul Brynner, and Ezio Pinza. Showings Tuesdays at 2:30 and 6:30, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 2:30.

FRENCH INSTITUTE–ALLIANCE FRANÇAISE, 22 E. 60th St. (353-6100)—Nine new films from Europe. June 7 at 2: "The Band of Four" (1988, Jacques Rivette; in French). . . . ¶ June 7 at 6: "Paperback Woman" (1989, Suzanne Schiffman; in French). . . . ¶ June 7 at 8:30: "The Abyss" (1988, André Delvaux; in French). . . . ¶ June 8 at 3:30: "Travelling Avant" (1987, Jean-Charles Tacchella; in French). . . . ¶ June 8 at 6: "Katinka" (1988, Max von Sydow; in Danish). . . . ¶ June 8 at 8:30: "The Vanishing" (1988, George Sluizer; in Dutch). . . . ¶ June 9 at 3:30: "The River That Was" (1989, Antonio del Real; in Spanish). . . . ¶ June 9 at 6: "Five Days in June" (1989, Michel Legrand; in French). . . . ¶ June 9 at 8:30: "War Requiem" (1988, Derek Jarman).

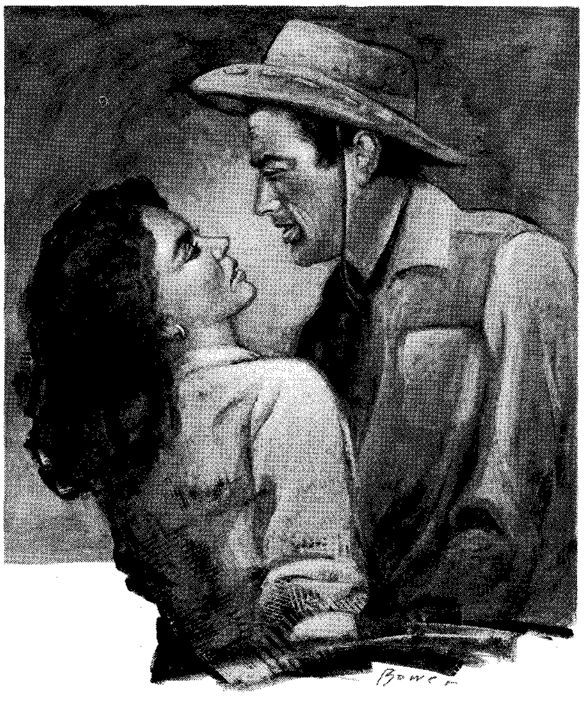
IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The *following* notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

THE ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN—The Baron, who lived from 1720 to 1797, was a fibber of genius—a fabulist. Terry Gilliam, who directed this special-effects extravaganza, sees his theme as the liar as artist; his Munchausen (John Neville) is a poet, a man of imagination. He's pitted against the practical men who believe in facts and compromise and conformity (i.e., the men who finance movies). The elements are here for a fantasy on the order of "The Wizard of Oz" and "Pinocchio" and the 1940 "Thief of Bagdad," yet the picture is dry and choppy and remote. The design (by Dante Ferretti) and the cinematography (by Giuseppe Rotunno) are sometimes magnificent, and there are scenes that are near-inspired. Something is missing, though: a bit of conviction—of ardor and awe. The picture is almost devoid of emotional shadings. With Sarah Polley, Oliver Reed, who's a great rampaging Vulcan, Robin Williams (uncredited) as the King of the Moon, Eric Idle, and Charles McKeown, who co-wrote the script with Gilliam.—P.K. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/3/89.) (Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ Waverly; through June 8.)

CHOCOLAT—Whatever Claire Denis's first feature is supposed to be about, it proves, at least, that the English don't have a monopoly on swanky colonial torpor. The movie is constructed as an extended flashback: a young Frenchwoman (named France) travelling in Africa remembers her fifties girlhood in a remote outpost of Cameroon, where her father was a district officer. Most of this story consists of smoldering looks exchanged by the girl's beautiful mother (Giulia Boschi) and the family's handsome African "boy," Protée (Isaach de Bankolé). When Maman feels herself becoming too hot and bothered at the sight of the noble black man, she brusquely orders him to fetch something; Protée deals with his frustration by taking a lot of showers. Nothing actually happens. In denying him any kind of release for his pent-up desire, Denis encourages us to think she's making a political point. What she's really doing is dehumanizing him—treating him as a gleaming hunk whose anger and wounded reserve just make him more exotically alluring. "Chocolat" looks pretty good, but it's merde in a fancy wrapper. In French.—T.R. (Cinema Studio.)



"Duel in the Sun"

DANGEROUS LIAISONS—One of the least static costume films ever made, and what costumes! The women—Glenn Close, Michelle Pfeiffer, Uma Thurman, Swoosie Kurtz, Mildred Natwick—look as if they'd been dressed by Gainsborough. (Actually, it was James Acheson, who also dressed "The Last Emperor.") Principally about the erotic power games played by the Marquise de Merteuil (Glenn Close) and the Vicomte de Valmont (John Malkovich), who were once lovers but are now allies and co-conspirators, this first-rate piece of work by the daring and agile director Stephen Frears is alive in a way that movies of classics rarely are. The paradisially beautiful Pfeiffer is wonderfully affecting as the pawn of the debauchers' final game. The screenwriter, Christopher Hampton, reworked his 1985 theatrical version of the 1782 novel by Choderlos de Laclos; cinematography by Philippe Rousselot.—P.K. (1/9/89) (Festival.)

DUEL IN THE SUN (1946)—Hilariously florid—sometimes referred to as "Lust in the Dust." This Wagnerian Western features Gregory Peck and Jennifer Jones as lovers so passionate they kill each other. She's Pearl Chavez, a half-breed wench, and so, by Hollywood convention, uncontrollably sexy, and Peck actually manages to bestir himself enough to play a hunk of egotistic hot stuff—maybe the name Lewt McCanles got to him, or maybe the producer, David O. Selznick, used electric prods. Set in Texas, it's a lavish, sensual spectacle, so heightened it becomes a cartoon of passion; the director, King Vidor, gives much of it a galloping bravura excitement, and the hokum is irresistibly entertaining. With Walter Huston having a roaring good time as a hellfire preacher, Butterfly McQueen going even further with the character she created in "Gone with the Wind," and Joseph Cotten, Charles Bickford, Lillian Gish, Herbert Marshall, Lionel Barrymore, and other well-known performers. Dmitri Tiomkin perpetrated the score. The movie was "suggested" by the Niven Busch novel, and Selznick himself takes the screenplay credit. He also directed some scenes, and Josef von Sternberg, William Dieterle, Otto Brower, B. Reeves Eason, and others had a hand in it.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; June 10-11.)

FIELD OF DREAMS—Doggerel emotion. Kevin Costner, a New Age farmer in Iowa, longs to be reconciled with his dead father, a minor-league baseball player whose outlook he had rejected in the sixties. He hears a whispered command to build a baseball field, and when he does the spirits of Shoeless Joe Jackson (Ray Liotta) and the other White Sox who were barred from baseball for life after the 1919 World Series scandal arrive and play regularly. This is only the beginning of the hero's mystical encounters. That the film is sincere doesn't mean it's not manipulative; when the weepers in the audience start up, you may feel like a pariah if you're not moved. Adapted by the writer-director Phil Alden Robinson from W. P. Kinsella's 1982 novel "Shoeless Joe." With Amy Madigan, James Earl Jones, Burt Lancaster, and Gaby Hoffman.—P.K. (5/1/89) (Bay Cinema, 59th Street East Cinema, Art Greenwich Twin, and Regency. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; through June 8. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting June 9.)

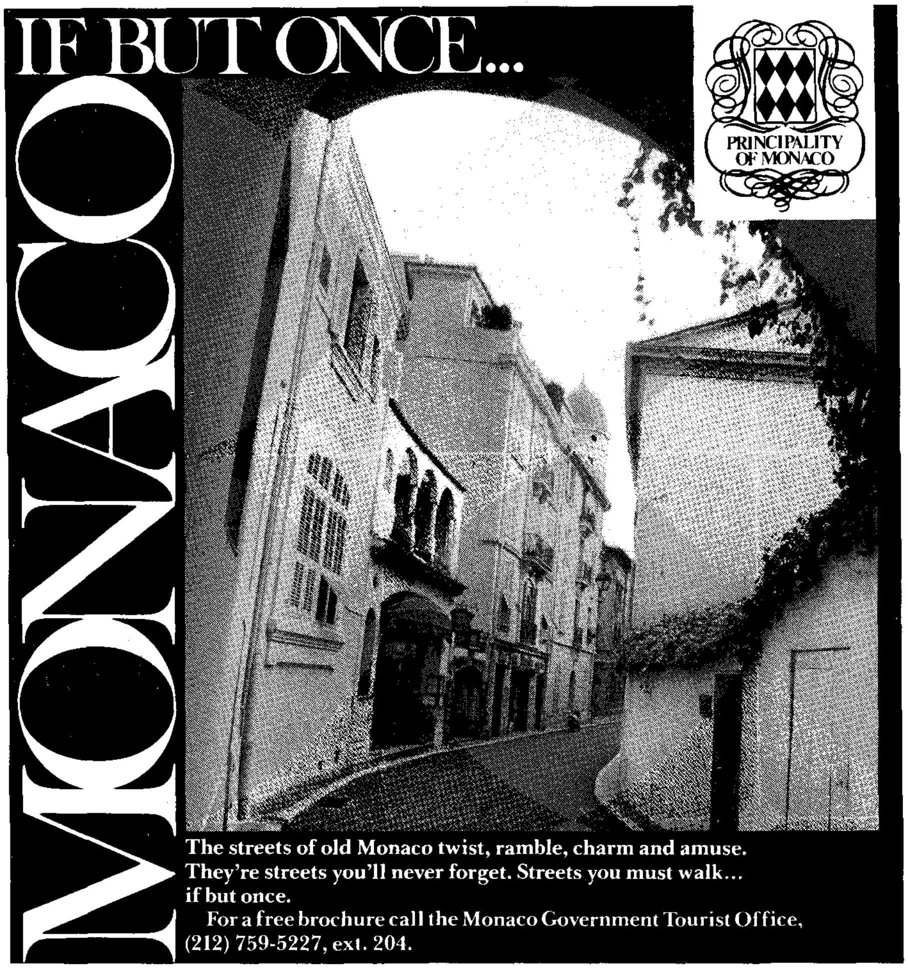
Heathers—Westerburg High's three rich beauties who make life hell for those less gilded are all named Heather. Their reluctant associate, Veronica (Winona Ryder), confides in her diary that she dreams of "a world without Heather," and a psychotically fearless juvenile delinquent, J.D. (Christian Slater), materializes, and goads her to become his accomplice in making her dream come true. The script, by Daniel Waters, has a lot of prankish, spiky dialogue and some good rowdy slapstick nastiness, such as Veronica and J.D.'s killing two football heroes and arranging their deaths to suggest that they were lovers in a suicide pact; the script promises that the picture will lift off into the junior division of Blue Velvetland. But layers of didacticism weigh it down, and the young, inexperienced director, Michael Lehmann (who uses hyper-bright colors for a facetious artificial effect), doesn't find the right moods for the gags. Where's the sting?—P.K. (4/17/89) (23rd St. West Triplex.)

High Hopes—Mike Leigh's wacked-out comedy-drama about life in Thatcherland features three couples: the rich twits (David Bamber and Lesley Manville as a young champagne dealer and his cool socialite wife); the pushy yups (Philip Jackson and Heather Tobias as a boorish car salesman and his shrill, social-climber wife); the working poor (bearded Philip Davis and dark-eyed Ruth Sheen as a pot-smoking Marxist who scrapes by as a motorcycle messenger and his companion of ten years, who like to grow things). This may sound like a liberal-left horror, but the English delight in extreme, preposterous silliness hasn't died even among the serious left: the characters keep turning into absurdist cartoons. It's an exuberantly likable movie—not always satisfying but never drab, never ordinary.—P.K. (2/20/89) (Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting June 9.)

How to Get Ahead in Advertising—The second film by the British writer-director Bruce Robinson ("Withnail and I") is a black comedy about an adman in crisis. Dennis Bagley (the resourceful and energetic Richard E. Grant), a young "creative" hot shot at a London agency, goes into a panic when he can't come up with any ideas for a pimple-cream campaign. Then he develops a huge, ugly boil on his shoulder—a boil that turns out to have a face and a voice and an extremely nasty disposition. It is, of course, a big metaphor, swollen and throbbing with significance; it stands for all the toxic stuff—greed, ruthless ambition, the manipulation of consciousness by the media—that, in Robinson's view, has been raging through our systems and is now coming to an unsightly head. The metaphor is original, but the ideas are mighty familiar. About halfway through, the movie runs out of inspiration, though Robinson carries on as if he were unaware of his own creative crisis: he just keeps squeezing the material harder and harder. Also with Rachel Ward, Richard Wilson, and Jacqueline Tong.—T.R. (Cinema 3rd Avenue, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade—With Harrison Ford and Sean Connery, directed by Steven Spielberg. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II (1944-46)—Eisenstein's two-part extravaganza on the evils of tyranny is obviously a magnificent work and it imposes its style on the viewer, yet it's so lacking in human dimensions that you may stare at it in a kind of outrage. True, every frame in it looks great—it's a brilliant collection of stills—but as a movie it's static, grandiose, and frequently ludicrous, with elaborately angled, overcomposed



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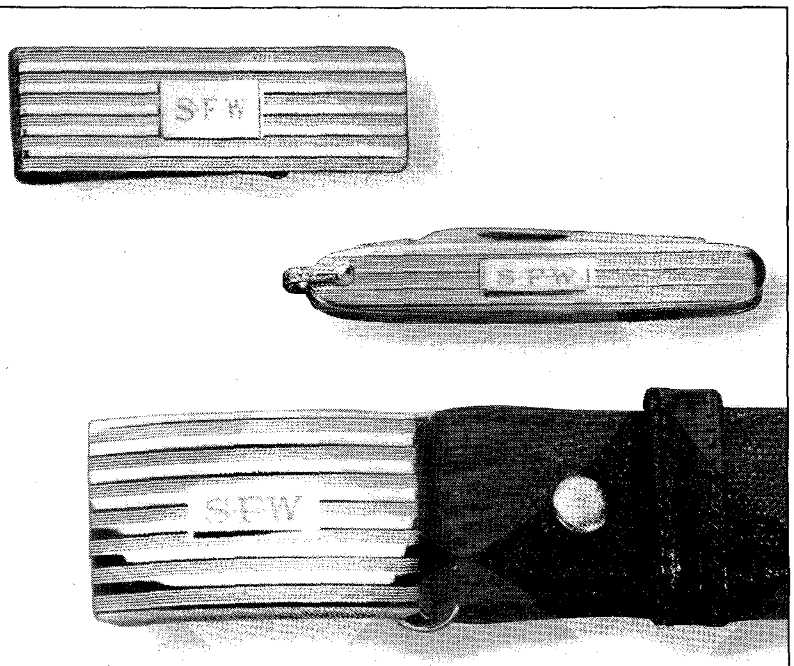

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photography, and overwrought, eyeball-rolling performers slipping in and out of the walls, dragging their shadows behind them. The city of Alma Ata was rebuilt full scale in Central Asia with lumber imported from Siberia, and millions of rubles worth of sets, beards, and brocades went into it—it's a heavy dose of décor. In "Part I," released in 1945, Ivan (Nikolai Cherkassov) is crowned, and then because of the opposition of the boyars (or nobles) who, among their evil deeds, poison his wife, he is forced to abdicate. "Part II," which Eisenstein called "The Boyars' Plot," was his last film. Made in 1945-46, censured by the Central Committee and suppressed, it was not released until five years after Stalin's death (the director, still in disgrace, had died in 1948). In "Part II," the boyars strike again. Ivan has been restored to power with the help of "the people," but, under the leadership of Ivan's ratty old aunt Efrosinia, who hopes to put her (crazy? homosexual? both?) son on the throne, the boyars plot to assassinate Ivan. He outwits them and destroys their power in a big, bloody purge. All this may suggest a libretto. The movie *is* operatic—and opera without singers is a peculiar form. Music by Prokofiev. In Russian. Black-and-white, with one long sequence in "Part II" in rich, experimental color.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 12.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—If you went to see it under the delusion that it was going to be about T. E. Lawrence, you probably stayed to enjoy the vastness of the desert and the pleasures of the senses that a huge movie epic can provide. Directed by David Lean, from a script by Robert Bolt, loosely based on Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," this picture fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, but it is one of the most literate and tasteful and exciting of expensive spectacles. The central figure is played quite stunningly by Peter O'Toole, though he seems to be doing "Lord Jim"—which he was cast in a couple of years later (and then it looked as if he were doing Lawrence all over again). Bolt and Lean turn the hero into such a flamboyant poetic enigma that he is displaced in the film by a simpler hero—Omar Sharif's Ali, a handsome sheikh with liquid brown eyes and conventionally sympathetic lines to speak. As it became apparent that most people in the audience hadn't the remotest idea of what the Arabs and the Turks were doing in the First World War, or which was which, or why the English cared, the question raised by the movie was, Can complicated historical events and a complex hero really get across in a spectacle? With Alec Guinness, José Ferrer, Anthony Quinn, Arthur Kennedy, Jack Hawkins, Anthony Quayle, and Donald Wolfit. (The film, substantially cut after its first release, has been restored to a more or less definitive version, running 217 minutes.)—P.K. (Ziegfeld.)

Let's Get Lost—This documentary, by Bruce Weber, isn't primarily about Chet Baker the jazz trumpeter and singer: it's about Chet Baker the love object, the fetish. And maybe because Weber, despite his lifelong fixation on this charmer, knew him only as a battered, treacherous wreck, in the two years before his death, it's one of the most suggestive (and unresolved) films ever made. The soundtrack is made up of Baker recordings that span more than three decades—the idealized essence of the man. The 16-mm. black-and-white cinematography (by Jeff Preiss) is reticent yet expressive, impassioned; the film has a great look.—P.K. (5/1/89) (Quad Cinema, and Carnegie Screening Room.)

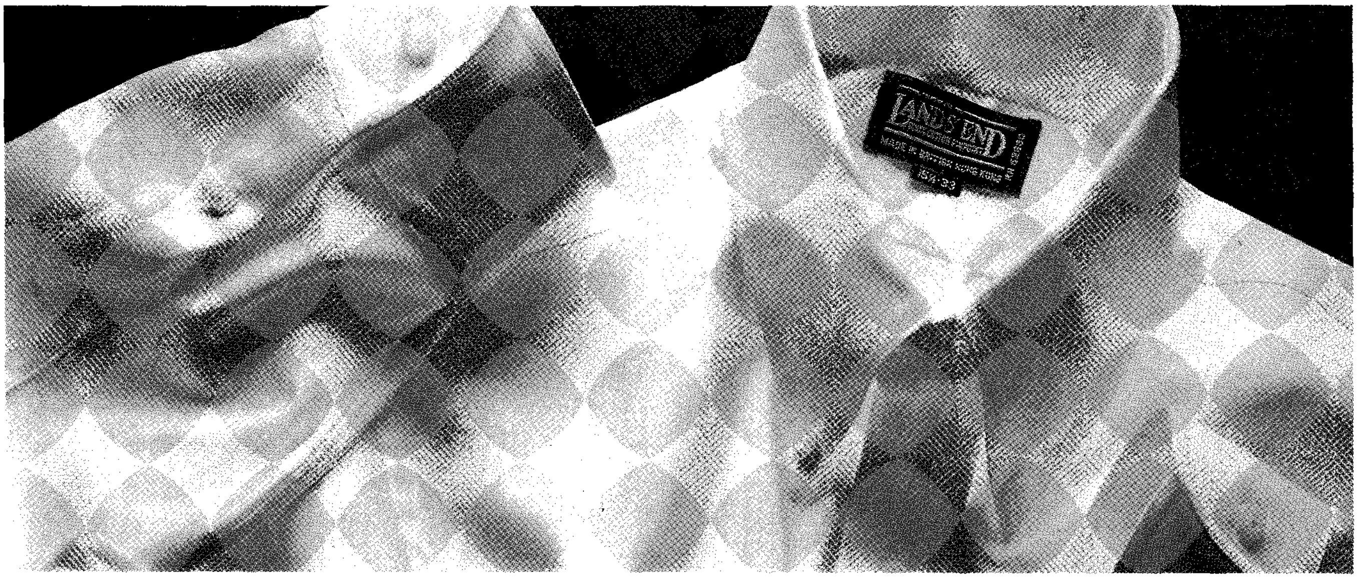
Miracle Mile—Steve DeJarnatt's original script has a nice, morbidly funny premise: Harry, a young musician (Anthony Edwards), has finally met a girl he really likes (Mare Winningham)—and then he finds out that a nuclear war is going to start in about fifty minutes. (There's always *something*.) This is a doomed-love scenario so extreme that at first we can't believe that we're meant to take it seriously. The tone is awkward, uncertain—DeJarnatt doesn't write great dialogue—but the film is absorbing and unexpectedly moving. DeJarnatt's direction is much surer than his writing: he keeps his attention focussed on the action, doesn't linger to philosophize on the big issues, and allows the relationship between Edwards and Winningham to develop its own urgent momentum. And the movie, shot mostly at night on the particularly garish stretch of L.A.'s Wilshire Boulevard known as the Miracle Mile, has a bold, distinctive look. This is a B-movie treatment of a gigantic theme, and it draws strength from its essential modesty. "Miracle Mile" is like J. G. Ballard material without the imaginative richness—or the nastiness. Cinematography by Theo Van de Sande; the superb production design is by Christopher Horner.—T.R. (Plaza. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through June 8.)

Miss Firecracker—Adapted by the fey, witty playwright Beth Henley from her 1984 play, "The Miss Firecracker Contest," it's a farce about Southern eccentrics that's at the same time (and here's the death knell) a loving tribute to the indomitability of screwed-up, lonely dreamers. Holly Hunter is the waif Carnelle (in Yazoo City, Mississippi), who thinks that if she can just win this year's Fourth of July beauty pageant—the Miss Firecracker Contest—she'll be respected. Thomas Schlamme, directing his first feature, has tried for vividness, and the movie is never plain boring, but its comic pathos and Southern-gothic cuteness can grate on you. He force-feeds the audience Carnelle's desperation, her courage, and her heartbreaking pint-size gallantry. (So it's just about impossible to laugh at her.) The only element that really makes the movie worth seeing is the wild sense of fun in Tim Robbins' performance as Carnelle's courtly, impulsive cousin. (The role is a baroque contraption, and that's what Henley is good at.) Robbins and Mary Steenburgen, who plays his patrician sister, have a tingling love-hate intimacy; they're marvellous together. And he and Alfre Woodard are nuttily harmonious as lovestruck clowns. Also with Ann Wedgeworth, the late Trey Wilson, Angela Turner, Amy Wright, and Scott Glenn.—P.K. (5/29/89) (Eastside Cinema.)

Martin Scorsese's 1978 movie of The Band's farewell concert, "The Last Waltz" (playing at the Museum of Modern Art on June 11th and 15th), changed not only the face of rockumentaries but also the eyes and ears. It's lovingly photographed and recorded, brilliantly conceived and edited. Few films have ever tuned in an audience this closely to the unique rhythms and theatrics of such musicians as Bob Dylan and Van Morrison. Even Scorsese's interviews harmonize with the performances. He draws out what being on the road meant to The Band, the transplanted Canadian group that revitalized American folk, jazz, and R. & B. forms in a rock idiom.

Rock-concert films had always tended to screech and jitter. But in "The Last Waltz" the sound is both robust and pristine—you can hear a bass roar, or a pick drop. The cinematographer, Michael Chapman, and his virtuoso colleagues (including Vilmos Zsigmond and Laszlo Kovacs) work with impassioned lucidity. The editing fixes each Band member in your mind—not just Levon Helm or Robbie Robertson or Richard Manuel, but Garth Hudson, who comes off as a cross between a church organist and the Phantom of the Opera, and Rick Danko, who resembles the young Robert De Niro. When all the guests join Dylan and The Band on the climactic "I Shall Be Released," the movie becomes an exhilarating vision of rock's polyglot vitality.

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—Louis Malle's exhilarating high comedy about French bour-



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Nicolas Cage in "Vampire's Kiss"

geois life. He looks into his own back yard—the film is set in Dijon in 1954, at the time of Dien Bien Phu, and it's about the sex education of the fourteen-year-old Laurent (Benoit Ferreux), the youngest, brightest son of a successful gynecologist (Daniel Gélin) and his Italian-born wife (Léa Massari). Malle sees not only the prudent, punctilious surface but the volatile and slovenly life underneath. His bourgeois bestiary is funny and appalling and also—surprisingly—hardy and happy. This is perhaps the first time on film that anyone has shown us the bourgeoisie enjoying its privileges. Massari is superb as Clara, the carelessly sensual mother who is loved by her sons because of her indifference to the bourgeois forms, which they nevertheless accept—on the surface, that is. With Michel Lonsdale as Father Henri. The script is by Malle. In French.—P.K. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; through June 8.)

The Nanny (1965)—A small-scale English thriller, directed by Seth Holt—deft enough to be tantalizingly suggestive of what it might have been. Though Jimmy Sangster's script, from Evelyn Piper's novel, is just a routine horror job, there's real promise in the conception of the nanny as a mush-mouthed tyrant, with fraudulent sentiments substituting for feeling. The characters are amusingly "modern": the children are "cool," the father insufferable, the mother weak, the aunt self-centered. So far, so good. The exception is Bette Davis, trying to give a restrained performance as the dowdy, repressed nanny, whose ten-year-old charge suspects her of having killed his little sister. Restraint is what Davis has not got much of. Antennae flailing wildly, she signals us that she's being self-effacing, that she's holding back. Everything she does is out of key with the other performers; her thick eyebrows look false, and she treats her hair like a wig, patting it. You have to hand it to Davis, though: she *is* a star. When she can't dominate by a good performance, she dominates by a bad one. With Jill Bennett, Wendy Craig, James Villiers, Pamela Franklin, Maurice Denham, Jack Watling, and William Dix.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 8.)

New York Stories—A three-part anthology film, with sections by Martin Scorsese, Francis Coppola, and Woody Allen. Scorsese's intensely enjoyable "Life Lessons" features a masterly performance by Nick Nolte as an Action painter who needs tumult in his life. (Richard Price wrote the script.) Coppola's "Life Without Zoe" is a forgettable attempt to use New York as a city out of the Arabian Nights. Woody Allen's "Oedipus Wrecks" is a Freudian vaudeville about a Jewish lawyer (played by Allen) who feels that if he marries a Gentile (Mia Farrow) he'll escape his mother (Mae Questel). (He doesn't stand a chance.) Allen's short-story comedy is a bit too long and schematic, but it has some genuine laughs, and a lovely performance by Julie Kavner as a hopeless involuntary comic. All told, the movie is a two-base hit.—P.K. (3/20/89) (57th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through June 8.)

The Ox-Bow Incident (1943)—A Western set in Nevada in 1885 that is also an attempt at a poetic tragedy about mob violence. Two cowboys (Henry Fonda and Harry Morgan) ride into a small, lonely cattle town and become involved in the hysteria of a lynch mob. Three innocent men (Dana Andrews, Anthony Quinn, and Francis Ford) are hanged, while we see not only their fear and despair but the varied motives of the members of the posse who take justice into their hands. It's easy to be put off by the studio sets and lighting and by the forties approach to a "serious" subject, but the director, William Wellman, has made the characters so vivid that after many years people may still recall Frank Conroy as the sadistic Southern major, and the rapid changes of expression of William Eythe, as his son. With Harry Davenport as Mr. Davies, Leigh Whipper as Sparks, and Jane Darwell as the cackling, lewd old woman who enjoys the excitement—a much better performance than her Ma Joad in "The Grapes of Wrath." From the very fine novel by Walter Van Tilburg Clark—it has ambiguities that Lamar Trotti's script couldn't encompass; reading the book expands the movie.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; June 13.)

The Rainbow—The pastoral locations are grassy vistas that seem to melt before your eyes, and the images suggest that the material—the second half of the D. H. Lawrence novel about marriage—is being approached with humility and seriousness. This isn't one of the director Ken Russell's lurid, campy pictures. But his underlying attitudes haven't really changed; the campiness is simply more restrained, and the movie is amorphous and unsatisfying. As Ursula Brangwen, who (in the novel) yearns for sexual and spiritual union, Sammi Davis seems merely petulant. One of the pioneering feminist heroines—a woman who represents an advance on previous generations, a woman on a quest—has been turned into a snippy, closed-off brat. Glenda Jackson and Christopher Gable are surprisingly relaxed (and effective) as Ursula's parents, and David Hemmings is very smooth as her smiling, corrupt uncle. Also with Paul McGann as Ursula's conventional-minded fiancé, who hates her whenever she expresses her feelings, and Amanda Donohoe and Dudley Sutton.—P.K. (5/29/89) (Paris.)

Rain Man—Dustin Hoffman is Raymond, an autistic savant who lives in an institution in Cincinnati, and Tom Cruise is his huckster brother Charlie, an L.A. car dealer, who kidnaps him, hoping to get hold of some of the three million dollars that their father has left in trust for Raymond's care. Hoffman keeps his actor's engine chugging and upstages the movie; Cruise's performance consists of not smiling too much—so as not to distract his fans from watching Hoffman. The director, Barry Levinson—it's his temperament—stretches out the scenes until they yawn. But the picture has its effectiveness: people are crying at it. Of course they're crying at it—it's a piece of wet kitsch. With Valeria Golino; Ronald Bass was the principal screenwriter.—P.K. (2/6/89) (Cinema 3, and Embassy; through June 8.)

Ride the Pink Horse (1947)—One of a kind; no one in his right mind would imitate it. Starting from a novel by Dorothy B. Hughes, Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer concocted this baroque folly about gangsters in the Southwest. Some of the characters speak standard-Hollywood broken English in order to convey the information that they're Mexican; the hero, Robert Montgomery (who also directed), speaks in a tough-guy lingo that isn't just broken—it's smashed. He says of a woman he doesn't like, "She has a dead fish where her heart ought to be." This doesn't quite satisfy him, and he expands the idea. "A dead fish," he goes on, "with a bit of perfume on it." That may be cruel to the woman, but it's a fair summary of the picture. Wanda Hendrix, in dark makeup, gets a ride on a merry-go-round, thus giving the film its inappropriate title. But nothing else would have been appropriate either. With Thomas Gomez, Fred Clark, and Andrea King.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; June 14.)

Round Midnight (1986)—Most of Bertrand Tavernier's mournful, blue-toned movie, which, an opening title tells us, was "inspired by incidents in the lives of Francis Paudras and Bud Powell," is set in Paris in 1959. The French jazz enthusiast Paudras is now called Francis Borier and is played by François Cluzet, and Powell, the great bebop pianist, who suffered frequent nervous breakdowns and then made a new life abroad, is now the dazed, alcoholic tenor-sax man Dale Turner, and is played by the near-legendary Dexter Gordon. The enthusiast is a saintly groupie who becomes Gordon's keeper, treating the expatriate with the respect he didn't get in his own country. He treats him as the artist he is, and Gordon flowers into a courtly, gentle fellow, and begins to compose again. But his self-destructiveness runs very deep, and so the picture is one crisis after another. Tavernier clearly identifies with the fan, and he seems to be enshrining his own idolatry. His moviemaking is rhythmless. And there's nothing visceral in his appreciation of jazz: the music itself has none of the mysterious teeming vitality of great bebop—it's lifeless, commemorative. With Sandra Reaves-Phillips, who shakes things up when she sings a good low-down version of Bessie Smith's "Put It Right Here," and Lonette McKee, John Berry, Martin Scorsese, Philippe Noiret, and many well-known musicians, including Herbie Hancock, who arranged and conducted the music. The script, which attempts to achieve a musical flow (and allows for improvised dialogue), is by David Rayfiel and Tavernier.—P.K. (Seaport Cinema; starting June 13.)

Say Anything—Lloyd Dobler (John Cusack) is a high-school senior who doesn't know what he wants to do yet. And he's so in awe of Diane (Ione Skye), the class valedictorian and prize student, that when he phones to ask her to the graduation party he's so nervous he can't keep up a sequential conversation. Yet when they're out together he makes Diane feel happier than she has ever been. As for Lloyd, he has found bliss. This first picture directed by Cameron Crowe (who wrote "Fast Times at Ridgemont High") is unabashedly romantic about Lloyd's capacity to make a commitment. Crowe is great here on oddity and fringe moments; the comedy helps to dry out the romanticism. And Cusack is a wonder: Lloyd's (nearly) blank look tells you that a lot of things are going on inside him—he has a buzz in his blank face. Crowe's script has some central flaws, and there's no special moviemaking excitement in the picture, but it's a lovely piece of work. Clearly, Crowe loves actors. There's a compelling performance by John Mahoney as Diane's father, and there are a couple of astonishingly fluid scenes between Cusack and his real-life sister Joan, playing Lloyd's sister. The cast includes Lili Taylor as the girl who has written sixty-five songs about her ex-boyfriend's perfidiousness, Kim Walker, Jason Gould, Eric Stoltz, Loren Dean, Amy Brooks, Chynna Phillips, Lois Chiles, Philip Baker Hall, and a terrific three-year-old, Glenn Walker Harris, Jr.—P.K. (5/15/89) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Gotham Cinema.)

Scandal—Tepid. The director, Michael Caton-Jones, and the writer, Michael Thomas, who dig up the Profumo affair, might have used it as the basis for a satirical slice of history; instead, they've made a sentimental docudrama—one more English film about the cruelty of the class system. What sustains a viewer is the narrative, with its evocative details of life in London from 1959 to 1963—how the teen-age showgirl Christine Keeler (Joanne Whalley-Kilmer), bored with the middle-aged dignitaries that the society osteopath Stephen Ward (John Hurt) introduced her to, took on a West Indian lover and then another West Indian, and how, as a result of a violent quarrel between the two, a newspaperman got on her trail. She then offered up the story of her earlier gentlemen callers, the Tory Secretary of State for War, John Profumo (Ian McKellen), and the assistant naval attaché of the Soviet Embassy (Jeroen Krabbé). And bang! The tabloids whipped up indignation over the decadence of the "Establishment"—over sadomasochism and spies and naked bathing in Lord Astor's pool.

Whalley-Kilmer's opaque, unreadable Christine comes to life a bit in her scenes with her showgirl pal, Mandy Rice-Davies, played by Bridget Fonda, who brings a gamine crispness to the role. She's the movie's only wild card. With Daniel Massey, Roland Gift, Britt Ekland, Leslie Phillips, and Trevor Eve.—P.K. (5/15/89) (Cinema II, Quad Cinema, Metro Cinema, and National Twin.)

Vampire's Kiss—With Nicolas Cage, directed by Robert Bierman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Beekman, Art Greenwich Twin, Olympia, and Warner.)

Vertigo (1958)—Alfred Hitchcock's dreamlike thriller has almost no straight-ahead suspense: its form is circular, drifting, like a slow downward spiral. James Stewart plays Scottie Ferguson, a retired San Francisco policeman who suffers from vertigo induced by trauma: a fellow-officer was killed in a fall from a rooftop, having slipped from Scottie's grasp. An old college friend hires this lonely, closed-off man to follow his wife, Madeleine (Kim Novak), who, he claims, has been showing signs of madness—she imagines herself the reincarnation of a woman named Carlotta. Scottie's surveillance is at first reluctant and professional, then becomes obsessive, melancholy: he falls in love with the mysterious woman he's shadowing, tries to rescue her from her demons, fails, and finds her again in what seems to him an almost spectral form. It's a haunting and painful movie, in which romantic love is a state of agonizing, cruelly heightened alertness, and our worst nightmares recur endlessly in slow motion. "Vertigo" is all waiting, helpless watching, thwarted action, and repetition: it feels as if it were taking place underwater. Also with Barbara Bel Geddes and Tom Helmore. The screenplay, by Alec Coppel and Samuel Taylor, is adapted from a novel by the French thriller-writing team of Boileau and Narcejac ("Diabolique"). Bernard Herrmann's score is one of his best.—T.R. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 13.)

Vincent: The Life and Death of Vincent van Gogh (1987)—Paul Cox's documentary biography of the great painter is earnest, honorable, and uninspired. Cox has the good idea to tell the story in the artist's own words: the voice-over narration consists entirely of excerpts from letters written by van Gogh to his brother Theo. (They are read, with tremendous solemnity and perhaps an excess of actorly skill, by John Hurt.) But Cox's use of the letters is crude: van Gogh's raw, anguished meditations on life and art are presented without irony, as if he really were a profound thinker. (Sample *pensées:* "Nothing awakens us to the reality of life as much as true love"; "To suffer without complaining is one lesson that has to be learned in life." Too bad the movie doesn't tell us how Theo responded to this stuff.) The words actually dominate the images; at times, the beautiful paintings function only as illustrations of the deep thoughts. Cox also includes endless footage of Dutch and French countryside, as well as a handful of staged tableaux—peasants eating potatoes, a scene in a cabaret, the painter's funeral. It's all much too pretty—"painterly" in a horribly naïve way. He seems to be trying to compete with van Gogh as a maker of images; he loses. All Cox's follies are probably the result of too much enthusiasm, too much passion, too much empathy with his subject. His excesses mirror van Gogh's, but his art doesn't: in this film, the light always seems to be coming from the wrong direction.—T.R. (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown—The most original pop writer-director of the eighties, Pedro Almodóvar is Godard with a human face—a happy face. The artificial is what sends him sky high, and the Madrid of this film is (as the closing song has it) "Puro Teatro." This is a movie where after a while you can't tell sexy from funny. Pepa (Carmen Maura), an actress who works in TV and commercials, turns on her answering machine and learns that she has been jilted. Infuriated, she dashes around, on spike heels, in a short, tight skirt, trying to confront her long-time live-in lover, the elegant, vain Iván (Fernando Guillén). The women of the title include Iván's early lover (Julieta Serrano), his new lover (Kiti Manver), and two (Rossy De Palma and María Barranco) who are involved with his son (Antonio Banderas). Sleek-legged and chic, they run the theatrical gamut. Cinematography by José Luis Alcaine. In Spanish.—P.K. (11/14/88) (Cinema Studio.)

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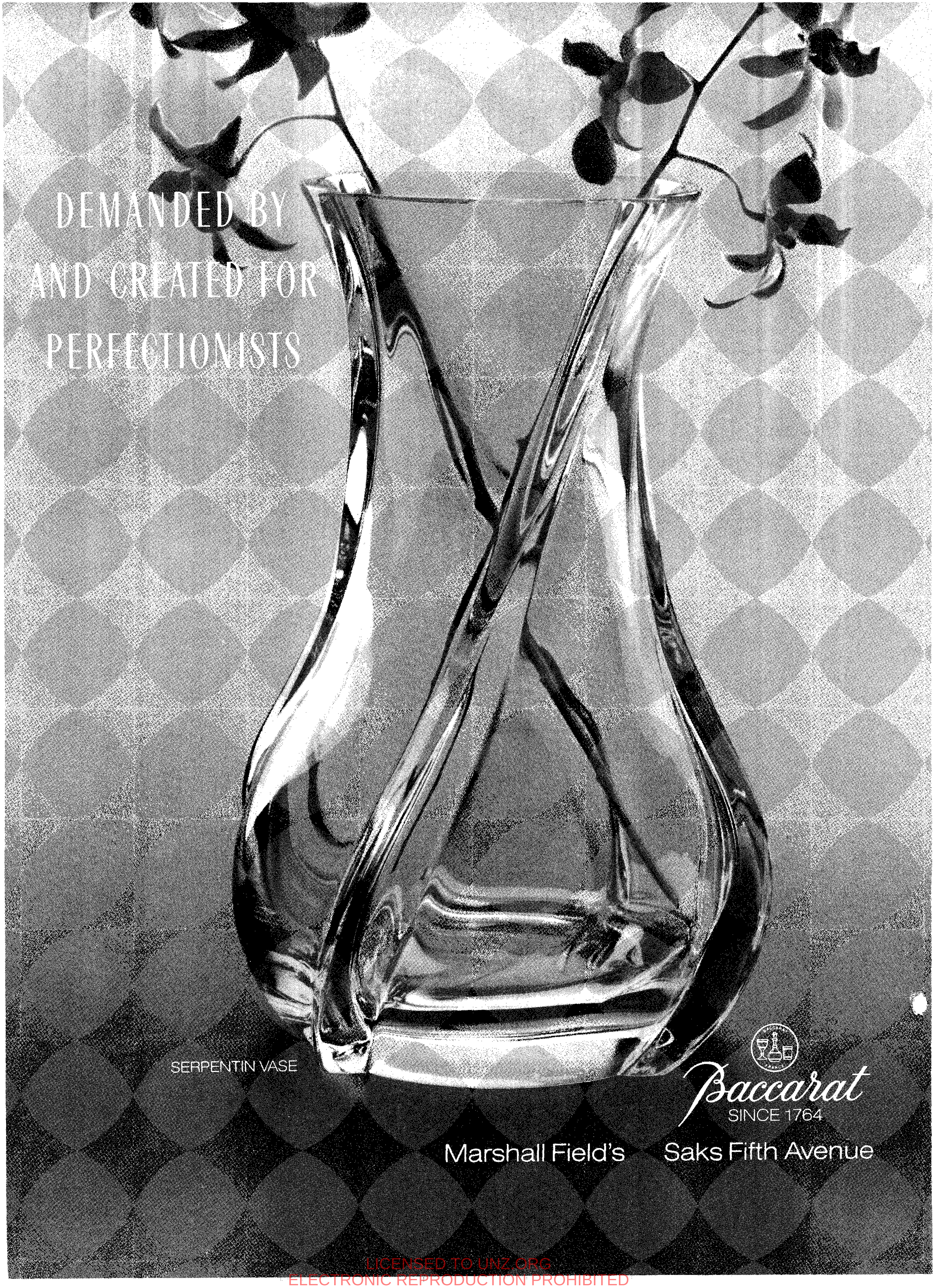
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE figure of Liberty—or the Goddess of Democracy, as it came to be called—that was erected last Monday in Beijing's Tiananmen Square is said to have a high nose bridge and to lack the epicanthic eye fold characteristic of Asians. The statue, then, appears to be of non-Chinese origin, a foreigner—a barbarian, it might have been said once, but perhaps no longer. The vocabulary that was employed by the students and their supporters crowding the center of Beijing this past month and marching in China's other cities was similarly foreign: it made explicit reference to American and European democratic texts and models. This is no less strange for the fact that twenty years ago some Western students, at Berkeley, in New York, in Rome, and in Paris, boisterously demonstrated for Maoism and what they considered the superior virtues of Chinese Communism over the Western "bourgeois democracy" they enjoyed, which was an objectively repressive system, they said, or a repressively tolerant one—a reproach that served to confound both authority and those who yielded to the students' demands.

Maoism was then thought to define where we should all be going. Today, the Chinese, having gone there, ask for the bourgeois liberalism that the students of 1968 rejected. But those students were reënacting, under the stress of the Vietnam War, the reaction against Western liberalism and its failures which followed the First World War: idealistic young people fifty and sixty years ago wanted revolution in the West, and celebrated either Lenin and Stalin or Mussolini and Hitler. What they really wanted was what in 1968 the Paris journal *Combat* said the French student rebels wanted—"a marvellous abstraction." A Beijing hunger striker told a *Times* journalist last month, "We must search for a beautiful, perfect system."

On the one hand, China's young demonstrators wanted a marvellous abstraction, and, on the other, they were protesting corruption, compromise, and social inequities, which were an inevitable accompaniment of the Western economic reforms already installed in their country—reforms they otherwise favored. Democracy and liberty are qualities of the liberal West, but so are materialism and social inequities. China cannot reform without producing stress in the communal discipline customary in the Communist system and without also causing a breakdown of the older values in the traditional society.

Hence there were expressions of intolerance as well as of liberalism in the events leading up to the demonstrations of recent weeks, and the demonstrations also included resemblances to what occurred twenty years ago, when another vast student upheaval took place in China. The slogans then were anti-Western, the marvellous abstraction was the fulfillment of Maoist ideals, and the enemies of the students were those who challenged the Party's leadership—"devils and demons of revisionism," meriting "extermination."

In any case, the events of the last month, a culmination of the series of popular challenges to the Party's control in recent years, suggest that the Mandate of Heaven—which is to say, popular acknowledgment of a Chinese government's right to rule—is lost to the present regime. They also suggest that China continues to exist in a turbulent interregnum that began with the revolution of 1911—that resolution of its crisis has yet to be found. The Western model of democracy, alluring but disruptive, too, is only one of several imaginable outcomes. It's tempting to believe, with triumphalist Western commentators, that the current demands for democracy in China are proof of the victory of the West in the great world war of ideologies—an "end of history," with no further development required. But what the Chinese will end up with may be either less or more than what the United States and the Western democracies imagine. Or they may end up with nothing that resembles justice and liberty at all—as has too often been their lot in the past. The events of recent days afford hope, certainly, but they demonstrate a collapse of ideology rather than a victory of ideology. The People's Republic of China could now be described in the words that Lord Macartney applied to the Manchu Empire in 1793. He called it "an old, crazy, first-rate man of war" that overawes "merely by her bulk and appearance" and "may perhaps not sink outright" but "can never be rebuilt on the old bottom."

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LAST Friday, several Chinese journalists met for dinner in a back room of the China Pavilion, a restaurant on West Fifty-sixth Street, and talked all night about what had been happening lately on the other side of the world. The dinner had been planned well ahead—ever since Richard Liu, who owns the China Pavilion, found out that his old friend Johnny Chao, a talk-show host on the Taiwan Television Network, who is also the president of the Republic of China's editorial cartoonists' association, and who, it is said, will be a candidate in the legislative elections in Taiwan this year, was going to be passing through town on his way to address a convention of cartoonists in Newport. But nobody could have known what momentous events would occur in the meantime, or how they would transform the evening from one of conviviality to one of feverish analysis.

Most of the guests were old friends from what one called "the prosperous diaspora" of Chinese intellectuals and businessmen. Around the table were Oscar Chiang, of *Time;* Wen-Yi Chang, who writes a column from New York for the Hong Kong monthly *The Nineties* (it was called *The Seventies* until three years ago); and Tso-Chin Chang, the former editor-in-chief of the *World Journal*, a Chinese-language paper published in Flushing. Johnny Chao's brother Edward, the executive director of the Chinese Community Service Center in Queens, was there, too. The men ate well—soft-shell crabs, scallops with ginger, roast duck, and salt-and-pepper fish. At the beginning of the evening, Richard Liu set two bottles of Rémy Martin in the center of the table. From time to time, he would get up from his chair and go around the table saying emphatically, "More brandy," and would fill his guests' big wineglasses right to the brim with cognac.

The conversation was impassioned and intricate, and it was all in Chinese. A couple of non-Chinese-speakers who had joined the group for dinner could make out only a few recurring motifs: "Beijing," "Deng," "Tiananmen," "1967," "1949" (both dates always given, curiously, in English), "Zhao," "democracy," and "Gorbachev." ("Bush" was barely heard.) Every once in a while, one of the participants would briefly detach himself from the conversation, like an exhausted swimmer boosting himself up onto the side of the pool, and explain to the non-Chinese what was being said.

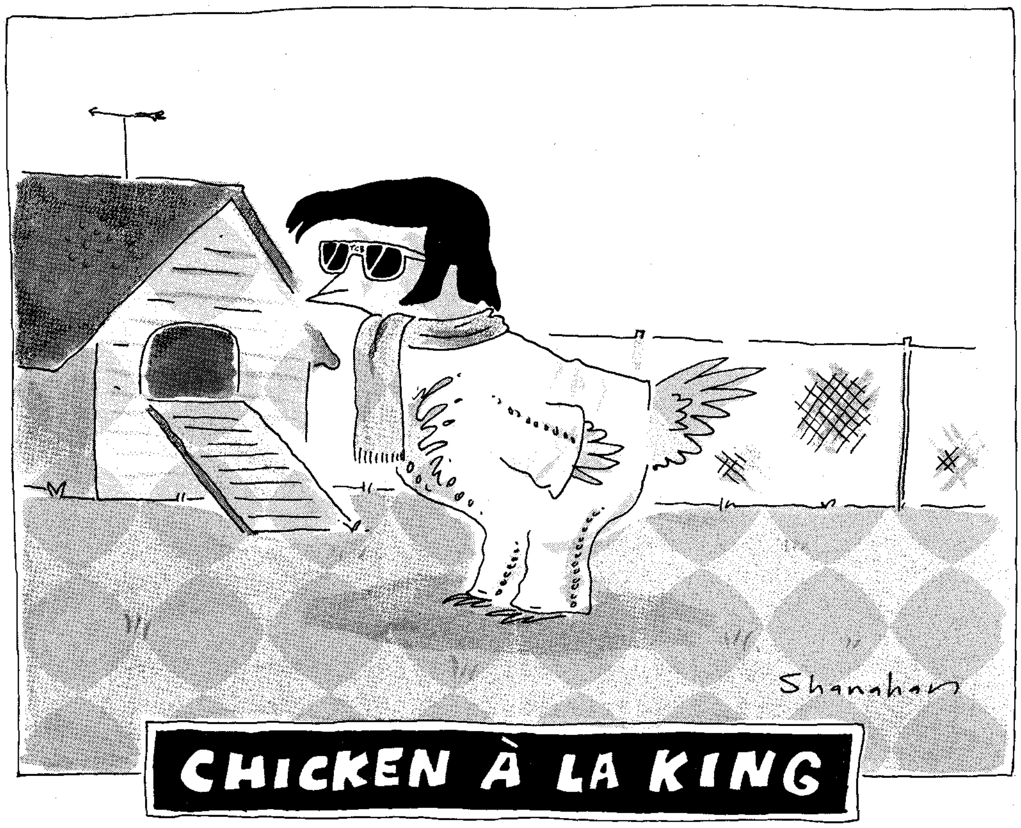
"Everybody's discussing the cartoons that have been appearing in the Chinese press for the past few days about the situation in Tiananmen Square," Johnny Chao said at one such moment. "For instance, Mr. Chang was just saying that the *World Journal* here ran a cartoon today of the Chinese flag painted black, with the caption 'It's Ten O'Clock. Do You Know Where Your Children Are?' All around the world, we're seeing a renaissance of editorial cartooning in the Chinese press. Until two years ago, when martial law was lifted in Taiwan, political cartoons tended to be rather tame. They always showed things symbolically. For instance, just a few years ago you might have seen a cartoon that showed Deng Xiaoping leading a donkey labelled 'Economic Policies of Communist Government' onto a precarious path, and the donkey stubbornly trying to move back toward a road marked with a sign that said 'Dr. Sun Yat-sen's Three Principles: by People, of People, for People.' They were good sentiments but bad cartoons. Many of us were looking at the American editorial cartoonists—Oliphant and Wright and Trudeau—and we were asking ourselves: Is the Chinese editorial cartoon forever doomed to backwardness? Since martial law was lifted, though, the cartoon has taken on a new life. For instance, one Taiwanese cartoon not long ago showed some of the old Party regulars of the Republic of China government sitting in a train that was rushing down a railroad line marked 'Unification.' 'Who is driving the train?' they ask. In the locomotive are some men labelled 'The Small Businessmen.' In other words, unification with the mainland is happening on the day-to-day economic front more quickly than on the political front. 'Who is driving the train?'—we were all proud to see so subtle a cartoon in the Taiwanese press. But when I am here and I read 'Bloom County' or 'Doonesbury' I see that we still have a long way to go. Being in America has also made me aware of how important it is for Chinese cartoonists to find their own natural style. We must make our own cartoons; we need a Chinese *Mad* and a Chinese 'Doonesbury.' When I return, I am going to begin drawing cartoons with a brush instead of a pen—in the ancient Chinese style." Then he jumped back into the conversation.

A few minutes later, Mr. Chiang came up for air long enough to say, "We were just talking about the way most Western journalists avoided the real question about the demonstrations in Beijing—the only question. That is, can there ever be political power in China outside the Party? That is the only fundamental question."

Wen-Yi Chang, who had been quiet for most of the night, was picking at his duck when he was drawn into the conversation by something that Mr. Liu was saying. Timidly at first, and then with more and more fervor, Mr. Chang held the table with what was plainly a deeply felt reminiscence: he pointed to himself, spoke intently, and then shook his head, as though he were offering a catalogue of disillusion. Mr. Liu listened, complacently at first and then with increasing annoyance. He shook his head; he looked away. Mr. Chang persevered, and finally drew from Mr. Liu some kind of grudging, taciturn admission: yes, that was true; yes, that had been so. Mr. Chang shrugged, as if not sure what to say next. Mr. Liu took the initiative, barking out questions in a querulous, ironic voice; "Tiananmen" and "Deng" recurred again and again. Mr. Chang listened, and then admitted the truth of what Mr. Liu was saying—his head moving in first a flurry, then a volley, and, at last, an unending stream of nods. The conversation stopped, and the two men toasted each other.

After a long silence, broken only by the rattle of duck bones on plates, the conversation resumed around the table.

Mr. Chang turned to the non-Chinese, and began to explain what had been said—about the desperate need for reform in China at the time of the Communist Revolution, and the hopes the Communists had genuinely inspired, and then what Mr. Liu had said about everything that had happened since. But he didn't have to explain a word. It had been the most scrutable of conversations, and the saddest.



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A Lot to Learn

A TINY city on Randalls Island has burned more times than anyone can count. On a twenty-seven-acre campus there, near the foot of the Triborough Bridge, the Fire Academy conducts eight-week training sessions, teaching recruits to find bodies in pitch-black rooms, haul hoses up flights of stairs, and tolerate temperatures above two hundred degrees. About a dozen small red brick buildings dot the site, each one with a painted number high on its façade. The tallest, Building 1, is a four-story tower, used for rope and ladder training. Building 2 is the smokehouse, which fills with flame and smoke. Buildings 3, 4, and 5 represent a row of four stores, a tenement, and a house, respectively. They are obviously uninhabited, but they do look real: security grates protect the storefronts, a fire escape zigzags across the front of the tenement, and the house has a charming gable roof. The other buildings contain a gym, a garage, and various offices.

We visited the academy to see the latest crop of "probies"—a hundred and five probationary firefighters—a month before they were to graduate, in mid-June. Jim Murphy, an enthusiastic young fireman, picked us up in Manhattan and drove us out to the island. He parked next to the smokehouse, where a crowd of probies was standing on the second-floor deck, waiting to enter. In black coats with yellow stripes, they looked like bees. "Get in there, ya buncha wimps," he said, not loud enough for them to hear, and, turning to us, he added, "I love that smoke. It clears your sinuses right up. When you've got a cold, you always hope for a good job"—a big fire, he meant.

Another group of probies was gathered at the tenement, about a hundred yards away, and we walked over. "This is what we call a stretch," Mr. Murphy told us. "It's when you stretch a hose from one place to another." The hose emanated from an engine parked on the street near the tenement. Inside, probies were shouting and spraying water wildly over a nonexistent fire. After a while, two men emerged and slapped each other's palms. "They put that baby out," Mr. Murphy said. "But in a real fire all hell breaks loose. People are hanging all over the fire escapes, and you have to go in and tear out the walls and the ceiling, looking for pockets of fire. These kids still have a lot to learn."

We headed back to the car, and he drove us to Building 9, the administration building. There we met Battalion Chief George Bauer, the coördinator of the Fire Department's division of training. A tall, jovial thirty-one-year veteran of the department, Chief Bauer said that Building 9 was "the biggest waste of space"—the offices are cramped, and the entrances look like sewer tunnels—but that he was proud of his training buildings. "They were based on the best ideas from cities around the world," he said, and he took us on a tour.

Back at Building 1, a probie was being lowered from the roof on a rope. "See how he's wagging his hands?" Chief Bauer asked. "That means 'Keep lowering.' " The probie reached the second-floor window, where another probie, a "victim," was sitting on the windowsill, his legs dangling. The victim wrapped his legs and arms around the first probie, and together they descended to a net. "You'd almost think they were doing that for your benefit," Chief Bauer said. "Come back in two weeks and they'll be twice as fast."

Smoke was pouring from the smokehouse windows, and Chief Bauer took us there, for a word with Teddy Frett, the instructor. "Teddy and I worked together when I was chief at the 16th, in Harlem, the busiest battalion in the universe," Chief Bauer said.

"That was before I got shanghaied

over here," Mr. Frett said, with a laugh, and he went on, "The kids are getting their first exposure to intense heat today."

"Are they scared?" we asked.

"I hope so," he said. "I am. But eventually they learn they can live in there as long as they stay very low."

"It gets to two hundred degrees at the two-foot level, and more above that," Chief Bauer said. "They learn the basic rule of firefighting: It's all done on your hands and knees. Wait till you see the Mask Confidence Course." He led us to it.

The course, a wooden maze with waist-high walls, fills the room over the storefronts of Building 3. Probies wearing air tanks on their backs must crawl through it completely blindfolded by air masks painted black. They have to negotiate steps, turns, doors, missing floorboards, a ramp, and a doghouse-size tunnel. "Even if they know what to expect, it's tough," Chief Bauer said. "About halfway through the course, the instructor can reach in and attach a hook to the probie's air hose. At first, the kid doesn't know what the obstruction is—he only knows he can't move. A good friend of mine got his air hose caught like that in a real fire—he was killed. In fact, somebody died for every turn on this course. He made a mistake, and he paid the supreme price. We have it written on the wall in the administration building: 'Let no man's ghost come back to say, "My training let me down." ' "

We left Building 3, with relief, and followed Chief Bauer to a field of oil-covered gravel at the edge of the campus. Scattered around were barrels of aluminum scraps, defective air tanks, broken furniture, and an oil-truck tank lying on its side, like a fallen elephant. "Here we teach them to put out oil-spill fires, transformer fires—that sort of thing," Chief Bauer said.

Off in a corner of the field stood an orange metal cylinder on black metal legs: an ordinary household barbecue. "That's how you teach them about back-yard fires, right?" we asked, hoping to impress him with our quick grasp of the academy's methods.

"No, no," he said, smiling. "That's how we hold picnics out here."

Mink

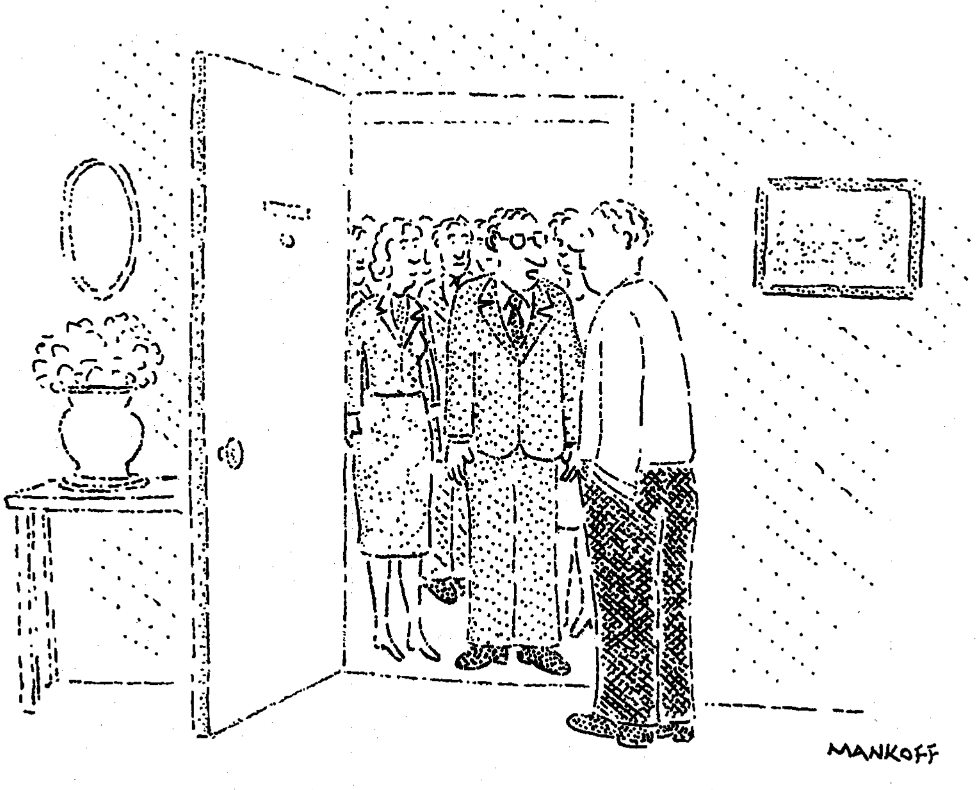
UNTIL the other day, it had never occurred to us to wonder just how good the chess players in Washington Square Park are. The question arose when we happened to spend half an hour in the jostling, kibitzing crowd that invariably gathers around a circle of chessboards in the southwest corner of the park, and noticed that the players were using actual "book" openings: here was a Ruy López played at lightning speed; there was a Grünfeld Defense worthy of a grandmaster. We called Bruce Pandolfini, who is a chess writer, the executive director of the Manhattan Chess Club, and a U.S. National Master, and asked, "Are the players in the park pretty good?"

Mr. Pandolfini said, "They aren't *pretty* good. They are tre*men*dously good. On any given day, there will be five or six players of master status down there. The place is legendary. Bobby Fischer played there as a kid. Last summer, there was an International Grandmaster who visited regularly. They gamble—two, three bucks a game. And a lot of players just like hanging out in the park. There are some very colorful people down there."

Armed with this knowledge, we returned to the park the next morning for a closer look. It was a mild spring day, and the players were out in force. We headed for a board presided over by a young black man who goes by the name of Mink, and who was wearing a football jersey, Pony running shoes, and jeans. Mink was playing a man who identified himself simply as Tony, and a large crowd was watching. They were playing "blitz": rapid-fire, ten-minute games, which perfectly suit Mink's style of play—a street-smart approach, bristling with booby traps and unorthodoxies. Keeping up a steady stream of patter while moving his pieces, Mink created the illusion that he was only half concentrating on the game, but his eyes rarely left the board.

We asked Mink what it was about chess that appealed to him.

"I do it to pick up a few extra dollars," he said, stabbing a pawn forward, then rapping the button on his time clock. "But I also love the game. I'm like addicted, you know? Some days, I earn forty or fifty dollars. Then the next day I got to borrow a dollar to get home." He laughed. "The best opponents are tourists, because they're more free-hearted with



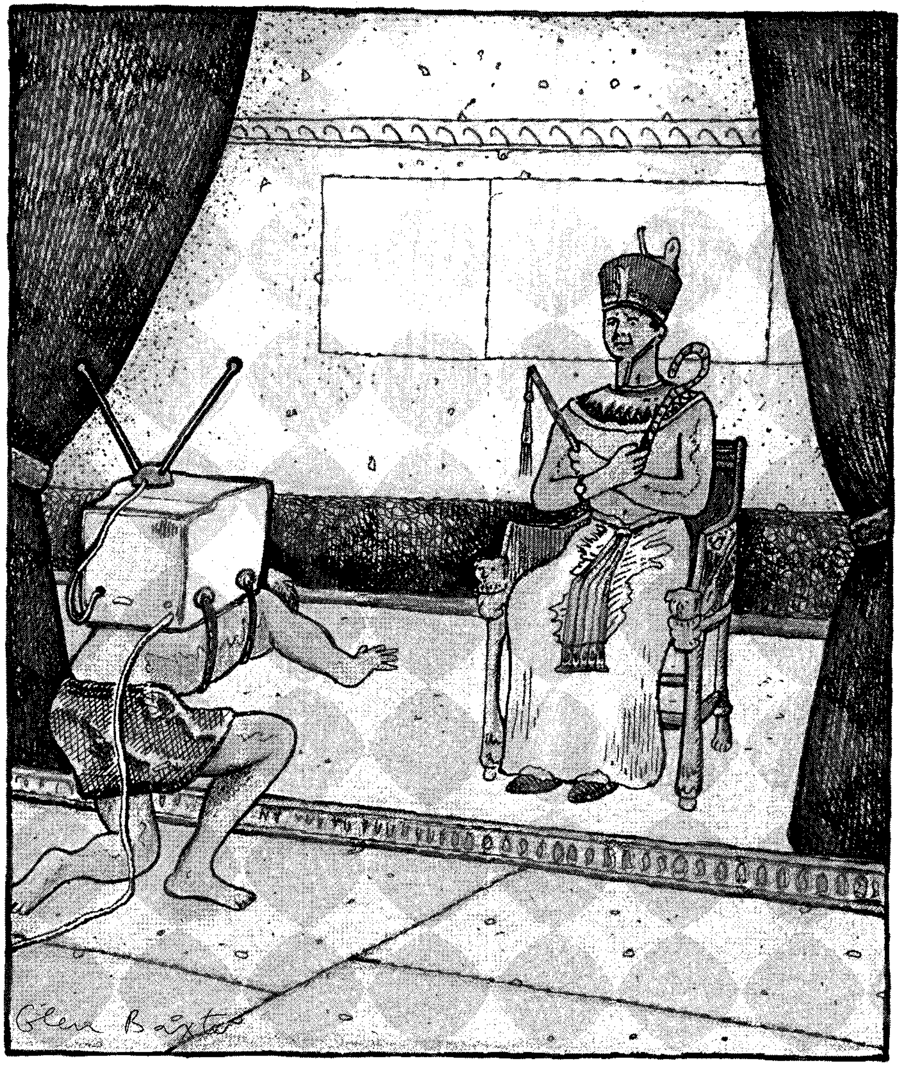
"Hi. We're a grass-roots ad-hoc committee to save your marriage. May we come in?"

money. Tourists drop maybe fifteen, twenty bucks a game. That's beautiful for me, because then I don't have to sit here all day."

Mink rates himself as a 2000 player—the Expert level—but his exact strength is difficult to determine, because he scorns formal competitions, on which ratings are calculated. "In tournaments, they play games that go on for five or six hours," Mink said. "In slow games, they got time to figure out what I'm *doing*."

Like most of the regular park players, Mink sees himself as a teacher. The games he plays are like lessons, he explained, and the money exchanged is sort of a fee. He gave his clock a brisk double rap with the bottom of a captured knight, and said, "I tell people, 'Look, I'm not trying to rob you. If you feel like you can't do any more, *discontinue*. This isn't three-card monte.' What did Lasker say? There's no lies on the chessboard? It's skill. Either you know your skill or you don't. Last week, I played a guy. He was inexperienced. He said, 'I can't play with the clock. You're just taking all my money.' I said, 'All right. Listen. I tell you what. You *hold* your money. I don't need it so bad that you got to be like *discontent*. We'll play your way—slow, easy games—and we'll play double or nothing.' So we did. He happened to lose, we shook hands, he paid off, and he says, 'Great, I loved it!' " Mink looked up, and smiled. "See, I try to accommodate most of the players, because they're like clients. If I lose a client, that's money I'm not going to see anymore. If I beat a client for thirty dollars in one afternoon, that's stupid, when I could have him come back and lose five dollars every day. The trick to keeping clients is being friendly. It's the personality. If the guy's a putz, you try to help him with his game. That's why I say it's like a lesson."

We asked Mink where he learned chess.



LIFE AT 29^{A} RUTLEY CRESCENT CONTINUED RELATIVELY UNCHANGED

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"Me?" he said, shifting a bishop, slapping the clock. "I never had a teacher. I read a couple of books—'1001 Brilliant Ways to Checkmate,' 'How to Beat Bobby Fischer.' I invested a few quarters. I was seventeen years old, and I walked into a Woolworth's and bought a set. I read the moves and started to play. This was in Staten Island, where I grew up. Two years later, I started coming over here to Washington Square Park, because I couldn't find anybody in the neighborhood who could play competitively enough. I came here every day of the summer for two years, until I learned something. Now it's three years later, and I'm still here."

Mink added that a California filmmaker had approached him about starring in a movie, in the role of a chess player from the ghetto, but he hadn't liked the script he was shown, in which a young black man learns chess in prison while serving time on a murder charge. "I told the director I didn't want to do any prison stuff," Mink said. "It's like a cliché, that a brother's in jail. I told him, 'You take this script and rewrite it and maybe I'll think about doing it.' But I don't want to be in a movie *that* bad, where I got to be like tarnishing the image of black people."

At that point, Mink fell briefly silent, for his match with Tony had entered a blazing king-versus-king-and-pawn endgame and he needed to concentrate. After a burst of moves, Mink won. He then fulfilled his pedagogic obligations by saying to Tony, "You had to go into the corner if you wanted any kind of salvation." He jabbed at the safe square. "But now you're dust."

Tony grunted, fingered a ten from his pocket, and handed it over.

Mink said, "You want to play another?"

Tony thought about it. "I gotta go to work," he said.

"Double or nothing?" Mink said.

Tony nodded.

"Rack 'em up!" Mink cried.

SHIPWRECK

I

IT began with a portent.

They had doubled Cape Finisterre and were sailing south before a fresh wind when a school of porpoises surrounded the frigate. Those on board crowded the poop and the breastwork, marvelling at the animals' ability to circle a vessel already gaily proceeding at nine or ten knots. As they were admiring the sports of the porpoises, a cry was raised. A cabin boy had fallen through one of the fore portholes on the larboard side. A signal gun was fired, a life raft thrown out, and the vessel hove to. But these maneuvers were cumbrously done, and by the time the six-oared barge was let down it was in vain. They could not find the raft, let alone the boy. He was only fifteen years old, and those who knew him maintained that he was a strong swimmer; they conjectured that he would most probably have reached the raft. If so, he doubtless perished upon it, after having experienced the most cruel sufferings.

The expedition for Senegal consisted of four vessels: a frigate, a corvette, a flute, and a brig. It had set sail from the Island of Aix on 17th June, 1816, with three hundred and sixty-five people on board. Now it continued south with its complement reduced by one. They provisioned at Teneriffe, taking on precious wines, oranges, lemons, banian figs, and vegetables of all kinds. Here they noted the depravity of the local inhabitants: the women of St. Croix stood at their doors and urged the Frenchmen to enter, confident that their husbands' jealousies would be cured by the monks of the Inquisition, who would speak disapprovingly of conjugal mania as the blinding gift of Satan. Reflective passengers ascribed such behavior to the southern sun, whose power, it is known, weakens both natural and moral bonds.

From Teneriffe they sailed south-southwest. Fresh winds and navigational ineptitude scattered the flotilla. Alone, the frigate passed the tropic and rounded Cape Barbas. It was running close to the shore, at times no more than half a cannon shot away. The sea was strewn with rocks; brigantines could not frequent these seas at low water. They had doubled Cape Blanco, or so they believed, when they found themselves in shallows; the lead was cast every half hour. At daybreak Mr. Maudet, ensign of the watch, made out the reckoning upon a chicken coop, and judged that they were on the edge of the Arguin reef. His advice was discounted. But even those unschooled in the sea could observe that the water had changed color; weed was apparent at the ship's side, and a great many fish were being taken. In calm seas and clear weather, they were running aground. The lead announced eighteen fathoms, then shortly afterwards six fathoms. The frigate luffing almost immediately gave a heel, a second and third, then stopped. The sounding line showed a depth of five metres and sixty centimetres.

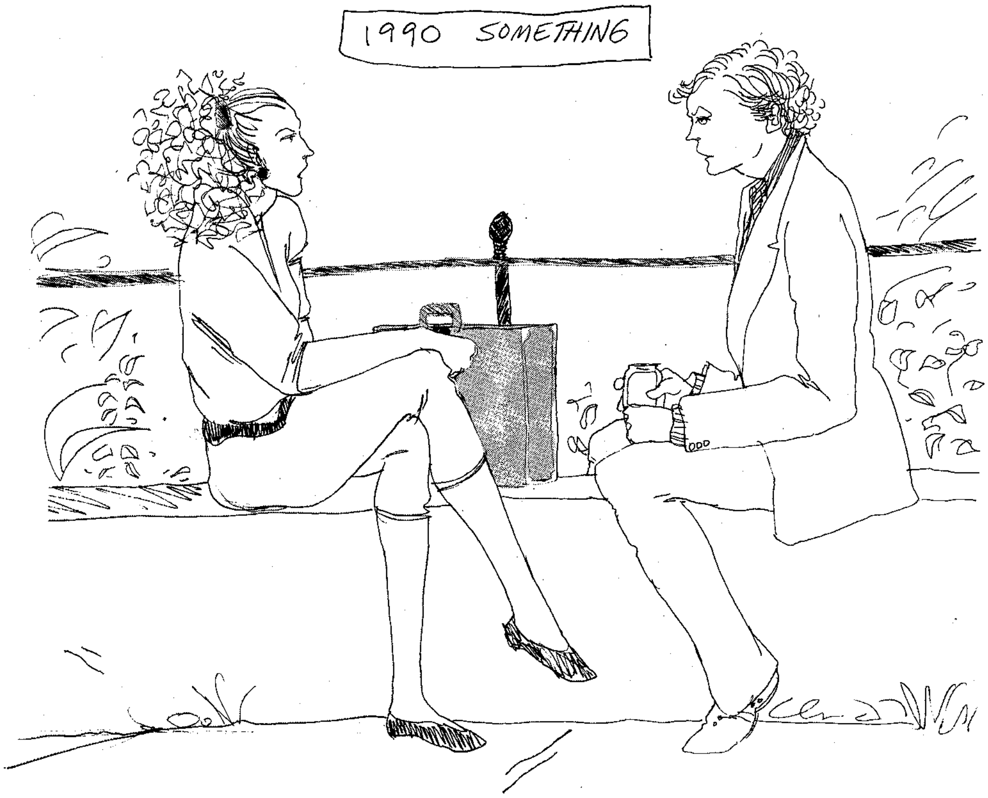
By misfortune, they had struck the reef at high tide, and, the seas becoming violent, attempts to free the ship failed. The frigate was assuredly lost. Since the boats it carried were not capacious enough to contain the whole personnel, it was decided to build a raft and embark upon it those who could not be put into the boats. The raft would then be towed to the shore and all would be saved. This plan was perfectly well laid; but, as two of the company were later to affirm, it was traced upon loose sand, which was dispersed by the breath of egotism.

The raft was made, and well made, places in the boats allotted, provisions made ready. At daybreak, with two metres and seventy centimetres of water in the hold and the pumps failing, the order was given to abandon ship. But disorder quickly embraced the well-laid plan. The allotment of places was ignored, and the provisions were carelessly handled, forgotten, or lost in the waters. One hundred and fifty was to be the complement of the raft: one hundred and twenty soldiers including officers, twenty-nine male sailors and passengers, one woman. But scarcely had fifty men got on board this machine—whose extent was twenty metres in length and seven in breadth—than it sank to at least seventy centimetres underwater. They cast off the barrels of flour which had been embarked, whereupon the level of the raft rose; the remaining people descended upon it, and it sank again. When the machine was fully laden, it was a metre beneath the surface, and those on board so crowded that they could not take a single step; at the back and front, they were in water up to the waist. Loose flour barrels were cast against them by the waves; a twenty-five-pound bag of biscuit was thrown down to them, which the water converted at once into a paste.

It had been intended that one of the naval officers should take command of the raft; but this officer declined to come on board. At seven o'clock in the morning, the signal for departure was given, and the little flotilla pulled away from the abandoned frigate. Seventeen persons had refused to leave the vessel, or had concealed themselves away, and thus remained on board to discover their fate.

The raft was towed by four boats in line, preceded by a pinnace, which made soundings. As the boats took up their positions, cries of "*Vive le roi!*" arose from the men on the raft, and a small white flag was raised upon the end of a musket. But it was at this instant of greatest hope and expectation for those upon the raft that the breath of egotism was added to the normal winds of the seas. One by one, whether for reason of self-interest, incompetence, misfortune, or seeming necessity, the tow ropes were cast aside.

The raft was barely two leagues from the frigate when it was abandoned. Those on board had wine, a little brandy, some water, and a small portion of sodden biscuit. They had been given no compass or chart. With neither oars nor rudder, there was no means of controlling the raft, and little means, either, of controlling those upon it, who were constantly flung against one another as the waters rolled over them. In the first night, a storm got up and threw the machine with great violence; the cries of those on board mingled with the roaring of the billows. Some attached ropes to the timbers of the craft and held fast to these; all were buffeted without mercy. By daybreak the air was filled with lamentable cries, vows which could never be fulfilled were offered up to Heaven, and all prepared themselves for imminent death. It was impossible to form an idea of that first night which was not below the truth.



“I love what you’ve done with your hair.”

• •

“Great briefcase.”

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THE next day the seas were calm, and for some hope was rekindled. Nevertheless, two young lads and a baker, convinced that there was no escape from death, bade farewell to their companions and willingly embraced the sea. It was during this day that those on the raft began to experience their first delusions. Some fancied that they saw land, others espied vessels come to save them, and the dashing of these deceptive hopes upon the rocks provoked greater despondency.

The second night was more terrible than the first. The seas were mountainous and the raft constantly near to being overthrown; the officers, clustered by the short mast, ordered the soldiery from one side of the machine to the other to counterbalance the energy of the waves. A group of men, certain that they were lost, broke open a cask of wine and resolved to soothe their last moments by abandoning the power of reason—in which they succeeded, until the seawater coming in through the hole they had made in the cask spoiled the wine. Thus doubly maddened, these disordered men determined to send all to a common destruction, and to this end attacked the ropes that bound the raft together. The mutineers being resisted, a pitched battle took place amid the waves and the darkness of the night. Order was restored, and there was an hour of tranquillity upon that fatal machine. But at midnight the soldiery rose again and attacked their superiors with knives and sabres; those without weapons were so deranged that they attempted to tear at the officers with their teeth, and many bites were endured. Men were thrown into the sea, bludgeoned, stabbed; two barrels of wine were thrown overboard, and the last of the water. By the time the villains were subdued, the raft was laden with corpses.

During the first uprising, a workman by the name of Dominique, who had joined the mutineers, was cast into the sea. On hearing the piteous cries of this treacherous underling, the engineer in charge of the workmen threw himself into the water and, taking the villain by the hair, succeeded in dragging him back on board. Dominique’s head had been split open by a sabre. In the darkness the wound was bound up and the wretch restored to life. But no sooner was he so revived than, ungrateful as he was, he rejoined the mutineers and rose with them again. This time he found less fortune and less mercy; he perished that night.

Delirium now menaced the unhappy survivors. Some threw themselves into the sea; some fell into torpor; some unfortunate wretches rushed at their comrades with sabres drawn, demanding to be given *the wing of a chicken.* The engineer whose bravery had saved the workman Dominique pictured himself travelling the fine plains of Italy, and one of the officers saying to him, “I remember that we have been deserted by the boats, but fear nothing; I have just written to the governor, and in a few hours we shall be saved.” The engineer, calm in his delirium, responded thus: “Have you a pigeon to carry your orders with as much celerity?”

Only one cask of wine remained, and more than sixty were still on board the raft. They collected tags from the soldiers and fashioned them into fishhooks; they took a bayonet and bent it into such shape as to catch a shark. Whereupon a shark arrived, and seized the bayonet, and with a savage twist of its jaw straightened it fully out again, and swam away.

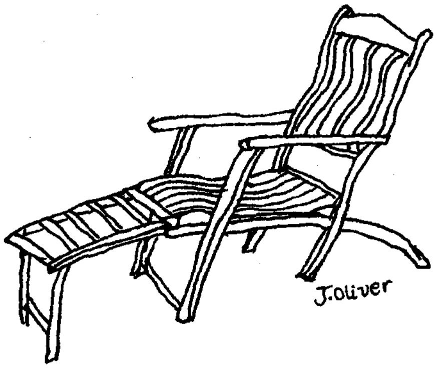
An extreme resource proved necessary to prolong their miserable existence. Some of those who had survived the night of the mutiny fell upon the corpses and hacked pieces from them, devouring the flesh on the instant. Most of the officers refused this meat; though one proposed that it should first be dried to make it more palatable. Some tried chewing sword belts and cartouche boxes and the leather trimmings to their hats, but with small success. One sailor attempted to eat his own excrements, but he could not succeed.

The third day was calm and fine. They took repose, but cruel dreams added to the horrors already inflicted by hunger and thirst. The raft, which now carried less than half its original complement, had risen up in the water, an unforeseen benefit of the night's mutinies. But those on board remained in water to the knees, and could only repose standing up, pressed against one another in a solid mass. On the fourth morning they perceived that a dozen of their fellows had died in the night; the bodies were given to the sea, but one of them was reserved against their hunger. At four o'clock that afternoon a shoal of flying fish passed over the raft, and many became ensnared in the extremities of the machine. That night they dressed the fish and devoured it. But their hunger was so great, and the portion of fish so exiguous, that many of them added human flesh to the fish, and, being dressed, it was found less repugnant. Even the officers began to eat it when presented in this form.

It was from this day onwards that all learned to consume human flesh. The next night was to bring a fresh supply. Some Spaniards, Italians, and Negroes, who had remained neutral during the first mutinies, conspired together with the plan of throwing their superiors overboard and escaping to the shore, which they believed to be at hand, with those valuables and possessions which had been placed into a bag and hung upon the mast. Once more, a terrible combat ensued, and blood washed over the fatal raft. When this third mutiny was finally suppressed, there remained no more than thirty on board, and the raft had risen yet again in the water. Barely a man lay without wounds, into which salt water constantly flowed, and piercing cries were heard.

On the seventh day two soldiers concealed themselves behind the last barrel of wine. They struck a hole in it and began to drink the wine through a straw. On being discovered, the two trespassers were instantly cast into the water, in accordance with the necessary law that had been promulgated.

It was now that the most terrible decision came to be taken. On counting their numbers, it was found that they were twenty-seven. Fifteen of these were likely to live for some days; the rest, suffering from large wounds and many of them delirious, had but the smallest chance of survival. In the time that might elapse before their deaths, however, they would surely diminish further the limited supply of provisions. It was calculated that they could well drink between them as many as thirty or forty bottles of wine. To put the sick on half allowance was but to kill them by degrees. And thus, after a debate in which the most dreadful despair presided, it was agreed among the fifteen healthy persons that their sick comrades must, for the common good of those who might yet survive, be cast into the sea. Three sailors and a soldier, their hearts now hardened by the constant sight of death, performed these repugnant but necessary executions. The healthy were separated from the unhealthy like the clean from the unclean.



After this cruel sacrifice, the last fifteen survivors threw all their arms into the water, reserving only a sabre lest some rope or wood need cutting. There was sustenance left for six days while they awaited death.

There came a small event which each interpreted according to his nature. A white butterfly, of a species common in France, appeared over their heads fluttering, and settled upon the sail. To some, crazed with hunger, it seemed that even this could make a

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LOOKING FOR LUCK IN BANGKOK

Often at markets I see
people standing in line
to walk under an elephant.
They count out a few coins,
then crouch to slip beneath
the wrinkly umbrella that smells
of dust and old age
and a thousand miracles.

They unfold on the other side
blessed with long life,
good luck, solace from grief,
unruly children, and certain
liver complaints.

Conspicuous Caucasian,
I stoop to take my turn.
The feet of my elephant are stout
as planted pines. His trunk completes
this honest structure,
this tractable, tusked,
and deeply creased
endangered shelter.

I squat in his aromatic shade
reminded of stale bedclothes,
my mother's pantry shelves
of cloves and vinegar,
as if there were no world of drought,
no parasites, no ivory poachers.
My good luck running in
as his runs out.

—Maxine Kumin

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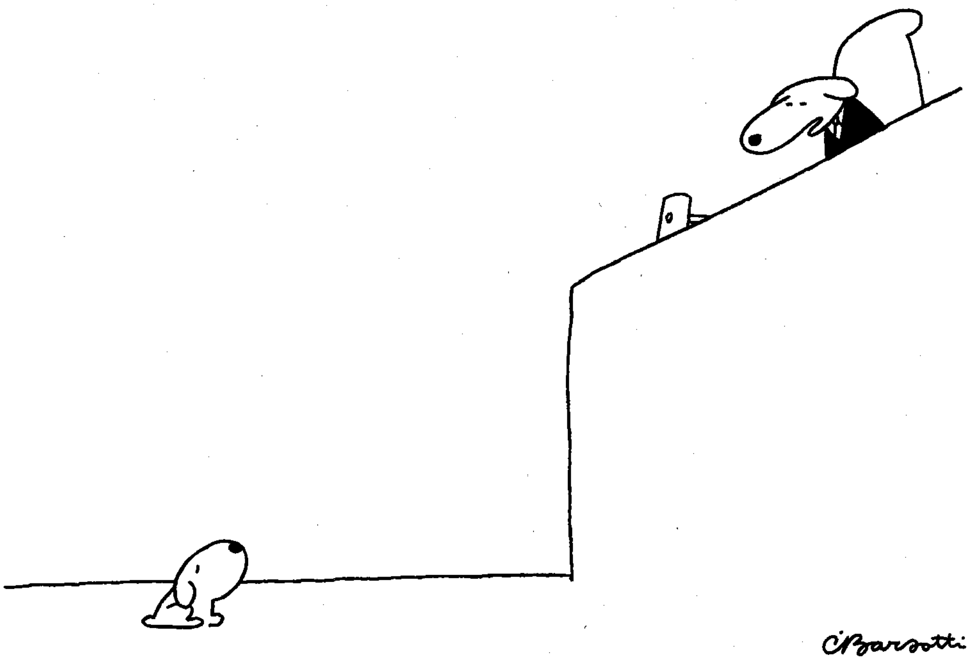


"Not guilty. He needed new Top-Siders anyway."

• •

morsel. To others, the ease with which their visitor moved appeared a very mockery when they lay exhausted and almost motionless beneath it. To yet others, this simple butterfly was a sign, a messenger from Heaven as white as Noah's dove. Even those skeptical ones who declined to recognize a divine instrument knew with cautious hope that butterflies travel little distance from the dry land.

But no dry land appeared. Under the burning sun a raging thirst consumed them, until they began to moisten their lips with their own urine. They drank it from little tin cups, which first they placed in water to cool their inner liquid the quicker. It happened that a man's cup might be stolen and restored to him later, but without the urine it had previously held. There was one who could not bring himself to swallow it, however thirsty he might be. A surgeon amongst them remarked that the urine of some men was more agreeable to swallow than that of others. He further remarked that the one immediate effect of drinking urine was an inclination to produce urine anew.

An officer of the army discovered a lemon, which he intended to reserve entirely for himself; but violent entreaties persuaded him of the perils of selfishness. Thirty cloves of garlic were also found, from which arose further disputation; had all weapons but a sabre not been discarded, blood might have been shed once more. There were two phials filled with spirituous liquor for cleaning the teeth; one or two drops of this liquor, dispensed with reluctance by its possessor, produced on the tongue a delightful sensation which for a few seconds cast out thirst. Some pieces of pewter on being placed in the mouth effected a kind of coolness. An empty phial which had once contained essence of roses was passed among the survivors; they inhaled, and the remnants of perfume made a soothing impression.

On the tenth day several of the men, upon receiving their allotment of wine, conceived the plan of becoming intoxicated and then destroying themselves; they were with difficulty persuaded from this notion. Sharks surrounded the raft, and some soldiers, in their derangement, openly bathed within sight of the great fish. Eight of the men, reckoning that land could not be far distant, constructed a second raft upon which to escape. They built a narrow machine with a low mast and a hammock cloth for a sail; but as they made a trial of it the frailty of the craft proved to them the temerity of their enterprise, and they abandoned it.

ON the thirteenth day of their ordeal, the sun rose entirely free from clouds. The fifteen wretches had put up their prayers to the Almighty, and divided amongst them their portion of wine, when a captain of infantry, looking towards the horizon, descried a ship and announced it with an exclamation. All offered thanks to the Lord and gave way to transports of joy. They straightened barrel hoops and attached handkerchiefs to the ends; one of their number mounted to the top of the mast and waved these little flags. All watched the vessel on the horizon and guessed at its progress. Some estimated that it was coming closer by the minute; others asserted that its course lay in a contrary direction. For half an hour they lay suspended between hope and fear. Then the ship disappeared from the sea.

From joy they fell into despondency and grief; they envied the fate of those who had died before them. Then, to find in sleep some consolation from their despair, they rigged a piece of cloth as shelter from the sun and lay down beneath it. They proposed to write an account of their adventures, which they would all sign, and nail it to the top of the mast, hoping that it might by some means reach their families and the government.

They had passed two hours among the most cruel reflections when the master gunner, wishing to go to the front of the raft, went out of the tent and saw the Argus half a league distant, carrying a full press of sail and bearing down upon them. He could scarcely breathe. His hands stretched towards the sea. "Saved!" he said. "See the brig close upon us!" All rejoiced; even the wounded made to crawl towards the back part of the machine, the better to see their saviors approaching. They embraced one another, and their delight redoubled when they saw that they owed their deliverance to Frenchmen. They waved handkerchiefs and thanked Providence.

The Argus clewed up her sails and lay onto their starboard, half a pistol shot away. The fifteen survivors, the strongest of whom could not have lived beyond the next forty-eight hours, were taken up on board; the commander and officers of the brig, by their reiterated care, rekindled in the survivors the flame of life. Two who later wrote their account of the ordeal concluded that the manner in which they were saved was truly miraculous, and that the finger of Heaven was conspicuous in the event.

The voyage of the frigate had begun with a portent, and it ended with an echo. When the fatal raft, towed by its attendant vessels, had put to sea, there were seventeen persons left behind. Thus abandoned by their own choice, they straightway examined the ship for everything that the departing had not taken and the sea had not penetrated. They found biscuit, wine, brandy, and bacon, enough to subsist for a while. At first tranquillity prevailed, for their comrades had promised to return to their rescue. But when forty-two days had passed without relief twelve of the seventeen determined to reach land. To this end they constructed a second raft from some of the frigate's remaining timbers, which they bound together with strong ropes, and they embarked upon it. Like their predecessors, they lacked oars and navigational equipment, and possessed no more than a rudimentary sail. They took with them a small supply of provisions and what hope there was remaining. But many days later some Moors who live beside the Saharan coast and are subjects of King Zaide discovered the vestiges of their craft and came to Andar with this information. It was believed that the men on this second raft were doubtless the prey of those sea monsters which are found in great numbers off the shores of Africa.

And then finally, as if in mockery, there came the echo of an echo. Five men remained upon the frigate. Several days after the second raft had departed, a sailor who had refused to go upon it also attempted to reach the shore. Unable to construct a third raft for himself, he put to sea in a chicken coop. Perhaps it was the very cage upon which Mr. Maudet had verified the frigate's fatal course on that morning when they had struck the reef. But the chicken coop sank and the sailor perished when no more than half a cable's length from the Medusa.

II

HOW do you turn catastrophe into art?

Nowadays the process is automatic. A nuclear plant explodes? We'll have a play on the London stage within a year. A President is assassinated? You can have the book or the film or the filmed book or the booked film. War? Send in the novelists. A series of gruesome murders? Listen for the tramp of the poets. We have to understand it, of course, this catastrophe; to understand it, we have to imagine it, so we need the imaginative arts. But we also need to justify it and forgive it, this catastrophe, however minimally. Why did it happen, this mad act of Nature, this crazed human moment? Well, at least it produced art. Perhaps, in the end, that's what catastrophe is *for*.

He shaved his head before he started the picture, we all know that. Shaved his head so he wouldn't be able to see anyone, locked himself in his studio, and came out when he'd finished his masterpiece.

Is that what happened?

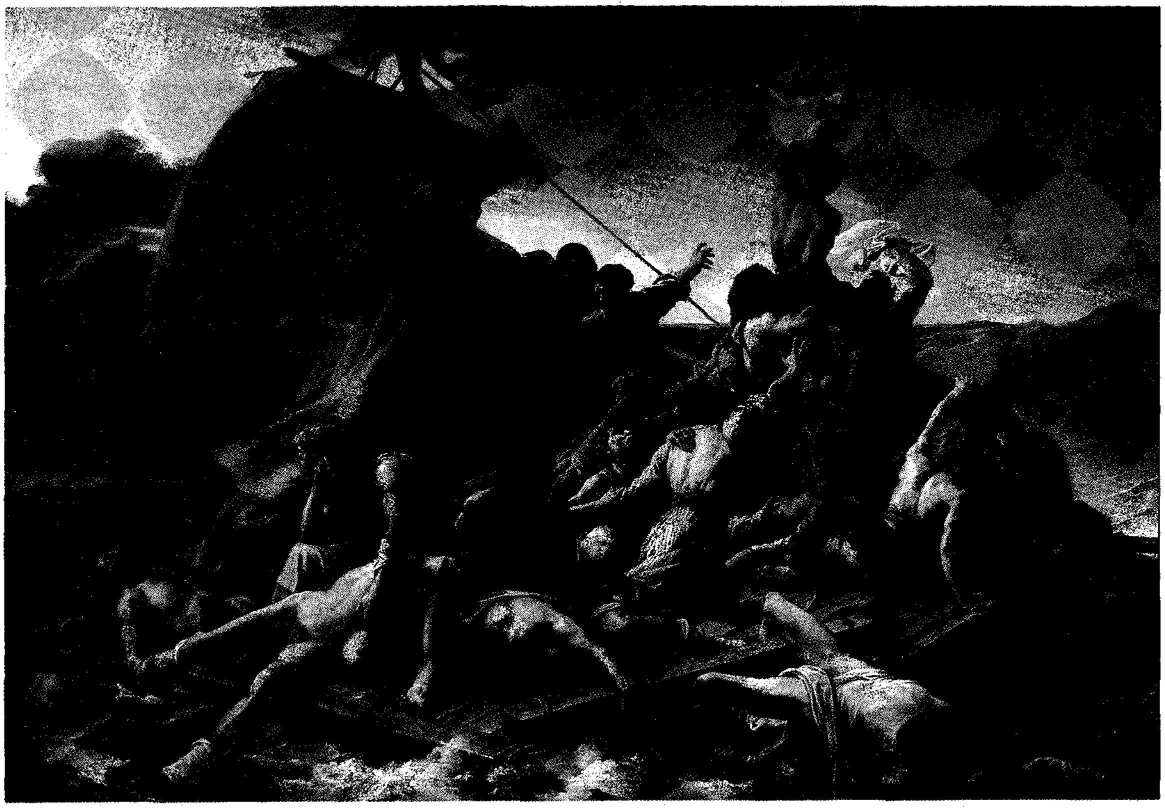
The expedition set off on 17th June, 1816.

The Medusa struck the reef in the afternoon of 2nd July, 1816.

The survivors were rescued from the raft on 17th July, 1816.

Savigny and Corréard published their account of the voyage in November, 1817.

The canvas was bought on 24th February, 1818.



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The canvas was transferred to a larger studio and restretched on 28th June, 1818.

The painting was finished in July, 1819.

On 28th August, 1819, three days before the opening of the Salon, Louis XVIII examined the painting and addressed to the artist what the *Moniteur Universel* called "one of those felicitous remarks which at the same time judge the work and encourage the artist." The King said, "M. Géricault, your shipwreck is certainly no disaster."

It begins with truth to life. The artist read Savigny and Corréard's account; he met them, interrogated them. He compiled a dossier of the case. He sought out the carpenter from the Medusa, who had survived, and got him to build a scale model of his original machine, on which he placed wax models to represent the survivors. Around him in his studio he placed his own paintings of severed heads and dissected limbs, to infiltrate the air with mortality. Recognizable portraits of Savigny, Corréard, and the carpenter are included in the final picture. (How did they feel about posing for this reprise of their sufferings?)

He was perfectly calm when painting, reported Antoine Alphonse Montfort, the pupil of Horace Vernet; there was little perceptible motion of the body or the arms, and only a slight flushing of the face to indicate his concentration. He worked directly onto the white canvas with only a rough outline to guide him. He painted for as long as there was light, with a remorselessness which was also rooted in technical necessity: the heavy, fast-drying oils he used meant that each section, once begun, had to be completed that day. He had, as we know, had his head shaved of its reddish-blond curls, as a Do Not Disturb sign. But he was not solitary: models, pupils, and friends continued coming to the house, which he shared with his young assistant, Louis-Alexis Jamar. Among the models he used was the young Delacroix, who posed for the dead figure lying face down with his left arm extended.

Let us start with what he did not paint. He did not paint

(1) the Medusa striking the reef

(2) the moment when the tow ropes were cast off and the raft abandoned

(3) the mutinies in the night

(4) the necessary cannibalism

(5) the self-protective mass murder

(6) the arrival of the butterfly

(7) the survivors up to their waists, or calves, or ankles in water

(8) the actual moment of rescue.

In other words, his first concern was not to be (1) political, (2) symbolic, (3) theatrical, (4) shocking, (5) thrilling, (6) sentimental, (7) documentational, or (8) unambiguous.

Notes:

(1) The Medusa was a shipwreck, a news story, and a painting; it was also a cause. Bonapartists attacked Monarchists. The behavior of the frigate's captain illuminated (a) the incompetence and corruption of the Royalist Navy, (b) the general callousness of the ruling class towards those beneath them. Parallels with the ship of state running aground would have been both obvious and heavy-handed.

(2) Savigny and Corréard, survivors and co-authors of the first account of the shipwreck, petitioned the government, seeking compensation for the victims and punishment for the guilty officers. Rebuffed by institutional justice, they applied to the wider courts of public opinion with their book. Corréard subsequently set up as a publisher and pamphleteer with a shop called At the Wreck of the Medusa; it became a meeting place for political malcontents. We can imagine a painting of the moment when the tow ropes are loosed: an axe, glittering in the sun, is being swung; an officer, turning his back on the raft, is casually slipping a knot . . . It would make an excellent painted pamphlet.

(3) The Mutiny was the scene that Géricault most nearly painted. Several preliminary drawings survive. Night, tempest, heavy seas, riven sail, raised sabres, drowning, hand-to-hand combat, naked bodies. What's wrong with all this? Mainly that it looks like one of those saloon fights in B Westerns where every single person is involved—throwing a punch, smashing a chair, breaking a bottle over an enemy's head, swinging heavy-booted from the chandelier. Too much is going on. You can tell more by showing less.

The sketches of the Mutiny that survive are held to resemble traditional versions of the Last Judgment, with its separation of the innocent from the guilty and with the fall of the mutinous into damnation. If so, this was an idea well abandoned. Would such a resonance have been useful? On the raft, it was not virtue that triumphed but strength; and there was little mercy to be had. The subtext of this version would say that God was on the side of the officer class. Perhaps he used to be in those days. Was Noah officer class?

(4) There is very little cannibalism in Western art. Prudishness? This seems unlikely: Western art is not prudish about gouged eyes, severed heads in bags, sacrificial mastectomy, circumcision, crucifixion. What's more, cannibalism was a heathen practice which could be usefully condemned in paint while surreptitiously enflaming the spectator. But some subjects just seem to get painted more than others. Take officer-class Noah, for instance. There seem to be surprisingly few pictures of his Ark around. There is the odd jocular American primitive, and a murky Giacomo Bassano in the Prado, but not much else springs to mind. Adam and Eve, the Expulsion, the Annunciation, the Last Judgment—you can have all these by major artists. But Noah and his Ark? A key moment in human history, a storm at sea, picturesque animals, divine intervention in human affairs: surely the necessary elements are there. What could account for this iconographical deficiency? Perhaps the lack of a single Ark painting great enough to give the subject impetus and popularity. Or is it something in the story itself: maybe artists agreed that the Flood doesn't show God in the best possible light?

Géricault made one sketch of cannibalism on the raft. The spotlit moment of anthropophagy shows a well-muscled survivor gnawing the elbow of a well-muscled cadaver. It is almost comic. Tone was always going to be the problem here.

(5) A painting is a moment. What would we think was happening in a scene where three sailors and a soldier were throwing people off a raft into the sea? That the victims were already dead? Or, if not, that they were being murdered for their jewelry? Cartoonists with a problem explaining the background to their jokes often give us news venders standing by billboards on which some convenient headline is inscribed. With painting, the equivalent information would have to be given in the title: "A GRIEVOUS SCENE ABOARD THE RAFT OF THE MEDUSA IN WHICH DESPERATE SURVIVORS, WRACKED BY CONSCIENCE, REALIZE THAT PROVISIONS ARE INSUFFICIENT AND TAKE THE TRAGIC BUT NECESSARY DECISION TO SACRIFICE THE WOUNDED IN ORDER THAT THEY THEMSELVES

MIGHT HAVE A GREATER CHANCE OF SURVIVAL.” That should just about do it.

The title of “The Raft of the Medusa,” incidentally, is not “The Raft of the Medusa.” The painting was listed in the Salon catalogue as “Scène de Naufrage” (“Scene of Shipwreck”). A cautious political move? Perhaps. But it’s equally a useful instruction to the spectator: this is a painting, not an opinion.

(6) It’s not hard to imagine the arrival of the butterfly as depicted by other painters. But it sounds fairly coarse in its emotional appeal, doesn’t it? And even if the problem of tone could be overcome, there are two major difficulties. First, it wouldn’t look like a true event, even though it was; what is true is not necessarily convincing. Second, a white butterfly six or eight centimetres across, alighting on a raft twenty metres long by seven metres broad, does give serious problems of scale.

(7) If the raft is underwater, you can’t paint the raft. The figures would all be sprouting from the sea like a lineup of Venus Anadyomenes. Further, the lack of a raft presents formal problems: with everyone standing up because if he lay down he would drown, your painting is stiff with verticals; you have to be extra ingenious. Better to wait until more on board have died, the raft has risen out of the water, and the horizontal plane becomes fully available.

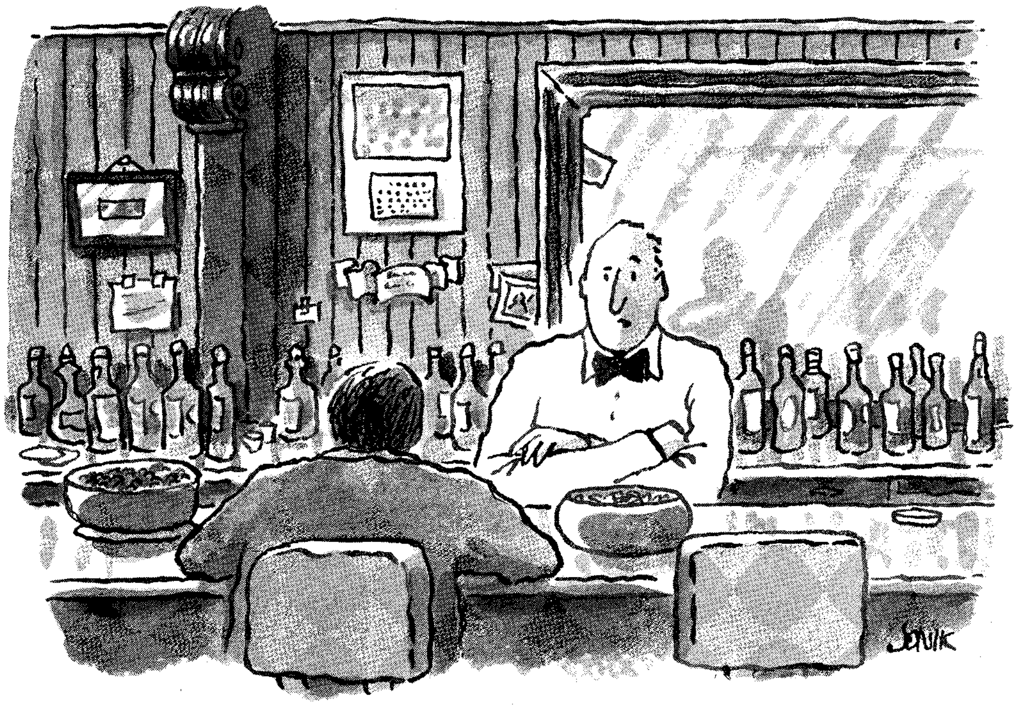
(8) The boat from the Argus pulling alongside, the survivors holding out their arms and clambering in, the pathetic contrast between the condition of the rescued and that of the rescuers, a scene of exhaustion and joy—all very affecting, no doubt about it. Géricault made several sketches of this moment of rescue. It could make a strong image; but it’s a bit . . . straightforward. That’s what he didn’t paint.

WHAT did he paint, then? Well, what does it look like he painted? Let us reimagine our eye into ignorance. We scrutinize “Scene of Shipwreck” with no knowledge of French naval history. We see survivors on a raft hailing a tiny ship on the horizon. (The distant vessel, we can’t help noticing, is no bigger than that butterfly would have been.) Our initial presumption is that this is the moment of sighting which leads to a rescue. This feeling comes partly from a tireless preference for happy endings but also from posing ourselves, at some level of consciousness, the following question: How would we know about these people on the raft if they had *not* been rescued?

What backs up this presumption? The ship is on the horizon; the sun is also on the horizon (though unseen), lightening it with yellow. Sunrise, we deduce, and the ship arriving with the sun, bringing a new day, hope and rescue; the black clouds overhead (very black) will soon disappear. But what if it were sunset? Dawn and dusk are easily confused. What if it were sunset, with the ship about to vanish like the sun, and the castaways facing hopeless night as black as that cloud overhead? Puzzled, we might look at the raft’s sail to see if the machine was being blown towards or away from its rescuer, and to judge if that baleful cloud is about to be dispelled; but we get little help—the wind is blowing not up and down the picture but from right to left, and the frame cuts us off from further knowledge of the weather to our right. Then, while we’re still undecided, a third possibility occurs: it could be sunrise, but even so the rescuing vessel is not coming towards the shipwrecked. This would be the plainest rebuff of all from fate: the sun is rising, *but not for you*.

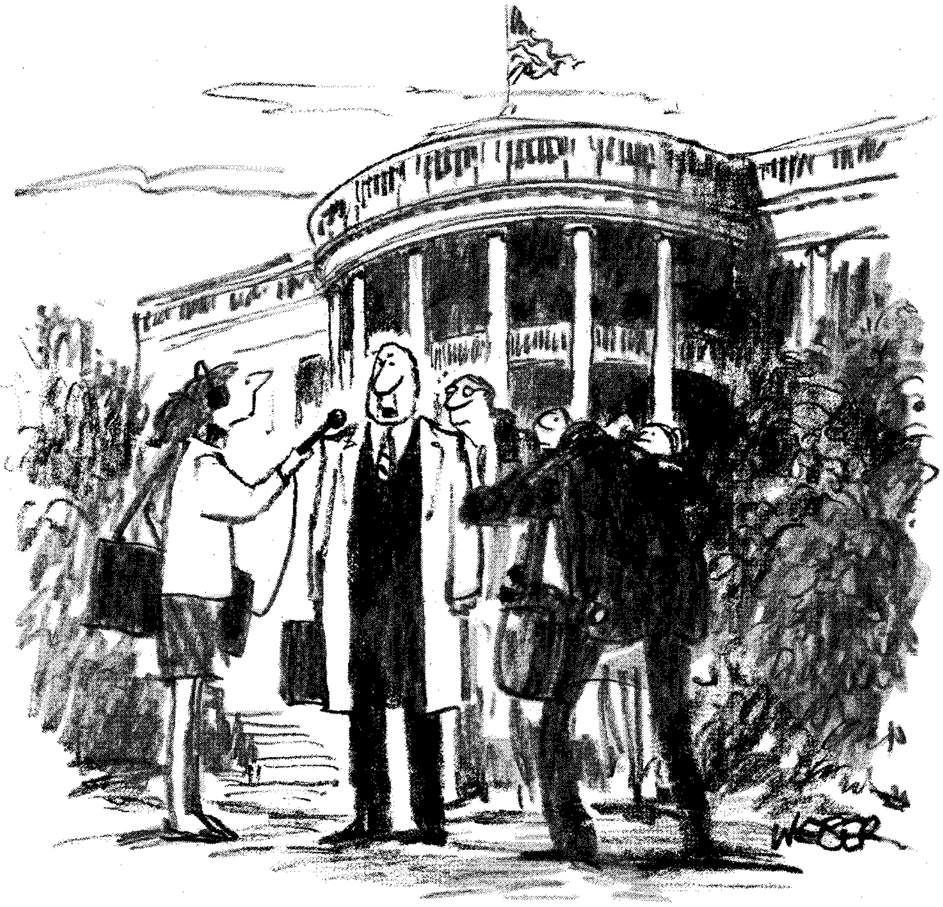
The ignorant eye yields, with a certain testy reluctance, to the informed eye. Let’s check “Scene of Shipwreck” against Savigny and Corréard’s narrative. It’s clear at once that Géricault hasn’t painted the hailing that led to the final rescue: that happened differently, with the brig suddenly close upon the raft and everyone rejoicing. No, this is the first sighting, when the Argus appeared on the horizon for a tantalizing half hour. Comparing paint with print, we notice at once that Géricault has not represented the survivor up the mast holding straightened-out barrel hoops with handkerchiefs attached to them. He has opted instead for a man being held up on top of a barrel and waving a large cloth. We pause over this change, then acknowledge its advantage: reality offered him a monkey-up-a-stick image; art suggested a solider focus and an extra vertical.

But let us not inform ourselves too quickly. Return the question to the tetchy, ignorant eye. Forget the weather; what can



“With the pretzels I recommend a hearty burgundy, with the goldfish a blanc de blancs.”

be deduced from the personnel on the raft itself? Why not start with a head count? There are twenty figures on board. Two are actively waving, one actively pointing, two vigorously supplicating, plus one offering muscular support to the hailing figure on the barrel: six in favor of hope and rescue. Then there are five figures (two prone, three supine) who look either dead or dying, plus an old graybeard with his back to the sighted Argus in a posture of mourning: six against. In between (we measure space as well as mood) there are eight more figures: one half supplicating, half supporting; three watching the hailer with noncommittal expressions; one watching the hailer agonizingly; two in profile examining, respectively, waves past and waves to come; plus one obscure figure in the darkest, most damaged part of the canvas, with head in hands (and clawing at his scalp?). Six, six, and eight: no over-all majority.



"I'll go out on a limb and say time will tell."

(Twenty, queries the informed eye. But Savigny and Corréard said there were only fifteen survivors. So those five figures who might only be unconscious are definitely dead? Yes. But then what about the culling which took place, when the fifteen healthy survivors pitched their thirteen wounded comrades into the sea? Géricault has dragged some of them back from the deep to help out with his composition. And should the dead lose their vote in the referendum over hope versus despair? Technically, yes; but not in assessing the mood of the picture.)

So the structure is balanced—six for, six against, eight don't knows. And as we look, both our eyes, the ignorant and the informed, are increasingly drawn back from the obvious focus of attention, the hailer on the barrel, towards the mourning figure front left, the only person looking out at us. He is supporting on his lap a younger fellow, who is—we have done our sums—certainly dead. The old man's back is turned against every living person on the raft: his pose is one of resignation, sorrow, despair; he is further marked out by his gray hair and the red cloth worn as a neck protector. He might have strayed in from a different genre—some Poussin elder who had got lost, perhaps. (Nonsense, snaps the informed eye. Poussin? Guérin and Gros, if you must know. And the dead "son"? A medley of Guérin, Girodet, and Prud'hon.) What is this "father" doing: (a) lamenting the dead man (his son? his chum?) on his lap, (b) realizing they will never be rescued, (c) reflecting that even if they are rescued it doesn't matter a damn, because of the death he holds in his arms? (By the way, says the informed eye, there really are handicaps to being ignorant. You'd never, for instance, guess that the father and son are an attenuated cannibalistic motif, would you? As a group they first appear in Géricault's only surviving sketch of the cannibalism scene; and any educated contemporary spectator would assuredly be reminded of Dante's description of Count Ugolino sorrowing in his Pisan tower among his dying children, whom he ate. Is that clear, now?)

But, whatever we decide that the old man is thinking, his presence becomes as powerful a force in the painting as that of the hailer. This counterbalance suggests the following deduction: that the picture represents the midpoint of that first sighting of the Argus. The vessel has been in view for a quarter of an hour and has another fifteen minutes to offer. Some believe it is still coming towards them; some are uncertain and waiting to see what happens; some—including the wisest head on board—know that it is heading away from them, and that they will not be saved. This figure incites us to read "Scene of Shipwreck" as an image of hope being mocked.

Those who saw Géricault's painting on the walls of the 1819 Salon knew, almost without exception, that they were looking at the survivors of the Medusa's raft, knew that the ship on the horizon did pick them up (maybe not at the first attempt, but still), and knew that what had happened on the expedition to Senegal was a major political scandal. But the painting which survives is the one that outlives its own story. Religion decays, the icon remains; a narrative is forgotten, but its representation still magnetizes (the ignorant eye triumphs—how galling for the informed eye). Nowadays, as we examine "Scene of Shipwreck," it is hard to feel much indignation against

Hugues Duroys de Chaumareys, captain of the expedition, or against the minister who appointed him captain, or the naval officer who refused to skipper the raft, or the sailors who loosed the tow ropes, or the soldiery who mutinied. (Indeed, history democratizes our sympathies. Had not the soldiers been brutalized by their wartime experiences? Was not the captain a victim of his own pampered upbringing? Would we bet on ourselves to behave heroically in similar circumstances?) Time dissolves the story into form, color, emotion. Modern and ignorant, we reimagine the story: Do we vote for the optimistic yellowing sky or for the grieving graybeard? Or do we end up believing both versions? The eye can flick from one mood, and one interpretation, to the other: is this what was intended?

(8a) He very nearly painted the following. Two oil studies of 1818, which in composition are closest of any preparatory sketches to the final image, show this significant difference: the vessel being hailed is much closer. We can see its outline, sails, and masts. It is in profile, on the extreme right of the canvas, and has just begun a painful voyage across the painted horizon. It has clearly not yet seen the raft. The impact of these preliminary sketches is more active, kinetic: we feel as if the frantic waving by those on the raft might have some effect over the next few minutes, and that the picture, instead of being an instant of time, propels itself into its own future, asking the question: Will the ship sail off the edge of the canvas without seeing the raft? In contrast, the final version of "Shipwreck" is less active, offers a less articulated question. The signalling seems more futile, and the hazard on which the survivors' fate depends more terrifying. What is their chance of rescue? A drop in the ocean.

INSTRUCTIONS: EARLY EPIPHANIES

What to do: First you put your hand on her arm
on a weekday morning, coming out of the subway.
Nothing flies up from the street that shouldn't—
not newspapers, not trash. The island's becalmed,
dazzling: mica is caught in the sidewalk,
it's ten o'clock, too early in the year for shade.

Test: Does the pavement tremble? Trains pull away
under you and the ground. Cross calmer streets to
edge by Chinatown, bright-red boxes
of snow peas and white-leaf cabbage. Stay
on the corner a moment, tighten your grip.
Try to get over it—your shaken street scene.

On East Broadway, face east, close your eyes
against tractor-trailer soot, against bleach-light.
When you open them, first see shambles, pickup, delivery,
black-crate foreign lettering, wood chips, coin-sized
buying and selling. You'll soon find a cafeteria. Take
her in. The clatter may startle her. Take her anyway.

The point of all this is breakfast on a brown tray.
Show her the slices of challah. *Do you want this?*
The eggs. *This?* All the choices are gold and white
in the middle, brown on the edges, zigzag, serrated.
Sit down at a table, have your vision.
It will take some minutes. Finish eating. Pay.

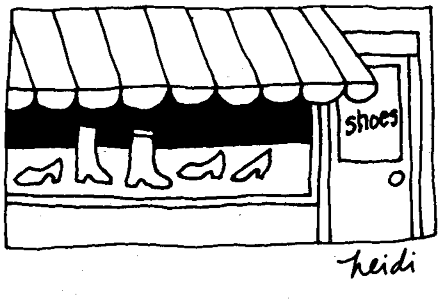
You may have left her bewildered; she may look at you
warily, shake her head. On the twelve-o'clock horn-blazing
sidewalk say loudly "Now!" or "It's nothing!" Take her
hand. Charm her completely. Put her at ease again. Now.
Remember what brought on the vision. Work very hard.
It could happen again some morning.

—ELIZABETH MACKLIN

• •

HE was eight months in his studio. Around this time he drew a self-portrait, from which he stares out at us with the sullen, rather suspicious gaze that painters often assume when faced by a mirror; guiltily, we assume that the disapproval is aimed at us, whereas in fact it is mostly directed back at the sitter. His beard is short, and a tasselled Greek cap covers his shorn hair. (We only hear of its being cropped when he began the picture, but hair grows a long way in eight months—how many extra trims did he need?) He strikes us as a piratical figure, determined and ferocious enough to take on, to board his enormous "Shipwreck." The width of his brushes, by the way, was surprising. Given the breadth of his manner, Montfort supposed that Géricault used very thick brushes; but they were small compared to those of other artists. Small brushes, and heavy, fast-drying oils.

We must remember him at work. It is a normal temptation to schematize, reducing eight months to a finished picture and a series of preliminary sketches; but we must resist this. He is tallish, strong and slender, with admirable legs, which were compared to those of the ephebe restraining the horse in the center of his Barberi Race. Standing before the "Shipwreck," he works with an intensity of concentration and a need for absolute silence: the scratch of a chair was enough to break the invisible thread between eye and brush tip. He is painting his large figures directly onto the canvas with only an outline drawing for assistance. When the work is half done it looks like a row of sculptures hanging on a white wall.



We must remember him in the confinement of his studio—at work, in motion, making mistakes. When we know the final result of his eight

"A SEVENTY-FIVE-WATT SOFT-WHITE LIGHT BULB, PLEASE, ROGERS."

months, his progress towards it seems irresistible. We start with the masterpiece and work backwards through the discarded ideas and near-misses; but for him the discarded ideas began as excitements, and he saw only at the very end what we take for granted at the beginning. For us the conclusion was inevitable; not for him. We must try to allow for hazard, for lucky discovery, even for bluff. We can only explain it in words, but we must also try to forget words. A painting may be represented as a series of decisions labelled (1) to (8a), but we should understand that these are just the annotations of feeling. We must remember nerves and emotions. The painter isn't carried fluently downstream towards the sunlit pool of that finished image but is trying to hold a course in an open sea of contrary tides.

Truth to life at the start, to be sure; but, once the process gets under way, truth to art is the greater allegiance. The incident never took place as depicted; the numbers are inaccurate; the cannibalism is reduced to a literary reference; the father-and-son group has the thinnest documentary justification, the barrel group none at all. The raft has been cleaned up as if for the state visit of some queasy-stomached monarch: the strips of human flesh have been housewifed away, and everyone's hair is as sleek as a painter's new-bought brush.

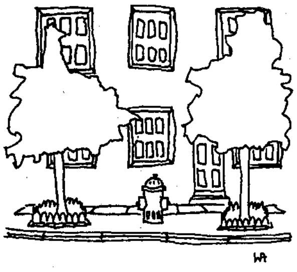
As Géricault approaches his final image, questions of form predominate. He pulls the focus, crops, adjusts. The horizon is raised and lowered (if the hailing figure is below the horizon, the whole raft is gloomily engulfed by the sea; if he breaks the horizon, it is like the raising of hope). Géricault cuts down the surrounding areas of sea and sky, hurling us onto the raft whether we like it or not. He stretches the distance from the shipwrecked to the rescuing vessel. He readjusts the positions of his figures. How often in a picture do so many of the chief participants have their backs to the spectator?

And what splendidly muscular backs they are. We feel embarrassed at this point, but we shouldn't. The naïve question often proves to be the central one. So go ahead, ask. *Why do the survivors look so healthy*? We admire the way Géricault sought out the Medusa's carpenter and had him build a scale model of the raft, but— But if he bothered to get the raft right, why couldn't he do the same with its inhabitants? We can understand why he fiddled the hailing figure into a separate vertical, why he added some supernumerary corpses to assist the formal structure. But why does everyone—even the corpses—look so muscled, so . . . healthy? Where are the wounds, the scars, the haggardness, the disease? These are men who have drunk their own urine, gnawed the leather from their hats, consumed their own comrades. Five of the fifteen did not survive their rescue very long. So why do they look as if they have just come from a bodybuilding class?

When television companies make drama-docs about concentration camps, the eye—ignorant or informed—is always drawn to those pajamaed extras. Their heads may be shaven, their shoulders hunched, all nail varnish removed, but still they throb with vigor. As we watch them queue on-screen for a bowl of gruel into which the camp guard contemptuously spits, we imagine them offscreen gorging themselves at the catering van. Does "Scene of Shipwreck" prefigure this anomaly? With some painters we might pause and wonder. But not with Géricault, the portrayer of madness, corpses, and severed heads. He once stopped a friend in the street who was yellow with jaundice and told him how handsome he was looking. Such an artist would hardly shrink from flesh at the limit of its endurance.

So let's imagine something else he didn't paint—"Scene of Shipwreck" with the casting redistributed among the emaciated. Shrivelled flesh, suppurating wounds, Belsen cheeks: such details would move us, without trouble, to pity. Salt water would gush from our eyes to match the salt water on the canvas. But this would be precipitate: the painting would be acting on us too directly. Withered castaways in tattered rags are in the same emotional register as that butterfly, the first impelling us to an easy desolation as the second impels us to an easy consolation. The trick is easily worked.

Whereas the response Géricault seeks is one beyond mere pity and indignation, though these emotions might be picked up en route like hitchhikers. For all its subject matter, "Scene of Shipwreck" is full of muscle and dynamism. The figures on the raft are like the waves: beneath them but also through them surges the energy of the ocean. Were they painted in lifelike exhaustion, they would be mere dribbles of spume rather than formal conduits. For the eye is washed—not teased, not persuaded, but tide-tugged—up to the peak of the hailing figure, down to the trough of the despairing elder, across to the recumbent corpse front right who links and leaks into the real tides. It is because the figures are sturdy enough to transmit such power that the canvas unlooses in us deeper, submarinous emotions, can shift us through currents of hope and despair, elation, panic, and resignation.



What has happened? The painting has slipped history's anchor. This is no longer "Scene of Shipwreck," let alone "The Raft of the Medusa." We don't just imagine the ferocious miseries on that fatal machine; we don't just become the sufferers. They become us. And the picture's secret lies in the pattern of its energy. Look at it one more time: at the violent waterspout building up through those muscular backs as they reach for the speck of the rescuing vessel. All that straining—to what end? There is no formal response to the painting's main surge, just as there is no response to most human feelings. Not merely hope but any burdensome yearning: ambition, hatred, love (especially love)—how rarely do our emotions meet the object they seem to deserve? How hopelessly we signal; how dark the sky; how big the waves. We are all lost at sea, washed between hope and despair, hailing something that may never come to rescue us. Catastrophe has become art; but this is no reducing process. It is freeing, enlarging, explaining. Catastrophe has become art: that is, after all, what it is for.

And what of that earlier catastrophe, the Flood? Well, the iconography of officer-class Noah begins as we might imagine. For the first dozen or more Christian centuries the Ark (usually represented as a mere box or sarcophagus, to indicate that Noah's salvation was a premonstration of Christ's escape from his sepulchre) appears widely in illuminated manuscripts, stained-glass windows, cathedral sculpture. Noah was a very popular fellow: we can find him on the bronze doors of San Zeno in Verona; on the cathedral's west façade at Nimes and the east at Lincoln; he sails into fresco at the Campo Santo in Pisa and Santa Maria Novella in Florence; he anchors in mosaic at Monreale, and at St. Mark's in Venice.

But where are the great paintings, the famous images that these are leading up to? What happens—does the Flood dry up? Not exactly; but the waters are diverted by Michelangelo. In the Sistine Chapel the Ark (now looking more like a floating bandstand than a ship) for the first time loses its compositional preëminence; here it is pushed right to the back of the scene. What fills the foreground is the anguished figures of those doomed antediluvians left to perish when the chosen Noah and his family were saved. The emphasis is on the lost, the abandoned, the discarded sinners—God's detritus. (Should we allow ourselves to postulate Michelangelo the rationalist, moved by pity to subtle condemnation of God's heartlessness? Or Michelangelo the pious, fulfilling his papal contract and showing us what might happen if we failed to mend our ways? Perhaps the decision was purely aesthetic—the artist preferring the contorted bodies of the damned to yet another dutiful representation of yet another wooden Ark.) Whatever the reason, Michelangelo reoriented—and revitalized—the subject. Baldassarre Peruzzi followed him, Raphael followed him; painters and illustrators increasingly concentrated on the forsaken rather than the saved. And as this innovation became a tradition, the Ark itself sailed farther and farther away, retreating towards the horizon just as the Argus did when Géricault was approaching his final image. The wind continues to blow, and the tides to run: the Ark eventually reaches the horizon, and disappears over it. In Poussin's "The Deluge" the ship is nowhere to be seen; all we are left with is the tormented group of non-swimmers first brought to prominence by Michelangelo and Raphael. Old Noah has sailed out of art history.

THREE reactions to "Scene of Shipwreck":

(a) Salon critics complained that while they might be familiar with the events the painting referred to, there was no internal evidence from which to ascertain the nationality of the victims, the skies under which the tragedy was taking place, or the date at which it was all happening. This was, of course, the point.

(b) Delacroix in 1855 recalled his reactions nearly forty years earlier to his first sight of the emerging Medusa: "The impression it gave me was so strong that as I left the studio I broke into a run, and kept running like a madman all the way back to the Rue de la Planche, where I then lived, at the far end of the faubourg Saint-Germain."

(c) Géricault, on his deathbed, in reply to someone who mentioned the painting: "Bah, a vignette!"

And there we have it—the moment of supreme agony on the raft, taken up, transformed, justified by art, turned into a sprung and weighted image, then varnished, framed, glazed, hung in a famous art gallery to illuminate our human condition, fixed, final, always there. Is that what we have? Well, no. People die; rafts rot; and works of art are not exempt. The emotional structure of Géricault's work, the oscillation between hope and despair, is reinforced by the pigment: the raft contains areas of bright illumination violently contrasted with patches of the deepest darkness. To make the shadow as black as possible, Géricault used quantities of bitumen to give him the shimmeringly gloomy black he sought. Bitumen, however, is chemically unstable, and from the moment Louis XVIII examined the work a slow, irreparable decay of the paint surface was inevitable. "No sooner do we come into this world," said Flaubert, "than bits of us start to fall off." The masterpiece, once completed, does not stop: it continues in motion, downhill. Our leading expert on Géricault confirms that the painting is "now in part a ruin."

—JULIAN BARNES

ANNALS OF RADIATION

THE HAZARDS OF ELECTROMAGNETIC FIELDS

I—POWER LINES

IN the spring of 1974, a woman named Nancy Wertheimer began to spend a day or two each week driving through residential neighborhoods in Denver, stopping once in a while in front of a house or an apartment building to have a look around. Each time she got back into her car, she jotted down a few facts in a small notebook: whether the house or the apartment building was one story or more, whether it was constructed of wood or brick, and how close it was to a school, a factory, or a major thoroughfare. If the residents of the neighborhoods had taken notice of her, they would have observed a tall, sombre-looking woman of forty-seven, with blue eyes, high cheekbones, and graying, curly hair, who was driving a ten-year-old Dodge Dart station wagon. Wertheimer was an epidemiologist who was just resuming her professional career after a six-year hiatus, and the list of addresses she was consulting, which she had obtained from the Colorado Department of Vital Statistics, contained the home address at birth of every child in the four-county Greater Denver area who had died of leukemia between 1950 and 1969, along with birth addresses of a matched list of children without cancer.

Wertheimer was born in New Haven, Connecticut, and graduated from the University of Michigan in 1948 with a B.S. degree in psychology and biology. In 1954, she received a Ph.D. in experimental psychology from Harvard and Radcliffe, and a year later she moved, with her husband, a psychologist, and their children, to Boulder, Colorado. She spent the next decade there raising her family and working part time on a study of schizophrenia. In 1968, she was awarded a fellowship by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare to investigate a possible relationship between childhood leukemia and maternal age and season of birth, but by then she had been divorced for several years, and she turned the fellowship down in order to spend more time with her children, who were teenagers. When she finally got around to the leukemia study, it was with the idea that the disease might be linked to some kind of environmental or infectious factor. For this reason, she was on the lookout for clustering among the addresses of its victims as she began driving through the residential sections of Denver. She had no funding for the study, so she was working on her own time and paying expenses out of her own pocket. "I was doing what epidemiologists sometimes do at the start of an exploratory investigation," she said recently. "I was looking for some kind of pattern."

As things turned out, Wertheimer did not come across any unusual clusters of childhood-leukemia victims during her preliminary explorations. She did, however, notice something that seemed a bit out of the ordinary. "It was on my third or fourth trip," she recalls. "I had stopped at one of the birth addresses—an old frame house on the edge of the warehouse district in downtown Denver—and I walked into an alley behind it, which ran between the back yards of two rows of similar houses. It was a mixed neighborhood—black, white, and Mexican—and many of the houses were run down. Like most back-yard alleys in the Denver area, this one was paved, so that trucks could get through to pick up garbage and trash, and it contained a number of poles strung with electrical wires and telephone lines. When I looked up I noticed an electrical transformer on a power pole behind the house I had stopped to examine. The transformer was black and cylindrical, and it was attached to the pole above a crossbar that supported several electrical wires, and when I saw it I said to myself, 'Hey, haven't I been seeing a lot of these things lately?' "

Wertheimer did not initially attach any great importance to this observation. A short while later, however, she remembered seeing a magazine article

"Lunch Thursday at one? Looks good to me."

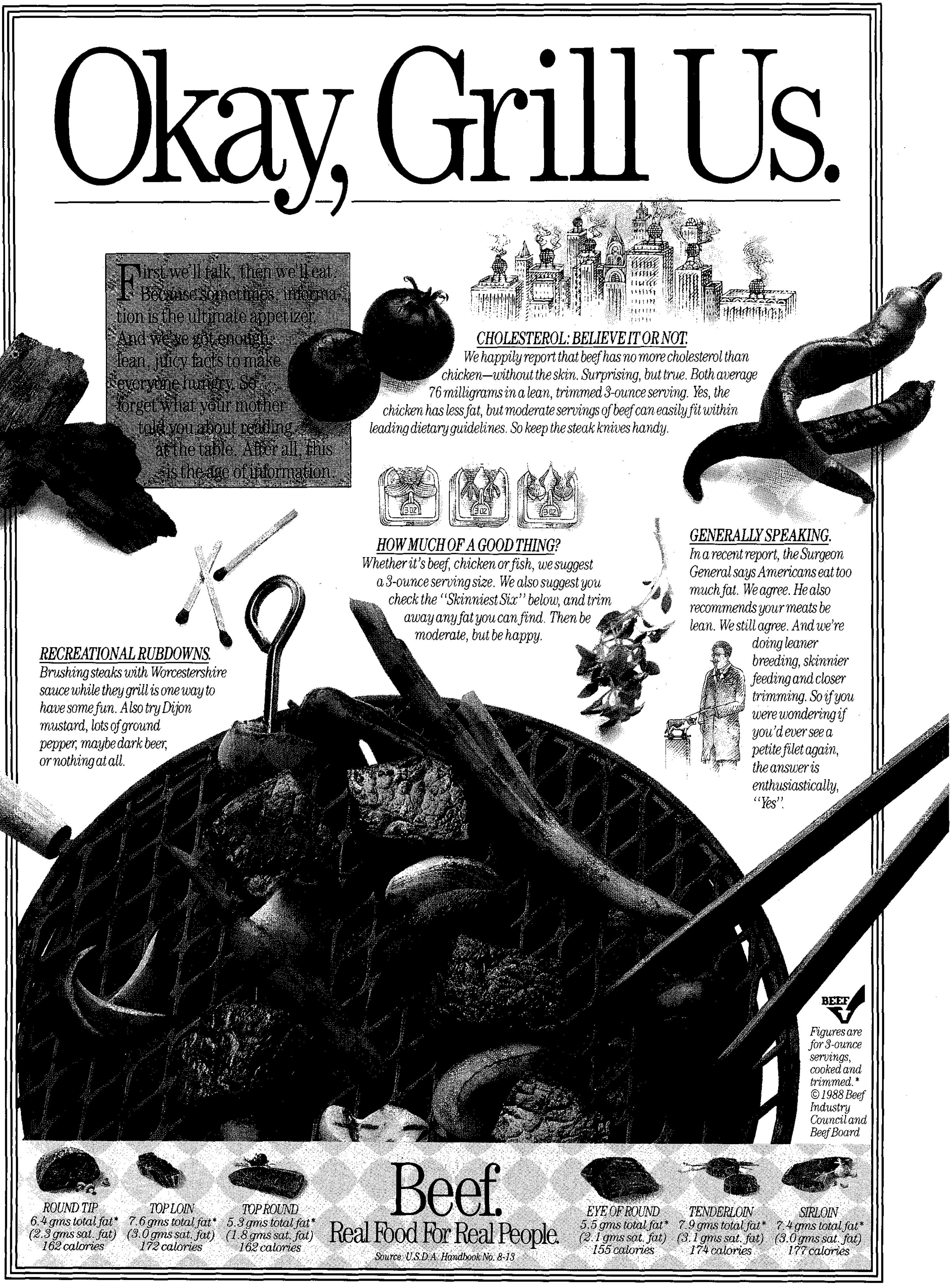
that was accompanied by a photograph of a boy holding a pair of fluorescent lamp tubes that lit up because he was standing in the electric field beneath a high-voltage power line. The article had suggested that the emanations from power lines might be hazardous, and, with this in mind, Wertheimer got in touch with an official of the Public Service Company of Colorado and obtained the addresses of the dozen or so power substations in the Greater Denver area. At these installations, she learned, voltages as high as two hundred and thirty thousand volts (two hundred and thirty kilovolts), which were carried by high-voltage power lines from generating plants, were being stepped down by large transformers to thirteen thousand volts, producing correspondingly greater amounts of current for distribution along primary wires to neighborhoods within the city. (Electric current—a flow of charged particles which always produces an electromagnetic field—can be likened to water flowing in a pipe, and voltage can be thought of as the pressure that pushes current through a circuit.) Wertheimer proceeded to map the sites of the substations in relation to the birth addresses of childhood-leukemia victims and their matched controls, her idea being that if electric fields were somehow associated with the disease the link might show up in the vicinity of high-voltage wires. The map showed only a faint correlation between the two, however, and she realized that she would have to test her initial observations in a more direct manner.

Up to this point, Wertheimer had surveyed about fifty of some hundred and fifty dwellings on her list of birth addresses, so the next thing she did was revisit those dwellings, taking particular note of the presence and the proximity of pole-mounted transformers. These transformers step down the thirteen thousand volts carried by the primary wires to the two-hundred-and-forty- and one-hundred-and-twenty-volt levels that are required to operate household electrical equipment and appliances. Current is then carried locally, for relatively short distances from the transformers, at these lower, household voltages, in wires known as secondaries.

When Wertheimer began rechecking the birth addresses, she was not expecting to find anything unusual, but during the next few weeks an association between transformers and childhood leukemia kept leaping out at her. "It was puzzling," she recalls. "The more I went around, the more the correlation cropped up. It simply wouldn't go away. Moreover, about the time I finished rechecking the old addresses and started visiting new ones I began to observe an additional baffling pattern. Houses in which young leukemia victims had lived were not just those closest to pole-mounted transformers but, with unusual frequency, were also the houses next door—in other words, the second house from the transformer. The leukemia rate dropped off sharply at the third house and was low in all the subsequent houses on the line. I didn't know what to make of this, of course, but I was tremendously interested in it, even though I was sure it would turn out to be a fluke."

BY autumn, Wertheimer was discussing her mysterious findings with a physicist friend named Ed Leeper, who lives in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, just west of Boulder. He, too, was puzzled by her observations, but since he knew that the various parts of an electrical-distribution system carry uniform voltages, regardless of their distance from transformers, he reasoned that the phenomenon she was encountering could not be associated with the alternating electric field. (Current for industrial and household use is known as alternating current, because it is generated and supplied at a frequency of sixty hertz—formerly called cycles per second. That means that it flows back and forth, first in one direction and then in the other, sixty times a second.) Leeper therefore suggested that if there was in fact a correlation it might be with the magnetic field arising from the flow of current in the transformer, although he pointed out that such fields would drop off so rapidly that they should be negligible at the house. A correlation with magnetic fields would be especially interesting, however, because, unlike electric fields, which

"In the official language of the State of Florida, buzz off."



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*Figures are for 3-ounce servings, cooked and trimmed.**

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ténéré

The first and last time I saw the Sahara Desert was in the early 50's. As a crew member of the Spanish Mine Layer SS Marte, we went to Villa Cisneros, the then capital of the Spanish Sahara, now an independent country. We ventured into the desert, but our expedition was timid, tentative, superficial. It was sufficient, however, to be immersed in its seemingly infinite expansion of sand, sky and, above all, to be surrounded by its omnipresent almost liturgic silence.

There was no wind on that day, but there must have been some earlier because the sand formed sinuous parallel ripples. There were virginal embryonic mini-dunes of unforgettable beauty. One had the feeling of being in a vacuum chamber, isolated from time and its cosmic rhythms, suspended, as it were, in a capsule surrounded by emptiness. Just tranquility. The fascination of Africa's deserts, the possession of peace and the possession of the sun: This is the meaning of TÉNÉRÉ, the heart of the Sahara.

More than 30 years later my good friend Paco Rabanne phoned from Paris and said "My new fragrance for men will be called TÉNÉRÉ. It will be my imprint on the desert sand! But, do not worry, it will be transferable to Los Angeles or to Tokyo. I want it to be reminiscent of the peace of African Deserts, mainly the Sahara and TÉNÉRÉ, something very much needed for our restless souls. I want it to be a soothing, stimulating, different and evocative fragrance." Paco was almost talking in aromatherapic terms. I was speechless, and suddenly transferred to the moment of my youth and Spanish Navy days. Rabanne kept on talking, "The bright stars of a desert night, its 'blue men' covered by strangely elegant, indigo 'seshes'... the orange sun bouncing from pieces of dark rocks, the big empty. Out of Africa." My mind was bubbling with memories.

TÉNÉRÉ. What a name! TÉNÉRÉ. What a source of evocation, of adventure, of exotic pleasure, of fear and of strength. My good friend Paco. He did it again.

FERNANDO ALEU, M.D.   COMPAR, NEW YORK

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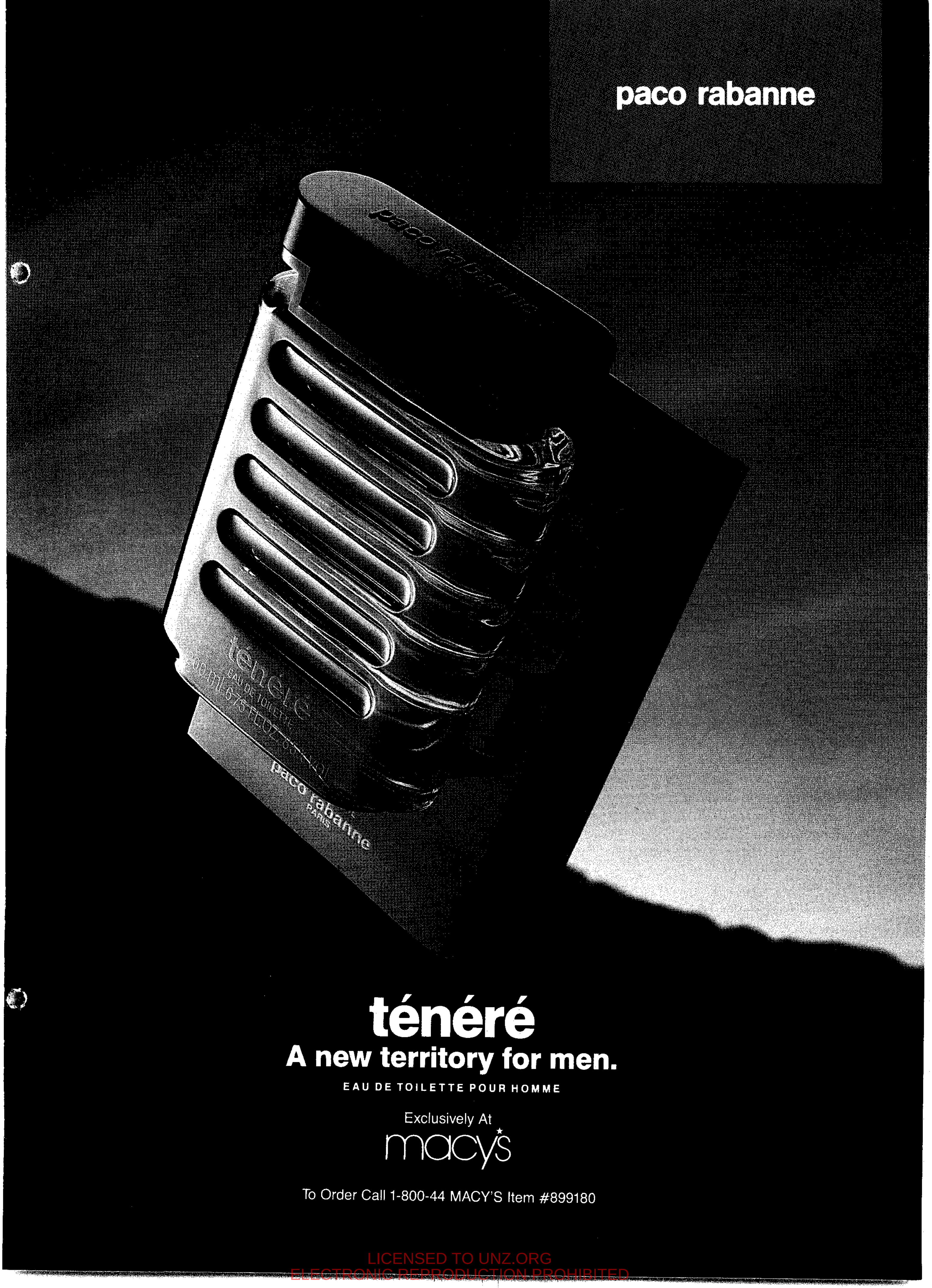
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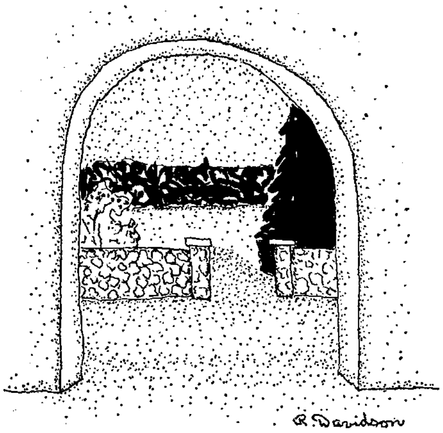
can easily be shielded by conducting materials, magnetic fields—invisible lines of force that interact with magnets and certain metals—readily penetrate almost anything that happens to stand in their way, including the human body.

In December of 1974, Leeper fashioned a crude gaussmeter (a gauss is a unit of measure for magnetic-field strength), using a coil employed by television repairmen to demagnetize TV sets and the audio amplifier and speaker of an old walkie-talkie, and presented it to Wertheimer as a Christmas gift. The contrivance provided an estimate of the strength of an alternating magnetic field, and also transformed it into a sound, which could be heard on the speaker as a hum. After learning to operate the gaussmeter, Wertheimer drove to a middle-class neighborhood on the northwest side of Boulder one morning in early January of 1975 and parked her car near a pole-mounted transformer at the entrance to a back-yard alley. "The poles in the alley were placed at the corner of every other lot, and they were strung in a manner that was typical of the power-distribution system in the Greater Denver area," she recalls. "At the top of each pole was a thin, primary wire carrying seventy-six hundred volts. Below that was a crossbar strung with several two-hundred-and-forty-volt secondaries. The thin primary had branched off from an array of thicker primaries that came directly from a substation, and it had already supplied power to dozens of such transformers, which, in turn, provided reduced voltages to secondary wires that fed current into hundreds of homes.

"When I got out of my car, I walked to the base of the transformer pole at the alley entrance and switched on Ed's meter. It gave off a loud hum that indicated the presence of a fairly strong magnetic field. I was prepared for that, of course, but when I started walking up the alley, away from the transformer pole, I found that, contrary to what Ed and I had expected, the hum did not begin to diminish until I got past the next pole, at the far corner of the second house lot, from which several wires known as service drops carried current into nearby dwellings. Those were the first service drops that reduced the current load fed into the secondary distribution line by the transformer. As I continued walking past the second pole, a strange thing happened: the hum indicating the presence of the magnetic field dropped off sharply. For a while, I couldn't understand the significance of this. Then it dawned on me that the point where the magnetic field fell off coincided with the pronounced decrease in the leukemia rate I had previously observed at the third house from a transformer. At that point, I talked with Ed Leeper and we realized that we had been mistaken in assuming that the increased incidence of leukemia I had seen at the two houses nearest the transformer was associated with closeness to the transformers. The association was really between those two houses and closeness to the first span of the secondary wire—the part that ran past the two houses on its way from the transformer pole to the second pole, from which the initial service drops were made. This part of the secondary wire was carrying current for all the dozen or more homes that were being served by the secondary, and that is why it was giving off the strong magnetic field I had heard as a loud hum. Once we had made that connection—the link between the first-span secondary, with its relatively high current and strong magnetic field, and the two houses where so many leukemia victims had lived—I began to think I might be onto something."

During the rest of 1975, Wertheimer spent a great deal of time making measurements of the magnetic fields surrounding first-span secondaries elsewhere in Greater Denver and correlating those measurements with the birth addresses of children who had died of leukemia. The results of her preliminary analyses indicated that childhood-leukemia victims had lived disproportionately often in dwellings that had first-span secondaries running past them. Toward the end of the year, Leeper built her a more sophisticated meter that could accurately measure sixty-hertz magnetic fields in terms of gauss, and when she began using this instrument to assess the strength of the magnetic fields surrounding other types of wires she found that certain kinds of primary wires gave off relatively strong magnetic fields—as great as, or greater than, those of the secondaries she had been measuring. As a result, she predicted that if the magnetic fields produced by high current in secondary distribution lines were associated with excess leukemia among children, then high current in the primary wires would produce the same association.



Since Wertheimer had formed this hypothesis on the basis of the birth addresses of childhood-leukemia victims, sound epidemiological method dictated that it would be necessary for her to test the prediction with new data. For this reason, she went back to the Department of Vital Statistics and got the addresses at birth, and also the addresses shortly before diagnosis, of all children in the Greater Denver area who had died of cancer of any kind between 1950 and 1973. Three hundred and forty-four such cases were included in the study. She also selected a matched-control population of three hundred and forty-four children, each of whom had a birthdate closely following that of a child who had died of cancer. She then devised a wiring-configuration code that would allow her to classify each dwelling that had been lived in by a case or a control in terms of its proximity to high-current or low-current wiring.

High-current homes included those situated less than a hundred and thirty feet from three-phase, large-gauge primary wires or from an array of six or more small-gauge primary wires; homes that were less than sixty-five feet from an array of three to five small-gauge primary wires; and homes less than fifty feet from first-span secondary wires, which were defined as secondary wires that issued directly from a transformer and had not yet lost any current through service drops. First-span wires serving no more than two single-family homes were considered to be in the low-current category, as were all other configurations of the distribution wires. Dwellings that were situated beyond the end pole of a secondary line, and thus had no distribu-

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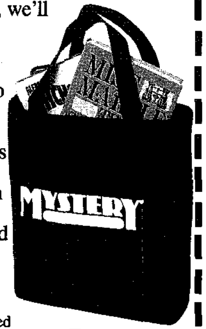

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tion wires running past them, were considered the extreme example of low-current houses.

During 1976, Wertheimer visited the birth and diagnosis addresses of each of the cancer cases, the birth address of each of the controls, and the addresses at which control children had been living at the time their matched cases had been found to have cancer. Next, she drew a diagram describing the situation, the size, the type, and the proximity of the electrical wires and transformers she had observed in the vicinity of each of these homes. Once that was done, she analyzed the data and found that her prediction had held up: children who had lived in homes near high-current electrical wires had died of cancer at twice the rate seen in children living in homes near low-current wiring. The association was strongest among those children who had spent their entire lives in a high-current home. Particularly disturbing was the fact that of six children in the study population who had lived near high-current wires coming directly from power substations, all were cancer victims.

To satisfy herself that her findings were not the result of some artifact accidentally associated with high-current wiring, Wertheimer spent 1977 and the early part of 1978—she was still working on her own time and with her own money—analyzing and reanalyzing the data in relation to such possible co-factors as population density and air pollution and noise from traffic congestion. When she could discover nothing to explain her findings other than the association with the magnetic field resulting from high current, she and Leeper wrote a paper describing their study and its outcome, and submitted it to the *American Journal of Epidemiology*, which is published by the Johns Hopkins University School of Hygiene and Public Health, in Baltimore, and is considered one of the foremost epidemiological journals in the world. After peer review, the paper was accepted, and it appeared in the *Journal's* March, 1979, issue, under the title "Electrical Wiring Configurations and Childhood Cancer." The first paragraph said:

> Electrical power came into use many years before environmental impact studies were common, and today our domestic power lines are taken for granted and generally assumed to be harmless. However, this assumption has never been adequately tested. Low-level harmful effects could be missed, yet they might be important for the population as a whole, since electric lines are so ubiquitous. In 1976-1977, we did a field study in the greater Denver area which suggested that, in fact, the homes of children who developed cancer were found unduly often near electric lines carrying high currents.

Wertheimer and Leeper went on to say that current flow (and, by extension, the magnetic fields induced by current flow) was always greatest in electrical wires leading from a distribution substation or a pole-mounted transformer. "At these points, the voltage has been stepped down and 'transformed' into current," they wrote, adding, "It was particularly homes close to these transforming points that were over-represented among our cancer cases." After acknowledging that magnetic fields are usually cancelled in ordinary wiring, where the return current tends to balance the supply current, they pointed out that such cancellation is imperfect in the vicinity of many dwellings, "because the wires are often separated in space and, more importantly, because some of the return current *does not* flow through the wires at all, but returns instead through the ground, and particularly through the plumbing system to which most urban electrical systems are grounded at each house." They explained that the ground current flows not only in street plumbing but also through the pipes of houses, and thus produces magnetic fields in these houses which appeared to be related to the wiring configuration near each house.

Aware that measurements had been made showing that household appliances could produce strong sixty-hertz magnetic fields (an electric drill, for example, creates a field of thirteen gauss at a distance of one centimetre), Wertheimer and Leeper warned that such measurements were not a valid index of exposure, because they had been made very close to the appliance, and because appliance-generated fields usually fall off rapidly with distance. They also noted that magnetic-field exposure to the whole body from normal use of household appliances rarely exceeds two milligauss (a milligauss is one-thousandth of a gauss) for any extended period, while "ambient fields in a house due to nearby distribution wires or plumbing may sometimes reach those levels, or more, for hours or days at a time." This fact led them to conclude that if magnetic-field exposure was responsible for the increased incidence of childhood cancer which they had observed, the duration of continuous exposure above some minimum threshold might be more important than the strength of the exposure per se. To support the hypothesis that magnetic fields were associated with cancer, Wertheimer and Leeper said that, upon analyzing a 1950 United States Public Health Service report correlating cause of death with occupation in men between the ages of twenty and sixty-five, they had found that workers who were *frequently* exposed to alternating-current magnetic fields—among those workers were power-station operators, telephone linemen, power linemen, subway and elevated-railway motormen, electricians, and welders—had developed cancer at a significantly higher rate than the population as a whole.

Wertheimer and Leeper went on to suggest that alternating magnetic fields might indirectly affect the development of cancer by hindering the ability of the body's immune system to fight cancer. They also suggested that it is conceivable that the immune system might utilize electric potentials occurring at cell surfaces, and they advanced the disturbing theory that when the human body was subjected to an electromagnetic background different from the level that had existed during man's evolution the operation of the immune system might be altered. They emphasized that, whatever the reason for the correlation they had observed, the risk of cancer for children living in homes near high-current wiring was rarely increased by a factor of more than two or three.

"At the time our paper was published, I felt terribly ambivalent about our findings," Wertheimer recalls. "Part of the trouble stemmed from a

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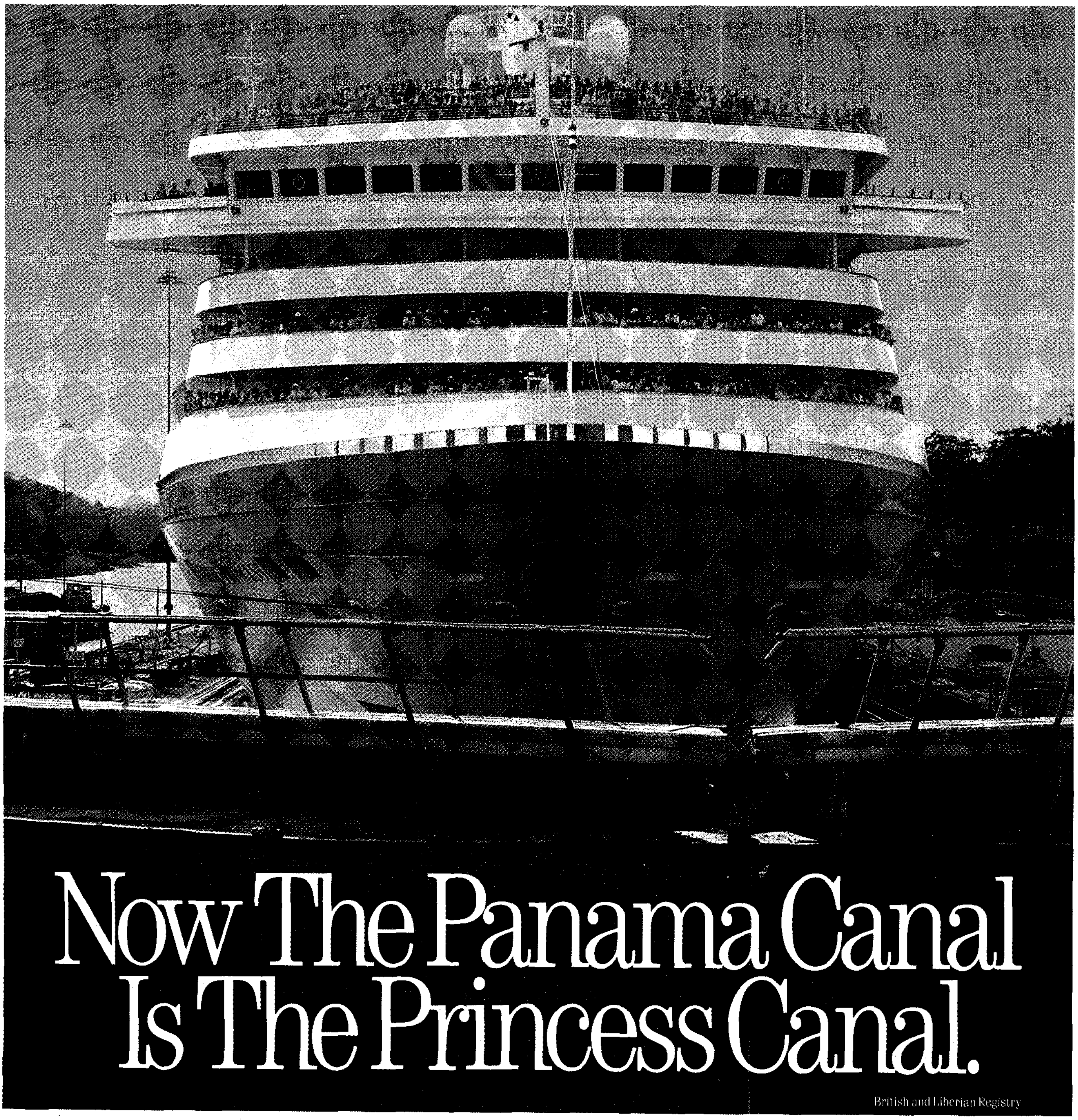

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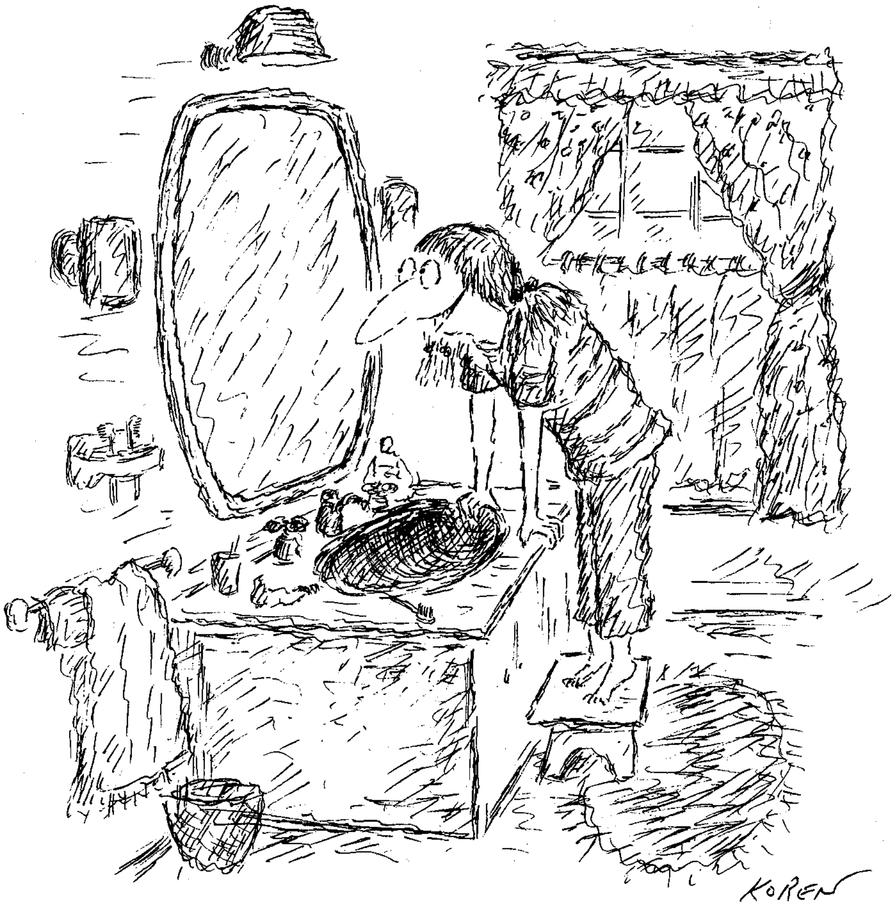

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deep concern that we might worry people unduly. I hated the idea of making people feel bad about their homes, especially if there was little or nothing they could do to correct the situation, and for this reason I was reluctant to speak to the press about our findings, or to make any special effort to publicize them. I should also say that the very idea that the kind of electrical wiring one could find in the streets of almost any town or city in America might be hazardous to health seemed—well, unbelievable. Additionally incredible was the fact that the cancer increase we had observed was associated with such weak sixty-hertz magnetic fields. The static magnetic field that is present at all times on earth was several hundred times as strong as those fields, and the magnetic fields that were described in the available medical literature as having essentially no biological effects whatsoever were thousands of times as strong. On the other hand, one out of every four or five families in our study lived in a dwelling that we had categorized as a high-current home, and that raised the possibility that, if the risk were real, alternating magnetic fields from electrical wiring could pose a very large public-health hazard across the nation, as well as elsewhere in the world. Such a possibility obviously had to be investigated in greater detail, and for this reason I fully expected that the medical and scientific community would jump at the chance to study it."

WERTHEIMER'S expectation notwithstanding, the medical and scientific community not only failed to deem her findings worthy of further consideration but dismissed them out of hand, on the ground that there was no experimental evidence to support the hypothesis that the magnetic fields from ordinary high-current wires could cause cancer. Encouraged by such orthodoxy, the electric-utilities industry tried to discredit her work, and, as a result, more than eight years passed before the association she had discovered between high-current wires and cancer was corroborated in the United States. That belated confirmation might have been even further delayed if it had not been for a courageous stand taken, back in 1973, by Dr. Robert O. Becker, an orthopedic surgeon and research scientist at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Syracuse, New York, who had become convinced that the electromagnetic fields emanating from power lines could pose a serious threat to human health.

Becker is a bespectacled, blue-eyed, slightly built man who was born in River Edge, New Jersey, in 1923, and attended Gettysburg College, in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, where he majored in biology. He got his medical degree from the New York University School of Medicine, in New York City, and subsequently became an orthopedic surgeon. In 1956, he was made chief of orthopedic surgery at the V.A. Hospital in Syracuse, and there he soon became interested in the regenerative aspects of bone healing.

In the early nineteen-sixties, Becker conducted experiments with salamanders—animals whose remarkable regenerative powers include the ability to grow new limbs, a new tail, new jaws, and new eye lenses, as well as portions of their brain and heart—which showed that the regenerative process was initiated by electric current associated with the nervous system. After hypothesizing that the direction of flow and the magnitude of this current might also control brain activity and consciousness, he induced deep anesthesia in a salamander by placing it in a strong magnetic field. This work stimulated new interest in the biological effects of magnetic fields, because, although the power of the lodestone to attract metal had been revered by the ancients—they believed that magnetism held the secret of life—the biological effects of magnetism had remained largely outside the realm of accepted scientific inquiry in modern times.

Throughout the sixties, Becker continued to experiment with electricity and living organisms, and contributed to the discovery that bone fractures in human beings heal in the same electrically controlled manner that governs the regeneration of limbs in the salamander. Some of his most significant work in this period consisted of exploring the influence exerted upon the activity of the brain by external magnetic forces, including those of the magnetic field of the earth. In 1963, he and Howard Friedman, a psychologist at

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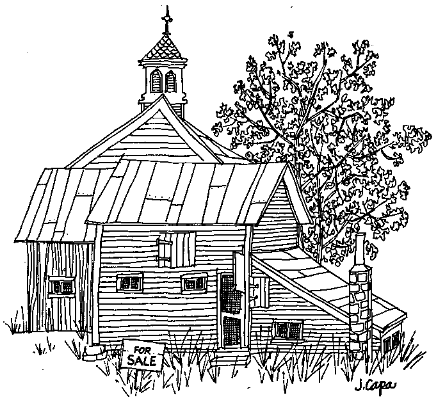
the V.A. Hospital in Syracuse, showed that there was a relationship between the dates of admission of patients to the psychiatric services of hospitals and the occurrence of solar magnetic storms. In 1965, they exposed human volunteers to pulsed magnetic fields of similar frequency and considerably greater strength than those associated with magnetic storms, and found that doing so significantly slowed the volunteers' ability to react to the appearance of a light by pressing and releasing a telegraph key. A year earlier, however, a Soviet investigator named Yuri Alexandrei Kholodov had reported that exposure to even stronger magnetic fields caused areas of cell death in the brains of rabbits, and when Becker and Friedman learned of this they discontinued their experiments with human beings and advised other researchers to do the same. Then, in replicating Kholodov's experiment, they discovered that a magnetic field produced stress in rabbits which activated a preëxisting but quiescent brain disease, and that this disease produced the lesions Kholodov had observed.

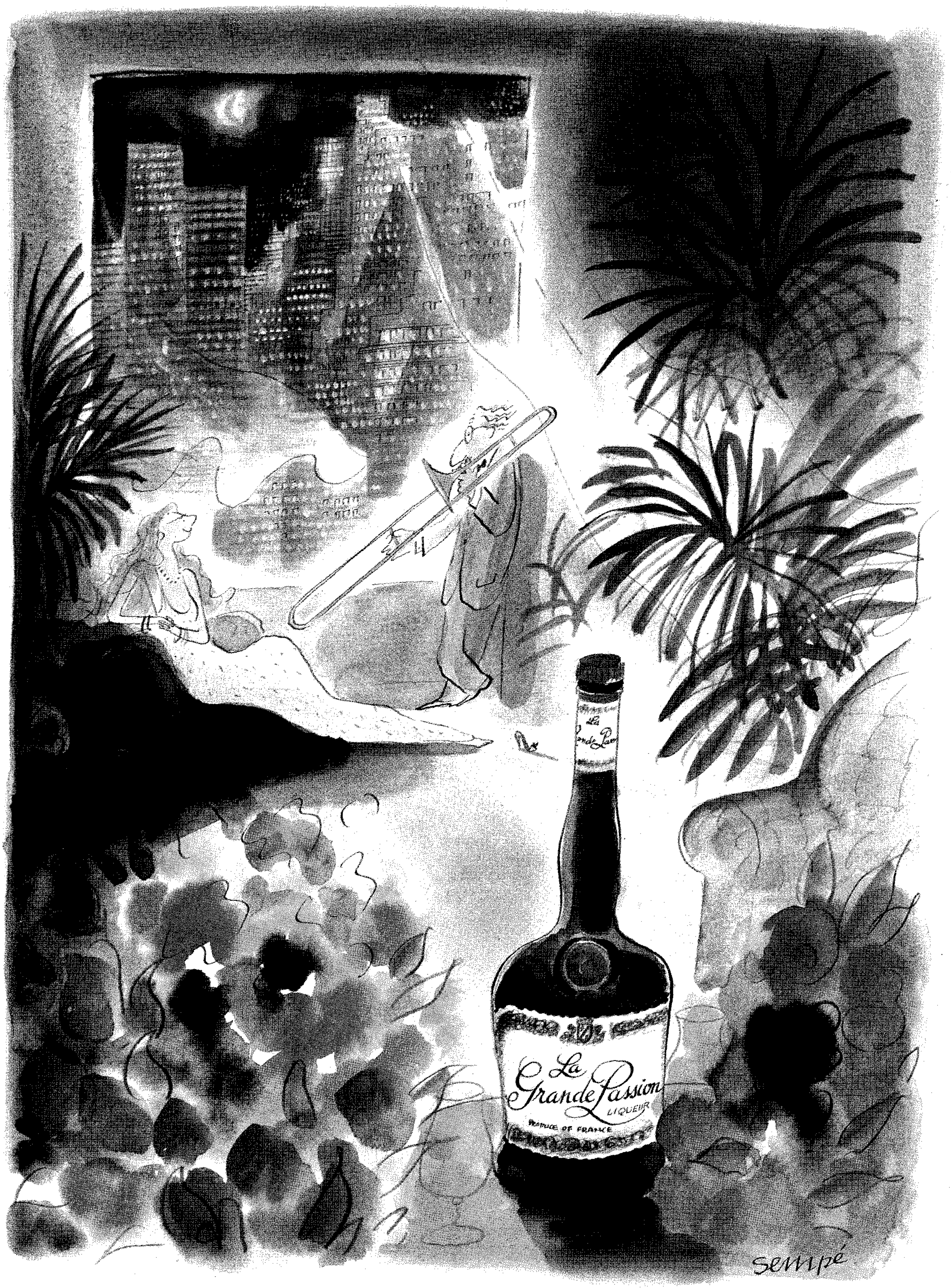
The fact that magnetic fields could induce stress worried Becker, because of an earlier finding, by the endocrinologist Hans Selye, that prolonged stress can adversely affect the immune system. (It had already occurred to Becker during his experiments with salamanders that if electric current could govern benign growth it might also play a role in the development of malignant growth.) He became even more worried when Friedman exposed chimpanzees to pulsed magnetic fields of much lower strength than those employed by Kholodov, and found that the animals excreted elevated levels of adrenal-cortical hormones—a well-recognized sign of stress. He was particularly concerned by the fact that the biologically active magnetic fields that he and Friedman had used in their experiments lay within the extra-low-frequency, or ELF, range of one to a hundred hertz—the principal frequency range of the earth's magnetic field, to which the human body had been tuned during its entire evolutionary period—because the results therefore suggested that man-made ELF fields, such as those created by the sixty-hertz electrical-distribution system, whose emanations permeate the modern environment, might have serious consequences for human health.

In the summer of 1972, Becker warned a meeting of the Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers about "the continuous exposure of the entire North American population to an electromagnetic environment in which is present the possibility of inducing currents or voltages comparable with those now known to exist in biological control systems." At the same time, he called urgently for an early program to study the problem of human exposure to electromagnetic energy. A year later, he was invited to serve on a seven-man advisory committee that was being convened by the Navy's Bureau of Medicine and Surgery to review a research program the Navy had instituted on the biological and ecological effects of ELF radiation. The committee met at the Naval Medical Research Institute, in Washington, D.C., on December 6th and 7th of 1973, and Becker's subsequent revelation of its deliberations marked a dramatic turning point in his career and initiated a bitter controversy over the safety of sixty-hertz electric and magnetic fields that continues to this day.

NAVY officials had become interested in ELF radiation back in 1958, when they learned that radio waves oscillating just above the sixty-hertz range could penetrate seawater sufficiently to provide communication with deeply submerged submarines. Subsequently, they learned that a portion of the earth's interior could be used as a launching pad to propagate ELF signals, and in 1968 the Navy and the GTE Sylvania Corporation, of Lynn, Massachusetts, built an ELF test facility near Clam Lake, Wisconsin, by burying twenty-eight miles of insulated cable in the ground above the low-conductivity granite bedrock of the Chequamegon National Forest. Soon thereafter, the Navy proposed to construct a twenty-two-thousand-five-hundred-square-mile antenna system—to be called Project Sanguine—by burying six thousand miles of cable elsewhere in northern Wisconsin and in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. The idea was to form a giant grid so that electric current generated by transmitters would pass through the antenna cables and flow deep into the earth, along the bedrock, and back up into the cables, creating a global ELF radio field extending up to the ionosphere—a region of electrons and electrically charged particles in the upper atmosphere, between forty and two hundred and fifty miles above the earth—which would reflect a portion of the ELF field into the world's seas and oceans.



Environmental groups mounted opposition to Project Sanguine soon after the Clam Lake facility was constructed, because some people living near it reported that they were receiving electric shocks whenever they turned on their water faucets, and because ordinary wire fences suddenly became electrically charged. At that time, the environmentalists claimed that the alternating magnetic fields generated by the ELF antennas could produce voltages in nearby electrical conductors, such as power lines, telephone lines, and wire fences, and that those voltages posed a potential health hazard to the several hundred thousand people who would be living within the boundaries of the Sanguine system. From the beginning, the Navy claimed that no harmful biological effects were caused by ELF electric and magnetic fields, and that the environmental effects of Project Sanguine, which was designed to operate at a frequency of about seventy-six hertz, would be no different from the effects caused by sixty-hertz power lines. As for any magnetic-field hazard that might exist, Navy officials sidestepped this by pointing out in a 1972 environmental-impact statement for Project Sanguine that many common household appliances—among them hair dryers, can openers, and food mixers—give off strong magnetic fields. They made no mention of the fact that these fields fall off rapidly within a few inches of the appliances, and thus could not be compared with the magnetic fields that would be given off by the large antennas of Sanguine or, indeed, by power lines. Such omissions notwithstanding,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Get stuck in traffic in it. The newly refined twin-scroll turbo is unique. It delivers smooth, instant power even at low rpm. Indeed, between 1500 and 7000 rpm, the turbo rotary's torque curve is flatter than ever. This helps eliminate the difficult-to-control surges of power found with many turbos, and results in slow driving that's as effortless as fast driving. Not as much fun, mind you; but just as effortless.

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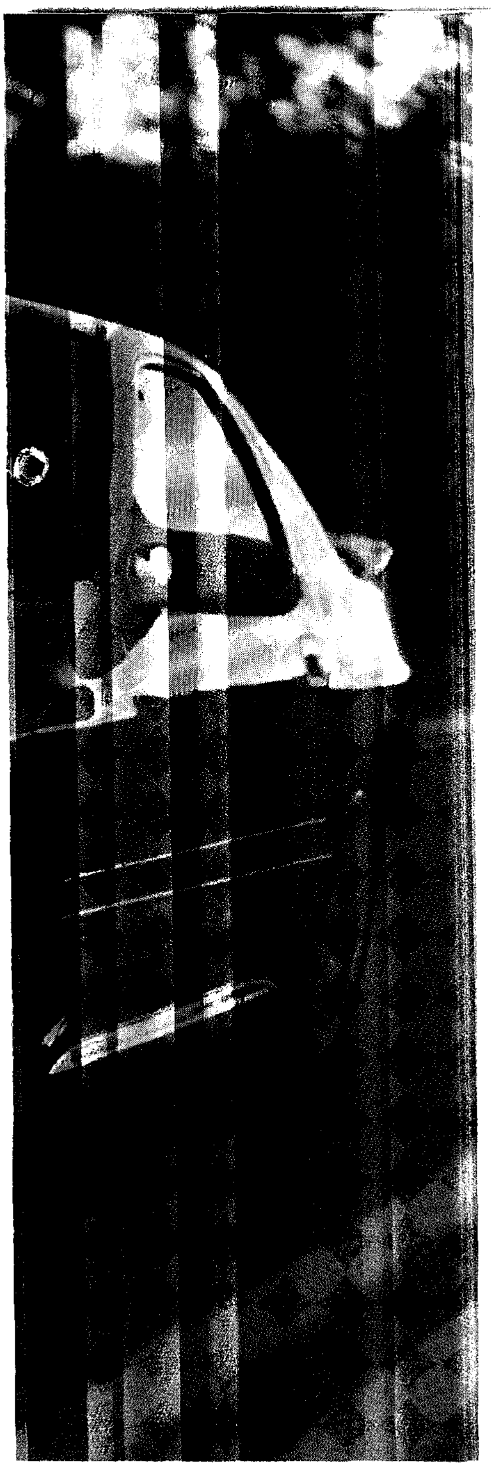

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Turn the sound system up high. It's got 6 speakers and over 100 watts of power, so, unless you've got the ears of a teenager, don't turn it all the way up. Please.

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Drive somebody else's sports car. Any sports car. We don't think you'll find one that gives you what the RX-7 Turbo does. Not even one that costs thousands more. That's because Mazda engineers do more than make the RX-7 look and perform like a world-class sports car. They engineer the RX-7 so it feels as if it's an extension of you; almost as if you and the car are one, sweeping through turns, leveling hills, devouring miles. And that's a difference you'll be able to feel the first time you drive one. Go feel it for yourself. This afternoon.

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studies financed by the Navy's own ELF biological-research program had by 1973 begun to cast doubt upon claims that Sanguine was safe, and it was for this reason that the advisory committee on which Becker had been invited to serve was formed.

Becker has said that the only thing sanguine about Project Sanguine was its name. In any event, he and the other members of the committee found little to be cheerful about when they met to evaluate the results of the Navy's ELF research. To begin with, they learned that an experiment performed at the Naval Aerospace Medical Research Laboratory, in Pensacola, Florida, had produced significant increases in serum triglycerides—a warning of possible stress—in the blood of nine out of ten human volunteers who had been exposed to a low-intensity magnetic field. They also learned that abnormally high triglyceride levels had been found in six out of eight workers at the Navy's Sanguine test facility at Clam Lake. There were other disturbing findings. In a study conducted at the Brain Research Institute of the University of California at Los Angeles, monkeys exposed to ELF fields showed a decrease in the ability to perform lever-pressing tasks—an indication that ELF might have adverse behavioral effects—and in a study conducted by scientists at the Naval Air Development Center, in Johnsville, Pennsylvania, rats exposed to weak ELF fields did not gain weight as readily as unexposed control animals. Still other experiments showed that long-term exposure to ELF retarded the growth of chicken embryos, and that alternating-current magnetic fields produced disorientation in the chicks of ring-billed gulls—a result suggesting that magnetic fields could affect bird migration.

Not surprisingly, the committee reacted strongly to these findings. Its members recommended as "urgent and absolutely necessary" that further studies be made of the effects of the planned Sanguine ELF fields on triglyceride levels in human beings and animals, and that extensive investigations be conducted of the influence of ELF on the central nervous system, on cells and chicken eggs, on the growth rate of rats, and on bird migration and orientation. The committee advised the Navy that "since the immune system is such an important and critical defense mechanism, it behooves Project Sanguine to investigate the operational efficiency of immune mechanisms during and after exposure to ELF electric and magnetic fields." Most important of all from the public-health point of view, the committee voted unanimously to go on record as recommending that the Electromagnetic Radiation Management Advisory Council (ERMAC)—a nine-member panel that had been established in 1968 by the President's Office of Telecommunications Policy to advise the President on the biological hazards of microwave and radio-frequency radiation—"be apprised of the positive findings evaluated by this Committee and their possible significance, should they be validated by further studies, to the large population at risk in the United States who are exposed to 60 hz fields from power lines and other 60 hz sources."

The Navy, for its part, compiled the findings and recommendations of the advisory committee in a thirty-one-page report and effectively suppressed them, marking the report "For Official Use Only" and limiting its distribution to members of the committee and other people who had participated in the two-day meeting. As a result, the warning that the committee had voted to send to ERMAC concerning the safety of the nation's sixty-hertz electrical-distribution system went undelivered. Indeed, the whole matter might have been swept under the rug if Becker had not happened to read a copy of the Lowville *Journal & Republican* upon his return from Washington. He and his wife had recently bought land for a vacation-and-retirement home in Lowville, a small town on the western slope of the Adirondacks, about sixty miles northeast of Syracuse, and the *Journal & Republican* carried a notice about a proposal of the Power Authority of the State of New York (PASNY) to build several 765-kilovolt power lines in the state, in order to import electricity from a giant hydroelectric-power generating station that was under construction at James Bay, in northern Quebec. According to the notice, the first of the proposed 765-kilovolt lines would run from Massena, a city on the St. Lawrence River at the Canadian border, to the town of Marcy, ten miles northwest of Utica—a total distance of roughly a hundred and fifty miles—and would pass through the outskirts of Lowville.

Three days later, Becker wrote a letter to Henry Diamond, the state Commissioner of Environmental Conservation, with a copy to Joseph Swidler, the chairman of the New York State Public Service Commission (P.S.C.). After giving a brief description of Project Sanguine, Becker told the officials that its antennas would transmit electromagnetic radiation at frequencies similar to those of sixty-hertz power lines, and at electric- and magnetic-field strengths "*lower* than those that would be present along the proposed 765 kV line and for some distance out from the line." He then informed them that the Navy's advisory committee had concluded that the civilian population might be at risk from exposure to the stronger electromagnetic fields emanating from sixty-hertz power lines. He urged that permission for the construction of the Massena-to-Marcy line be withheld until the Project Sanguine experiments were completed and an evaluation of the true extent of the hazard could be made. By way of furnishing corroboration, he advised the two men to ask the Navy's Bureau of Medicine and Surgery for information regarding the advisory committee's findings and recommendations.

AT the time Becker wrote his letter, public hearings for PASNY's proposed Massena-to-Marcy line were under way in Massena, and within a few months hearings began near Rochester for a sixty-six-mile, 765-kilovolt transmission line that the Niagara Mohawk Power Corporation and the Rochester Gas & Electric Corporation wanted to build from Rochester to Oswego. Experts for PASNY and the two power companies testified that the electromagnetic fields of the proposed transmission lines would present no biological hazard, but when a citizens' group raised the health issue at the Rochester hearing the Public Service Commission felt obliged to look into the matter. In July of 1974, a twenty-seven-year-old P.S.C. lawyer named Robert Simpson visited Becker at his office at the V.A. Hospital in Syracuse, and listened intently as Becker described in detail the adverse biological effects of ELF fields which had been turned up by the Navy's research pro-

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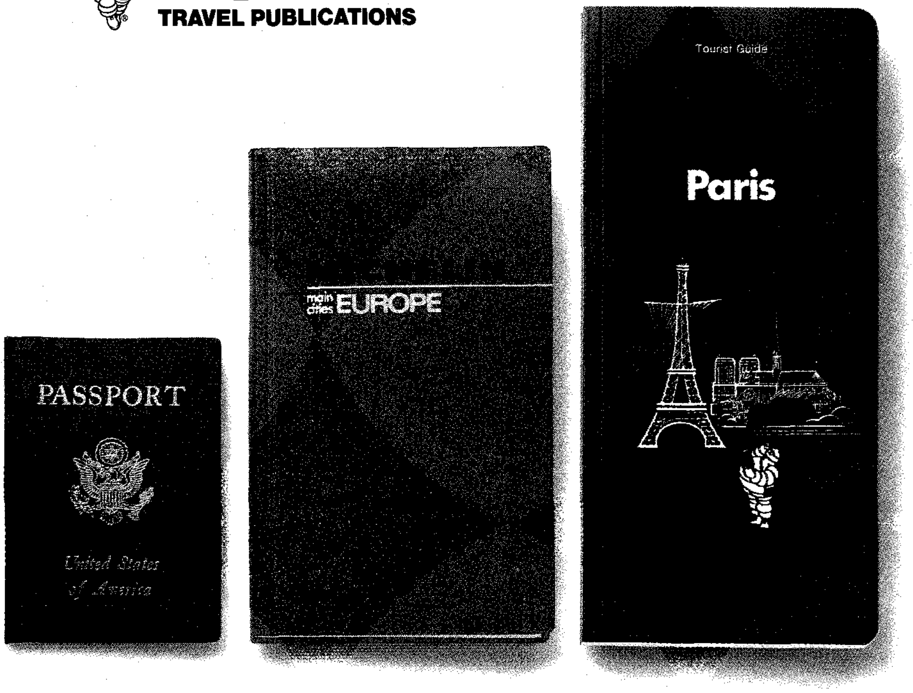

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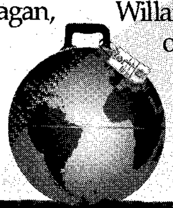

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gram on Sanguine. (The P.S.C. had requested a copy of the advisory committee's report on the program, but the request had been denied by the Navy's Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, on the ground that the information it contained was classified.) Also present at the meeting in Becker's office was Andrew Marino, a thirty-three-year-old biophysicist with a law degree, who had been working in Becker's laboratory for nearly ten years. Marino told Simpson about a study he had recently conducted in which rats exposed to sixty-hertz electric fields gained less weight and drank less water than unexposed control animals. Rats in a related experiment showed altered levels of blood proteins and enzymes.

At the conclusion of the meeting, Simpson asked Becker and Marino if they would be willing to come to the Rochester hearing and testify about the biological effects of ELF radiation. The two men not only agreed to do so but decided to testify without remuneration. The P.S.C. procedure required them to submit written reports and then undergo cross-examination, and in October they sent their reports to Simpson, and he forwarded them to Niagara Mohawk and Rochester Gas & Electric. In addition to describing the results of his rat experiments, Marino's report cited eight studies published in the medical literature which showed that ELF radiation could cause biological effects on human beings or animals. For his part, Becker wrote that ELF fields were biological stressors, and that as a physician he would have to assume that their effects could be harmful. The suggestion by scientists that electromagnetic energy from power lines might be hazardous to human health appeared to take Niagara Mohawk and Rochester Gas & Electric by surprise, and the two companies requested that the Rochester hearing be postponed for a year, so that they could call additional expert witnesses and produce new testimony.

By the time the P.S.C. hearings resumed, in late 1975, state officials had decided that the application of Niagara Mohawk and Rochester Gas & Electric for the 765-kilovolt transmission line from Rochester to Oswego would be joined with PASNY's application for the Massena-to-Marcy line, and that the testimony of Becker and Marino would be presented in behalf of the P.S.C.'s staff, who are specifically charged by law with the responsibility of representing the interests of the public. In February of 1976, however, the P.S.C. bowed to pressure from Governor Hugh Carey and authorized the construction of the Massena-to-Marcy line. (The Governor had sent a bill to the New York State Legislature that, if it passed, would have ordered the P.S.C. to approve PASNY's power-line project.) Thus, the issues that remained to be decided were whether the width of the right-of-way of the Massena-to-Marcy line, which PASNY and the utilities wanted to be two hundred and fifty feet, would be expanded for health and safety considerations, and whether Niagara Mohawk and Rochester Gas & Electric's application to build any more 765-kilovolt lines in the state would be approved.

During the yearlong postponement, Becker and Marino had combed the medical literature and found more than twenty additional studies that described biological effects in human beings and animals of exposure to ELF electromagnetic fields. Meanwhile, Marino had conducted repeated experiments in which he exposed rats to sixty-hertz electric fields whose strength was almost identical to that which could be expected at ground level beneath a 765-kilovolt line, and had found changes in the animals' body weight and blood chemistry. He had then subjected three generations of mice to the same fields, exposing the animals from birth through maturity and mating, and had found that the second and third generations of exposed animals were severely stunted in comparison with unexposed control animals. He had also found a significantly increased mortality rate in the exposed mice.

The hearings dragged on for nearly two and a half years, producing more than fourteen thousand pages of testimony by thirty-one witnesses. The case against the transmission lines rested chiefly on Marino's experiments and on thirty-two other studies showing that ELF fields could cause biological effects, such as disturbances in human biorhythms, slowed reaction time in monkeys, disorientation in birds, and increased heartbeat rate in fish. Equally important was the testimony of Becker, the only medical doctor to appear as a witness for either side. He stated that the weight of this evidence suggested that biological effects would occur in human beings who were subjected to long-term exposure to electromagnetic fields from the lines.

To counter their testimony, PASNY and the two utility companies retained the services of several experts. Chief among them was Herman P. Schwan, a professor of electrical engineering and physical medicine at the University of Pennsylvania's Moore School of Electrical Engineering, in Philadelphia. Schwan, who had previously been a professor at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute of Biophysics, in Frankfurt, Germany, had come to the United States in 1947 under the auspices of Operation Paperclip—a government program designed to make the talents of German scientists available to the nation's defense effort. He had soon begun to conduct research on the biological effects of microwave radiation, and in 1953 he proposed to the Navy, which was seeking to develop an exposure standard for personnel who were operating high-power radar, that a safe level of exposure for human beings could be set at ten milliwatts of power per square centimetre of body surface. (The power, or intensity, of microwaves, radio waves, and other high-frequency non-ionizing electromagnetic radiation is customarily expressed in terms of power density, which is the amount of radiation that flows each second through a square measure of space.) Schwan arrived at the ten-milliwatt level on theoretical grounds, basing it largely on the fact that energy from the metabolism of food is normally dissipated by the surface of a human body at rest at the rate of about five milliwatts per square centimetre. His assumption was that another five milliwatts per square centimetre could be applied by external forces, such as microwave irradiation, without causing a significant rise in the body's temperature. Although the ten-milliwatt standard was a thousand times the level of occupational microwave exposure then considered safe by the Soviet Union, it was adopted as a tentative standard in the late nineteen-fifties

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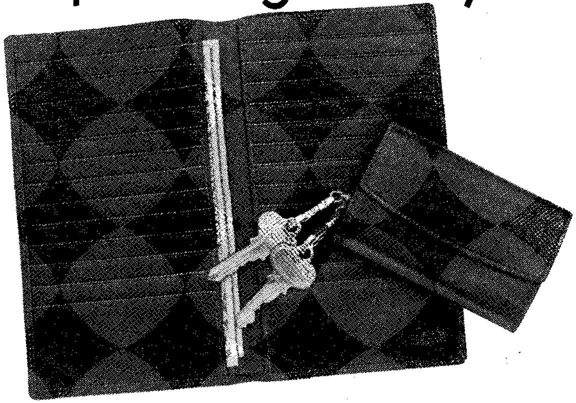

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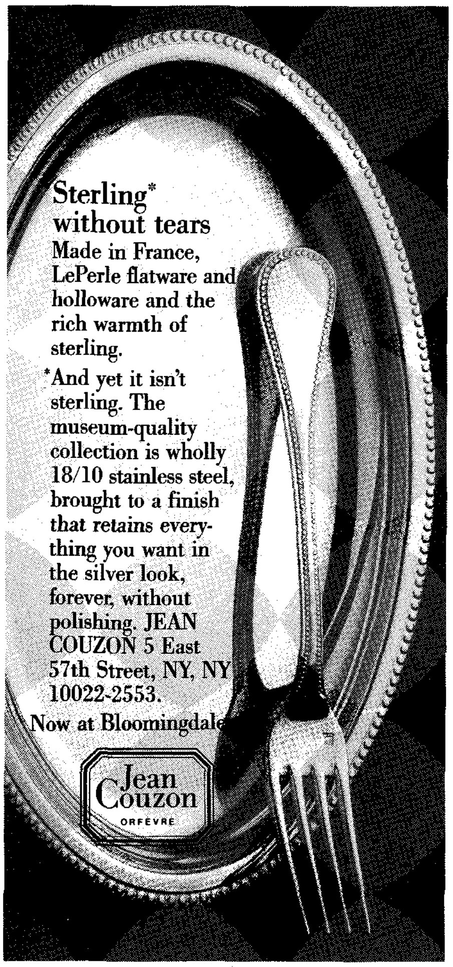
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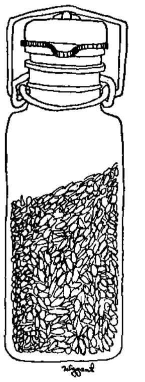
by the Army, the Navy, the Air Force, the Bell Telephone Laboratories, and the General Electric Company. By 1966, it was also generally accepted as a guideline for occupational exposure by the electronics industry and by most state and federal health agencies.

When Schwan testified at the P.S.C. hearings, he said that the power levels of the electromagnetic fields emanating from the proposed 765-kilovolt transmission line could not interact with the body's cells to produce internal fields capable of heating tissue or exciting nerves, and therefore the risk to human health and safety appeared to be virtually nonexistent. He also said that no nonthermal or other low-level effects of ELF fields had been proved, and he dismissed the thirty-two studies of ELF effects cited by Becker and Marino as either irrelevant or inconclusive or incompetently conducted.



Another witness who testified for PASNY and the utility companies at the P.S.C. hearings was Professor Sol M. Michaelson, a doctor of veterinary medicine at the Department of Radiation Biology and Biophysics of the University of Rochester's School of Medicine and Dentistry. During the nineteen-sixties, Michaelson, whose research was financed largely by the Navy, had conducted numerous experiments on the heating effects of microwaves by exposing dogs and other test animals to radiation of sufficiently high intensity to produce deep burns and death within a few hours. Although he had performed few, if any, experiments at levels below ten milliwatts per square centimetre, he claimed to have confirmed the safety of Schwan's proposed standard.

In 1973, Michaelson had submitted testimony to the Senate Commerce Committee supporting a proposal by the Navy to study the effects of the ELF fields given off by Project Sanguine on human volunteers. He told the committee that "it appears entirely possible that these fields are involved in the etiology of certain illnesses which have increased spectacularly during the last century." When he testified at the P.S.C. hearings, however, he said that ELF fields from power lines were safe, and warned that Soviet investigations showing ELF effects should be "viewed with caution." (Soviet scientists had determined that workers in high-voltage substations were experiencing altered pulse rates and blood pressure, and also fatigue, drowsiness, and headache, and the Soviet government had ruled that 750-kilovolt power lines must be at least a hundred metres from inhabited dwellings—two hundred feet more than the safety zone that had been proposed for the Massena-to-Marcy line.) As for the thirty-two published studies demonstrating ELF effects, Michaelson suggested that it was "possible to postulate a large number and variety of factors other than exposure to the electrical field as the cause of the observed difference." He also declared that a biological effect did not necessarily constitute a biological hazard, thus implying that an effect could be ignored if it had not been proved to be a menace to health.

A third witness for the utility companies and PASNY was Professor Morton W. Miller, a botanist, who, like Michaelson, was a member of the Department of Radiation Biology and Biophysics at the University of Rochester's School of Medicine and Dentistry. Miller, who had been a student of Michaelson's, had conducted a three-year study for the Navy on the biological effects of ELF radiation from Sanguine, in which he had determined that bean-plant roots were not affected by exposure to ELF. In the testimony he filed for the P.S.C. hearings he stated that the proposed 765-kilovolt lines "did not pose an unreasonable risk to human health," basing this conclusion largely upon his analysis of studies of Sanguine that, like his own, had produced negative results.

Cross-examination of witnesses began in April of 1976, and took place in a state office building in Syracuse. At the outset, Simpson forced Miller to concede that since the electric field produced by a 765-kilovolt line was far stronger than the field emanating from Sanguine, negative studies of radiation from Sanguine could not be used to demonstrate that the fields from the power line would be safe. He then got Michaelson, who followed Miller to the witness stand, to concede that his position regarding ELF fields from the proposed line was not "what we don't know can hurt us," or "what we don't know can't hurt us," but "what we don't know *might* hurt us"—a rather questionable position to take in a hearing concerning the public health.

Michaelson was followed to the stand by Herman Schwan, who had testified in 1975 as an expert for the General Electric Company in hearings conducted by the Food and Drug Administration's Bureau of Radiological Health after the Bureau had ordered the recall of thirty-six thousand G.E. ovens suspected of leaking unacceptable levels of microwave radiation. The Bureau's final report contained an appendix entitled "Undocumented and Unsubstantiated Statements Made by Schwan," which listed more than a hundred such statements. During cross-examination, Simpson forced Schwan to acknowledge that he did not know how or whether the low-intensity current induced in bone by power-line radiation might affect bone growth, the healing of fractures, or the production of bone tumors. Simpson then got Schwan to acknowledge that he could not say how or whether ELF fields from power lines might affect other organs of the body, and Simpson asked him how, if he couldn't answer these questions, he could be certain that the proposed line was safe. Finally, toward the end of the second day of cross-examination, Schwan said that he did not wish to continue answering such questions, and at that point Simpson told the administrative judge who was presiding over the hearing that he had no more questions to ask.

Marino was cross-examined for eight days in late April, and Becker underwent cross-examination for four days early in May. Although attorneys for Rochester Gas & Electric, Niagara Mohawk, and PASNY claimed that Marino was prejudiced against power companies, and maintained that Becker's testimony should be thrown out, on the ground that it contained "the rankest form of hearsay," neither man could be shaken from his conviction that because ELF fields had been shown to produce biological effects in animals they posed a potential health risk for human beings. By now, however, Becker and Marino were not only locked in a struggle with PASNY and the utilities but also engaged in a bitter debate with the National Academy of Sciences. This came about when they learned that the Academy had appointed a committee of experts to look into the biological effects of ELF radiation, and that its members in-

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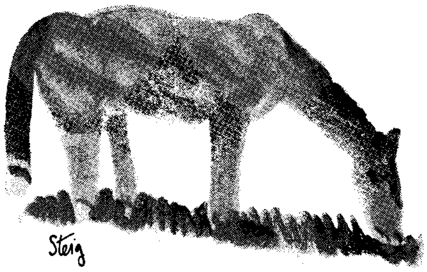
cluded Schwan, Michaelson, and Miller.

DURING 1973 and 1974, determined political opposition had driven Project Sanguine from Wisconsin and also from a backup site in the Texas hill country. In 1975, the Navy, in an effort to make its ELF communications system more palatable to the public, proposed to reduce the area that the system would encompass from twenty-two thousand five hundred square miles to between three and four thousand square miles, and renamed it Project Seafarer. The Navy then suggested moving Seafarer to the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, where, because of high unemployment and a depressed economy, it was thought that the project might stand a better chance of being accepted. Tentative approval was given to Seafarer by Governor William G. Milliken, of Michigan, but later he demanded the right to veto the installation of the system, for he had learned that Navy officials had failed to inform his science advisers about the Pensacola study showing that exposure to ELF magnetic fields had raised triglyceride levels in human beings, or about the other biological effects of ELF radiation which had alarmed Becker and the other members of the Navy's 1973 advisory committee.

The report of the 1973 committee did not come to light until December of 1975, when a copy of it was acquired by Senator Gaylord Nelson, of Wisconsin. Nelson was furious at learning that the Navy had withheld the report for two years while some of his constituents were undergoing exposure to ELF at the Clam Lake test facility. In a press release he accused the Navy of suppressing evidence of a potential health risk to the citizens of his state and of failing to perform the follow-up studies of ELF that had been urgently recommended by Becker and the other members of the advisory committee. Seeking to mollify Nelson and to defuse a politically embarrassing situation, the Navy offered the National Academy of Sciences a contract to conduct an inquiry into the possibility that plants, animals, and people might be harmed by the electric and magnetic fields associated with Project Seafarer.

Early in January of 1976, the Academy announced that it had appointed sixteen experts to a Committee on Biosphere Effects of Extremely-Low-Frequency Radiation, and that the committee would be headed by J. Woodland Hastings, a professor in the Department of Biology of Harvard University. The list of candidates from which the committee members were chosen had been drawn up by members of the National Academy's professional staff, who were said to have relied upon advice from the Navy in compiling it. The list was then presented to Hastings, an affable man who had no experience in ELF research, and whose selections for membership were subject to the approval of high Academy officials. Among those officials was the Academy's president, Philip Handler, who was a biochemist known for his work on amino acids. In keeping with Academy policy at the time, only after the committee had been appointed were its members asked to fill out a so-called bias statement, indicating what views they might have expressed publicly concerning the biological effects of ELF, or whether they might have other conflicts of interest.

When Marino learned that Schwan, Michaelson, and Miller had been named to the Academy committee, he telephoned Hastings to protest that the three men had already submitted testimony to the P.S.C. hearings in New York that ELF radiation from a proposed power line would not harm the health of human beings or pose a hazard to the environment. According to Marino, Hastings expressed surprise at this, and promised to have him and Becker appointed to the committee, in order to give it better balance. At the time, Academy officials defended the makeup of the committee by pointing out that one of its members, Dr. W. Ross Adey, of the Brain Research Institute of U.C.L.A., had opposed Schwan's views concerning the biological effects of ELF fields, and that two other members had served on a Sanguine-evaluation panel in Wisconsin which had been critical of some of the Navy's studies of ELF. Adey was in fact the only person on the committee who had conducted any significant research on the biological effects of low-level ELF fields. Most of its members had no previous demonstrated experience with ELF studies, and were thus at a disadvantage in assessing or challenging the opinions of Schwan and Michaelson, who were widely regarded as experts in the field, even though their work dealt almost exclusively with higher frequencies. Moreover, several members—among them George M. Wilkening, the director of environmental health at the Bell Telephone Laboratories, in Murray Hill, New Jersey—were staunch advocates of the ten-milliwatt standard.



In August of 1977, the National Academy of Sciences released the final report of the findings of its committee on the biological effects of ELF radiation from Seafarer. The report read in large part like a replay of the opinions and testimony that had been presented by Schwan, Michaelson, and Miller at the P.S.C. hearings. Its authors dismissed Marino's experiments showing stunted growth in rats and mice that had been exposed to ELF radiation, and concluded that "there should be no concern for possible effects of Seafarer on fertility, growth, and development." They found deficiencies in the studies demonstrating that ELF magnetic fields caused elevated triglyceride levels in human beings, and concluded that "Seafarer fields will not have an effect on human triglyceride concentrations." They passed quickly over findings that ELF radiation caused slowed responses in human beings and monkeys and, ignoring a 1974 report showing that ELF magnetic fields had degraded the ability of human volunteers at the Naval Aerospace Medical Research Laboratory, in Pensacola, to perform simple addition, stated their belief that the behavioral effects of ELF "do not appear to warrant concern." In the end, they found themselves able to assure the public that, except for possible electric shocks, "the likelihood of serious adverse biologic effects of Seafarer is very small." Moreover, after claiming at the outset of their report to be "aware of the larger question" of the potential hazards that might be involved in the exposure of living organisms to ELF fields, such as those emanating from power lines, the members of the Academy committee had not another word to say about this question except to point out in passing that "power lines sometimes carry currents much larger than those of Seafarer."

THE long-drawn-out P.S.C. hearings in Rochester had ended in March of 1977, after a second gruelling cross-examination of Marino by attorneys for the utility companies and PASNY, who charged that he was biased and irresponsible because he had allowed himself to be interviewed about the power-line controversy by Mike Wallace, of the CBS program "60 Minutes," and because he and Becker had written a letter to Governor Carey in which they described PASNY's transmission line as an "imminent health hazard." During the rest of the year, administrative-law judges Thomas R. Matias and Harold L. Colbeth, who had presided over the hearings, wrote a recommended decision for the Public Service Commission. Meanwhile, Marino filed an amicus-curiae brief in the case, in which he urged the P.S.C. to take protective measures not only against ELF fields emanating from the proposed 765-kilovolt power lines but also against fields that were being given off by existing 345-kilovolt lines. In his brief Marino declared that "the scientific literature which shows that the proposed transmission lines would be a human health hazard also shows that existing high-voltage transmission lines *are* a human health hazard." He based his argument upon the fact that many researchers had found biological effects in test animals exposed to the equivalent of up to fifteen hundred volts per metre, whereas the electric-field strength at the edge of the hundred-and-fifty-foot right-of-way of a standard 345-kilovolt line had been calculated to be approximately sixteen hundred volts per metre. Marino proposed that a safety factor of at least one hundred be applied, and that the upper limit of permissible chronic human exposure be set at one hundred volts per metre. He said that to permit exposure to more intense fields would be tantamount to subjecting people to involuntary human experimentation, and he suggested that doing so could make power companies liable for the tort of battery or for that of the taking of a constructive easement over land. He also pointed out that the average transmission line carries only part of its deliverable electric power within its right-of-way—that as much as fifty

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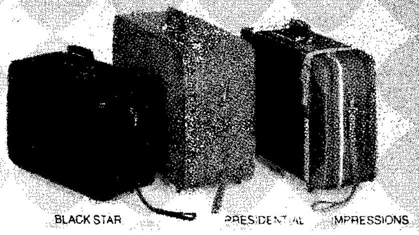

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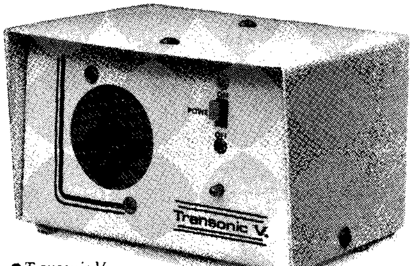

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per cent of its power exists in measurable field strengths beyond the right-of-way. Marino went on to warn that people living in the vicinity of a 765-kilovolt power line would be exposed to a strong alternating-current magnetic field, whose magnitude would be "totally new and unique with respect to the evolutionary history of life on earth." Finally, he recommended that the P.S.C. require PASNY and the utilities to inform the people of New York State of the existence of a valid scientific dispute concerning the hazard posed to human health by exposure to electric and magnetic fields from high-voltage transmission lines, and he urged the P.S.C. to organize a major research program, conducted by independent scientists, in order to determine the extent of the hazard.

On January 20, 1978, Matias and Colbeth handed down their recommended decision—a hundred-and-fifty-seven-page document that reflected considerable ambivalence on their part. On the one hand, nearly a third of it was devoted to an attack upon the credibility and competence of Marino, who was accused of having been "evasive and argumentative under cross-examination," and whose experimental work was described as "not conducted carefully enough for the results to be believable." On the other hand, Matias and Colbeth concluded it was possible that "continuous long-term repeated exposure to electric fields exceeding 2500 volts per meter might result in some biological effects that might be harmful." After selecting a safety factor of only two and a half, they went on to recommend that no person should live or work regularly in areas where the electric field exceeded a thousand volts per metre at one metre above the ground. That meant that a 765-kilovolt power line would require a right-of-way approximately three hundred and fifty feet wide instead of a two-hundred-and-fifty-foot-wide corridor, which was what had been proposed by PASNY and the utility companies.

As might be expected, the decision of the administrative-law judges pleased none of the parties to the hearings. PASNY and the utility companies objected to the recommendation that would require them to create wider rights-of-way, and P.S.C. staff members faulted them for omitting any detailed consideration of the thirty-two studies Marino had cited. The P.S.C. staff claimed that nine of these studies provided "a solid body of evidence that electric fields from the transmission line will probably cause biological effects in humans." For this reason, they recommended that the Public Service Commissioners establish a four-hundred-volt-per-metre level for maximum human exposure. They also recommended that the utilities be required to inform each resident living adjacent to the right-of-way of a 765-kilovolt line that there was a risk from exposure to electromagnetic fields, and they proposed that anyone living within two hundred and seventy-five feet of the centerline of the right-of-way of a 765-kilovolt power line be given an option to have his house purchased or relocated if the electric field outside the dwelling exceeded the four-hundred-volt-per-metre level.

The final decision in the power-line case came in June of 1978, when, after reviewing the hearing record and the recommended decision of the administrative-law judges, the six members of the Public Service Commission issued a seventy-four-page opinion. It straddled the public-health issue. To begin with, the commissioners found that although the hearing record did not show that the electric and magnetic fields of the proposed 765-kilovolt lines would endanger human health and safety, "it contains unrefuted inferences of possible risks that we cannot responsibly ignore." They based their assessment of possible risk on Marino's three-generation mouse study and on the other studies showing that ELF fields produced biological effects in test animals, and they declared that "these effects cannot be presumed harmless." They went on to dismiss allegations that Marino's experiments were flawed, pointing out that PASNY and the utilities "could have aided the record by attempting to replicate Dr. Marino's experiments in a manner free of the defects they perceived in them" but that "for reasons best known to them, they did not do so." As for the harsh criticism levelled against Marino by Matias and Colbeth, the commissioners let stand the finding of their staff that PASNY and the utility companies had mounted "vigorous efforts to discredit him [which] were more suitable to a slander trial than a fact-finding, scientific investigation."

However, it was one thing for the commissioners to agree with Marino and Becker that ELF fields could cause biological effects in test animals and quite another for them to decide how far to go in protecting the public health against the potential threat posed by power-line radiation. Unlike Matias and Colbeth, they could not very well ignore the question of how safe the existing 345-kilovolt transmission lines might be, when their own staff had recommended a four-hundred-volt-per-metre level for maximum human exposure, and when people living in houses adjacent to the rights-of-way of 345-kilovolt transmission lines were already being exposed to electric-field strengths well above that level. The staff proposal posed a quandary for the commissioners. They were already under pressure from the utilities to make certain that power lines operating at lower voltages would be exempt from any standard they might adopt for 765-kilovolt lines, and they apparently feared that if they adopted the four-hundred-volt level, or the staff's recommendation that people living adjacent to the power-line right-of-way be warned of the possibility of a health risk, they might create widespread panic and a public furor. In the end, they attempted to solve the problem by declaring that the right-of-way of a 765-kilovolt transmission line should be wide enough so that the strength of the electric field at its edge was no greater than the electric-field strength (about sixteen hundred volts per metre) that had been calculated to exist at the edges of the rights-of-way of standard 345-kilovolt lines. "In this way," they reasoned, "we assure that the risks, if any, of long-term exposure to 765 kV transmission in the areas traversed by PASNY's line and any future 765 kV lines will be no greater than those, now widely accepted, of long-term exposure to the 345 kV lines operating throughout the State."

The sweeping supposition of the phrase "now widely accepted" appeared to trouble the commissioners, for they acknowledged in a footnote that "we do not imply that society has, in any way, explicitly decided that 345 kV lines are worth whatever risks they may entail." Whatever the commissioners wished to imply, thanks to inadequate coverage of the power-line hearings by the media the public had been given almost no information about the risk posed by power-line radiation, let alone enough information to reach any kind of rational decision. Anyone who chose to read to the end of the P.S.C.'s opinion, however, would have come upon a dissent filed by Commissioner Harold A. Jerry, Jr. He put an astute finger on the motive behind the decision of his five colleagues to extend the presumption of benignity to 345-kilovolt power lines.

"I believe that the majority has settled for this width because of irrelevant concern over the widths of existing 345 kV rights-of-way, rather than because of concern for the proper widths of 765 kV lines in view of the evidence in this case," Jerry wrote. "In other words, the majority has been swayed by the problem of what to do with existing 345 kV lines if it adopts a 765 right-of-way with weaker field strengths at its edges than those present at the edges of existing 345 kV rights-of-way."

In spite of temporizing on the question of the safety of 345-kilovolt lines, the P.S.C. opinion was a major decision, because it marked the first time that any regulatory body in the nation had gone on record as stating that studies showing that ELF fields could cause biological effects in animals must raise questions about human exposure to such fields along power-line rights-of-way. Moreover, the commissioners were sufficiently troubled by the many unanswered questions concerning ELF radiation to take the unprecedented step of calling for a five-year research program on the biological effects of power-line fields, which was to be financed by PASNY and the utility companies and carried out by independent scientists. A few months after the commissioners issued their decision, PASNY brought suit against the P.S.C., claiming that the commission had no right to require it to participate in such a program as a condition of certifying a transmission line. In 1979, the appellate division of the New York State Supreme Court upheld PASNY's position in the matter, but in 1980, while that decision was on appeal to the State Court of Appeals, the P.S.C. and PASNY reached a settlement, under which PASNY and seven major electric-utility companies agreed to provide five million dollars to finance a five-year research program that would be known as the New York State Power Lines Project. A three-member board, made up of the commissioner of the New York State Health Department, the chairman of PASNY, and the chairman of the P.S.C., was given responsibility for establishing the project, and early in 1981 the board selected a ten-member scientific advisory panel to develop the project's research program and oversee its research contracts.

On the face of it, the decision of the Public Service Commissioners and the subsequent settlement of the legal dispute between PASNY and the P.S.C. seemed to indicate that Becker and Marino had finally prevailed in their long struggle. As a result of their stand, the Power Authority would soon announce that it intended to postpone indefinitely the construction of any more 765-kilovolt lines, and Rochester Gas & Electric and Niagara Mohawk would eventually be denied permission to build their proposed 765-kilovolt line from Rochester to Oswego. By that time, however, Becker and Marino had become the target of savage criticism and had been forced out of the Veterans Administration.

In 1964, Becker had won the Administration's coveted William S. Middleton Award for outstanding achievement in medical research, and in 1971 the V.A. had granted him the status of medical investigator, which meant that he could put aside his clinical duties and devote all his time and energy to research. In April of 1976, however, just as he was about to take the stand for the first time in the power-line hearings, he was informed by the V.A.'s assistant chief medical director for research and development, in Washington, that his application for a five-year renewal of his medical investigatorship had been deferred. Later that year, a research grant that he had been receiving from the National Institutes of Health was discontinued, and from then on he began to experience great difficulty in getting his research proposals approved by the

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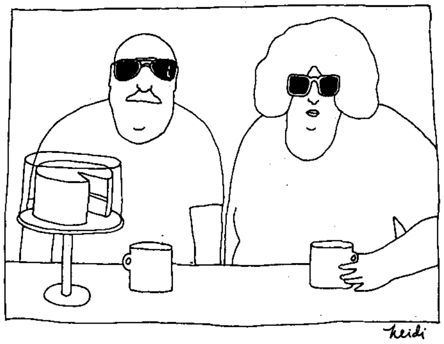
V.A. Becker managed to keep his laboratory going for three more years by finding an alternative source of funding at the V.A. In 1980, a year after he won the Nicolas Andry Award of the Association of Bone and Joint Surgeons for outstanding achievement in the field of orthopedic surgery, all his V.A. grants were terminated, and Becker retired and went to live in Lowville, where he now directs a research-and-consulting firm called Becker Biomagnetics. Six months after his retirement, his research laboratory, which had been operating for twenty years, was shut down. Shortly thereafter, Marino, who had worked in the lab for seventeen years, was told that there were no suitable positions for him at the hospital. As a result, he resigned from the Veterans Administration and went to Louisiana, and he is now a professor in the Department of Orthopedic Surgery of the Louisiana State University Medical Center, in Shreveport.

Although the motives behind the apparent vendetta that was carried out against Becker and Marino can only be guessed at, it seems clear that their outspokenness regarding the health hazard of power-line radiation had something to do with it. Moreover, after the 1978 P.S.C. decision the two men came under heavy attack from other quarters. In 1979, Professor Hastings, who had chaired the National Academy of Sciences' committee on Seafarer, told Susan Schiefelbein, who was writing an article about the ELF controversy for *The Saturday Review*, that Marino and Becker had not conducted any research on the biological effects of ELF, and that the judges in the power-line hearing had decided against them. "The judges threw out the case with prejudice," Schiefelbein quoted Hastings as saying. "[They] ruled that Marino's not a believable witness, that he's evasive and deceitful. Here we were, being attacked by people who ultimately were thrown out of a court of justice in that way. They've all been thrown out. These guys are all a bunch of quacks."

Another attack upon Marino was mounted by Philip Handler after the publication of Schiefelbein's article, in September of 1979. Her article was entitled "The Invisible Threat: The Stifled Story of Electric Waves," and it was highly critical of the makeup and conduct of the National Academy's committee on Seafarer and of the credibility of Professor Hastings. A few months after it appeared, Handler wrote to Carll Tucker, the editor of *The Saturday Review*, threatening to sue the magazine unless Tucker published an article entitled "Scientific Evidence and Public Decision Making," which Handler had written with the assistance of two senior officials of the National Academy. In the article Handler and his colleagues criticized Marino and praised Schwan, and concluded that in the absence of proof of a hazard, or of any acceptable theory predicting a hazard, "we are left with the unprovable negative: that there does not exist any danger from extremely low frequency radiation at the level at which people are customarily exposed." They then lashed out at the press for using "the thin tissue of fancied biological effects of ELF to inflame the imagination of the public."

In the end, Tucker stood by the article that Schiefelbein had written, and the piece by Handler and his associates went unpublished in *The Saturday Review*. Handler's article, however, exemplified the thinking with regard to the power-line problem at the highest level of the nation's scientific establishment at the time that Nancy Wertheimer discovered the association between childhood cancer and exposure to alternating magnetic fields from ordinary electrical-distribution lines—a finding she hoped that the medical and scientific community would be eager to investigate in greater detail.

IN October of 1979, an application that Wertheimer had submitted to the National Institutes of Health for a grant to study the possible association between cancer in adults and exposure to magnetic fields from high-current wiring was rejected. "I was disappointed, of course, but I didn't let it get me down," she said recently. "As it happened, I had been gathering data for the adult study for almost a year, so I just kept right on going, and did it the way I had done the childhood study—on my own time and with my own money."



To begin with, Wertheimer collected death certificates for people who had died of cancer between 1967 and 1975 in the towns of Boulder and nearby Longmont, and also 1977 cancer-death certificates for residents of the city of Denver and of its suburbs. These four samples also included cancer survivors—people who had been found five or more years previously to have a life-threatening form of cancer and who in 1979 were still living without known recurrence of the disease. In each of the samples, only those cancer victims known to have lived in the sampling area for at least four years prior to diagnosis were retained for the study. Control addresses for the cancer victims from Boulder and Longmont were selected from non-cancer-death certificates in the same towns, and the control addresses for the Denver and Denver-suburb cancer cases were chosen at random from within the same neighborhoods there. By the spring of 1979, Wertheimer had collected addresses for eleven hundred and seventy-nine cancer victims and the same number of controls, and for most of that summer and the next she drove around—often from sunrise to sunset—visiting case and control homes and classifying each of them according to her wiring-configuration code, which she had refined somewhat since the childhood study.

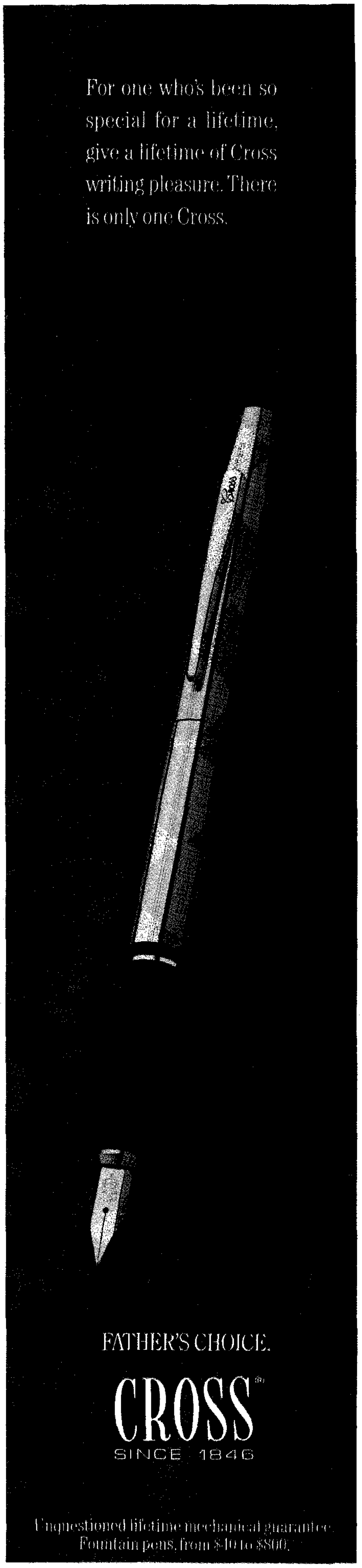
"One reason I had hoped to get an N.I.H. grant was so that I could afford to hire someone to do the coding of the addresses blind—in other words, someone who, unlike me, would be totally unaware of which addresses had been the residences of cancer victims and which the homes of controls," she says. "In that way, I could have insured that no bias could creep into the final results because of not-blind coding. Without financial support, however, that was impossible, so I hired a researcher out of my own pocket to do blind coding of a hundred and forty of the eleven hundred and seventy-nine case-control pairs. When it turned out that the researcher's blind coding did not differ greatly from my own coding, and that a significant result was obtained from the blind-coded sample alone, I was reassured about using my not-blind coding in the final analysis of the data."

While Wertheimer was busy gathering information for her adult study, the utilities industry was trying to decide how to respond to the disturbing findings of her childhood study. In July of 1979, she and Leeper were visited in Boulder by Robert Kavet, the project manager for biomedical studies at the Electric Power Research Institute (EPRI), an organization situated in Palo Alto, California, that is sponsored by major utility companies across the nation. Kavet discussed the childhood-cancer study at considerable length with Wertheimer and Leeper, and after he returned to Palo Alto he wrote a report on his visit and sent it, on July 30th, to EPRI's member companies, with a copy to Wertheimer. In the report he described the dilemma that their findings posed for the electric-utilities industry. On the one hand, he wondered how magnetic fields in the milligauss range could possibly correlate with increased cancer rates in the absence of a body of scientific evidence to support the existence of such a relationship. On the other hand, he pointed out that the childhood-cancer study had been peer-reviewed and published in the highly esteemed *American Journal of Epidemiology*. Kavet suggested that the utilities industry measure magnetic fields inside a representative number of dwellings in Wertheimer's study to determine what magnetic-field exposures were actually found inside the homes. "This is a complex issue, and one that has stirred interest and controversy," he wrote in conclusion. "I do not believe that any single person has the solution, but collectively we might be able to pool our insights."

On August 10th, Wertheimer wrote to Kavet and thanked him for sending her a copy of the report. "As you say, the question of what to do next is complex," she agreed. "I rather doubt that much will happen so long as our one study is the only suggestive evidence in a sea of disbelief. However, we'd be glad to help in any way we could if you did decide on a study project." Wertheimer then cautioned Kavet regarding his suggestion that the electric-utilities industry measure in-house magnetic fields. "You recall the misunderstanding (which you shared with us and many others) about the magnetic fields from appliances as reported in the Sanguine studies," she wrote. "Their magnetic-field readings were taken as close as possible to the appliance housings, and so give a highly exaggerated idea of what *ambient* fields might be expected within the homes from appliance sources. I'm enclosing our correspondence with them on this matter."

The enclosed correspondence consisted of a letter that Leeper had written in February of 1978 to Dr. Donald A. Miller, of the Naval Underwater Systems Center, in New London, Connecticut, with a copy to Dr. Anthony R. Valentino, the manager for electromagnetic effects at the Illinois Institute of Technology Research Institute (I.I.T.R.I.), in Chicago, and a letter of reply that Valentino had written to Leeper in his own behalf and Donald Miller's. (Miller had worked at I.I.T.R.I. when it was under contract to the Navy to produce the 1972 final environmental-impact statement for Project Sanguine, and, together with Valentino, he had helped write the statement before going to the Naval Underwater Systems Center.) Leeper reminded Miller in his letter that although the impact statement declared that I.I.T.R.I. had measured very strong magnetic fields in the vicinity of ordinary consumer appliances, such as hair dryers, television sets, and fluorescent lamps, Miller had subsequently acknowledged in a telephone conversation with Leeper that he had been able to measure strong magnetic fields only when he held the detector coil very close to each appliance.

Early in March of 1978, Valentino wrote Leeper, "I have discussed your letter with Dr. Miller and we both agree with your concern over the possible misinterpretation of measurements taken as near as possible to various appliances, as compared with other measurements taken at some distance." In 1983, however, almost two years after President Reagan and Secretary of Defense Caspar W. Weinberger had ordered the Navy to proceed with the development of Project ELF (as Sanguine/Seafarer was now called), I.I.T.R.I. and the Navy issued a report, entitled "Representative Electromagnetic Field Intensities Near the Clam Lake ELF Facility," that claimed once again that strong magnetic fields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up to twenty-five gauss had been measured at "user distances" from hair dryers and other household appliances. Not until the following year did I.I.T.R.I. prepare a report for the Naval Electronics Systems Command, entitled "Household Appliance Magnetic Field Survey," that finally showed (as Wertheimer and Leeper had been claiming for nearly a decade) that magnetic fields from household appliances dropped off so rapidly that the devices could not be considered major sources of ambient indoor magnetic-field exposure. By that time, the Navy had received permission to rebuild and reactivate the ELF transmitter at Clam Lake, and to construct an ELF transmitter near the K. I. Sawyer Air Force Base, on the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

BY 1981, the power companies had apparently decided that the best way out of their bind was to try to discredit Wertheimer. Early in January, EPRI awarded a contract to H. Daniel Roth, of Roth Associates—a consulting firm in Rockville, Maryland, that had done work for Consolidated Edison, of New York, and other utility companies—to reanalyze Wertheimer and Leeper's childhood-cancer study. Shortly thereafter, Roth called Wertheimer and asked her if she would be willing to supply him with the data she had used in conducting the study, and on January 7th she wrote to him—with a copy to Kavet—to say that she was "uneasy" about the scope of his request, because she had limited resources and was very busy writing a report of her investigation of magnetic fields and cancer in adults. "I don't want to be uncoöperative, and I believe that scientific data should be freely shared," she said. "But I honestly doubt that reanalysis of our data will yield any important new information. EPRI could use its funds more effectively, I should think, in financing a replication of our work, using whatever controls they deem appropriate." Wertheimer then told Roth, "I am left with the impression that, at present, EPRI's main concern is to find some procedural or statistical criticisms with which to refute our study, rather than to investigate vigorously the possibility of adverse magnetic field effects."

Together with the copy of her letter to Roth, Wertheimer sent Kavet a letter offering to supply him and Roth with more of her data once she had finished writing the paper on magnetic fields and adult cancer. Three months later, on April 7th, she wrote again, telling Kavet that Roth had called with questions about the data and she had supplied the answers. She added that if he or Roth wanted more information on the childhood-cancer study, "this is the time when I might best be able to provide it."

Unbeknownst to Wertheimer, Roth had already finished a draft of a seven-page report criticizing her study, and was about to submit it to Kavet. After receiving it in April of 1981, Kavet held on to it for fourteen months, and then, in June of 1982, sent it (still in draft form) to Greg Alvord, who was the scientific-research coördinator for the New York State Health Department's Power Lines Project. The timing was interesting. New York health officials had just announced that they might try to replicate Wertheimer's childhood-cancer study but would wait until they had reanalyzed its data before doing so.

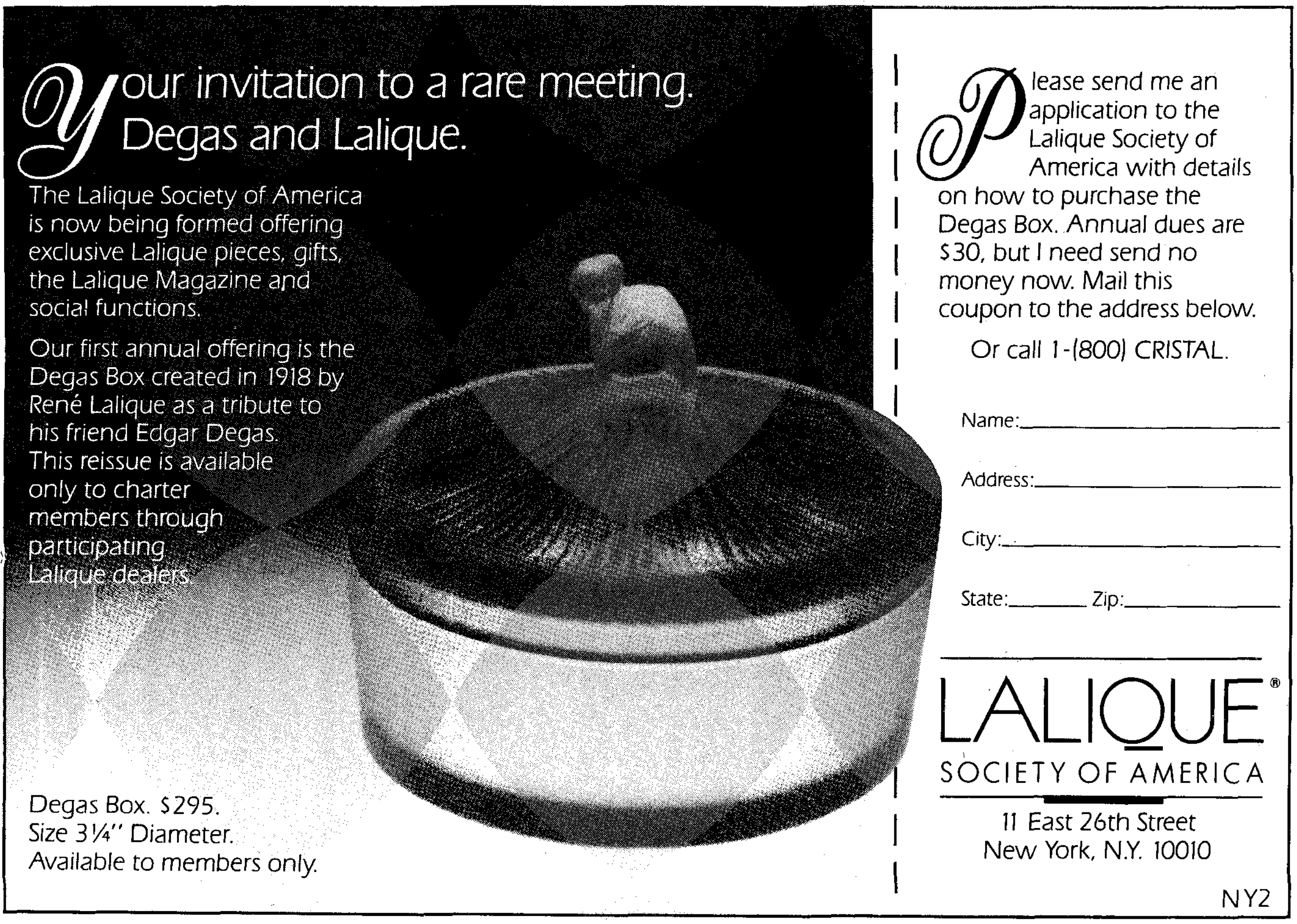
Roth began his report by questioning Wertheimer's suggestion that workers who were frequently exposed to alternating-current magnetic fields had developed cancer at a significantly higher rate than the population as a whole. Roth declared that this was doubtful because "the type of excess cancer deaths which occurred are those not normally associated with exposures to electric fields." As for Wertheimer's findings linking childhood cancer to high-current wiring, Roth claimed that they were "almost impossible to evaluate," because they were "based on questionable statistical calculations." He went on to challenge the manner in which she had analyzed the development of cancer in relation to the amount of current that could be expected from the various types of wires in her wiring-configuration code. He also criticized her for failing to take into account other factors, such as exposure to pollution, when she selected the control population for her study. In conclusion, he asserted that because her selection of controls "might have been biased," and because her wiring-configuration code "might have been incorrect," it was "doubtful that we will ever be able to properly evaluate Wertheimer's study findings." He added, "We feel it is important for the utility industry to conduct a more comprehensive and controlled study of the Denver area and to study other geographical locations as well."

When Andrew Marino sent a copy of Roth's report to Wertheimer, in August of 1982, she fired off a four-page letter to Kavet, telling him that Roth was wrong to say that the childhood-cancer study linked cancer with exposure to electric fields when in fact the link was with magnetic fields. As for Roth's suggestion that the type of excess cancer deaths she had found were "not normally associated with exposures to electric fields," Wertheimer observed that such a statement "implies that there are some types of cancer which *are* recognized to be so associated," and inquired of Kavet, "Do you know something I don't know about this?" In conclusion, she told Kavet that she agreed fully with Roth's call for the utilities industry to conduct additional studies, and offered to help Kavet and EPRI "in any such project you may devise." The following month, she wrote to Kavet again, calling his attention to a report recently published in *The New England Journal of Medicine* which linked the development of leukemia to occupational exposure to electric and magnetic fields.

The report to which Wertheimer referred appeared in the July 22, 1982, issue of *The New England Journal* as a letter to the editor from Dr. Samuel Milham, Jr., a physician and epidemiologist working for the Washington State Department of Social and Health Services, in Olympia. While updating an earlier study he'd done of occupational mortality, Milham examined the data for four hundred and thirty-eight thousand deaths occurring among workingmen in Washington between 1950 and 1979, and he noticed that among men whose occupations required them to work in electric or magnetic fields there were more deaths caused by leukemia than the proportionate mortality ratio (P.M.R.) in the general population would lead one to suspect. Indeed, the P.M.R. for leukemia was elevated in ten out of eleven occupations he investigated which were linked to electric or magnetic fields. The excess was most striking among aluminum-reduction workers, who are exposed to strong magnetic fields induced by high-amperage direct current, which is used during the reduction process, and who experienced twice as many deaths from leukemia as had been expected. Leukemia deaths were also significantly higher among electricians, power and telephone linemen, power-station operators, and motion-picture projectionists. (The latter work near step-up transformers that emit strong magnetic fields.)

On November 20, 1982, *The Lancet*, in England, which is one of the most highly regarded medical journals in the world, published a letter reporting that Milham's findings had been supported by the results of an investigation conducted by three physicians in the Department of Family and Preventive Medicine at the University of Southern California's School of Medicine, in Los Angeles. The California researchers had reviewed cases of leukemia in men from Los Angeles County who were listed as having jobs that entailed exposure to electric or magnetic fields, and had discovered that the incidence of acute leukemia and acute myeloid leukemia among them, and especially among power and telephone linemen, was significantly higher than might have been expected. Close on the heels of the Los Angeles study came the results of an investigation into mortality from leukemia among electrical workers in England and Wales. The study was conducted by Michael E. McDowall, an epidemiologist working in the medical-statistics division of the Office of Population Censuses and Surveys, in London, and its results were published in *The Lancet* on January 29, 1983. McDowall had analyzed five hundred and thirty-seven deaths from acute myeloid leukemia and had found a consistently increased risk of the disease among all electrical occupations, the highest risk being among telecommunications engineers. An editorial that appeared in the same issue of *The Lancet* called attention to the fact that McDowall's findings followed those of Wertheimer and Leeper, Milham, and the three researchers from the University of Southern California, and observed that "the cluster of reports relating to acute myeloid leukemia is worrisome." The editorial went on to say, "Since all of us are exposed to some electrical and magnetic fields, and continuously to low levels of non-ionizing electromagnetic radiation, it is important to know what risks, if any, are entailed."

During the next three years, an excess risk of leukemia was discovered among electrical workers in New Zealand, Canada, and southeastern England, and among coal miners in the United States, who are intimately exposed to electromagnetic fields from power lines and transformers in tunnels and other closely confined areas. Indeed, by early 1986 fifteen out of seventeen surveys of electrical and electronics workers around the world showed a link between exposure to electric and magnetic fields and the development of cancer. Among them was a 1984 study showing that a significantly higher than expected number of white male residents of Maryland who had died of brain tumors between 1969 and 1982 had been employed in electrical occupations—electricians, electrical or electronics engineers, and utility servicemen. Further corroboration of this link came in 1988, when a study of men who had died of brain cancer in East Texas



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between 1969 and 1978 showed a significantly elevated risk for those men working in the communications, utilities, and trucking industries. Indeed, the risk for electric-utility workers was *thirteen* times that for workers who were not exposed to electromagnetic fields.

Milham's 1982 report in *The New England Journal of Medicine* and its subsequent corroboration by researchers in many countries finally began to arouse the members of the medical and scientific community from their lethargy concerning the health hazards of ELF fields. Samuel Milham is a tall, brown-eyed, dark-haired man of Lebanese descent, who was born in Albany, New York, in 1932. He got his medical degree from Albany Medical College in 1958, and in 1961 he received his master's degree in public health from the Johns Hopkins University School of Hygiene and Public Health. He then worked for five years as an epidemiologist for the New York State Department of Health, in Albany. There he set up a congenital-malformation-surveillance system in the state, which was based on routine examination of birth and stillbirth certificates and other vital records. It was the first such system to be established in the United States, and its success was soon measured by its quick detection of congenital malformations caused by use of the drug thalidomide.

During the early nineteen-seventies, Milham, who had gone to work in the Washington State Department of Social and Health Services in 1968, analyzed more than three hundred thousand death certificates of male workers in the state who had died between 1950 and 1971, and coded the occupation and the employer of each of them. One of the major findings of this analysis, which was partly financed by the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health, in Cincinnati, was that workers in the half-dozen aluminum-reduction plants then operating in Washington State were dying at a significantly increased rate of cancer of the lymphatic system and the pancreas. After several major aluminum producers refused requests from Milham that he be allowed to conduct follow-up studies of their workers, Dr. James P. Hughes, who was the medical director of the Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corporation, of Oakland, California, encouraged him to investigate the mortality among the workers at the company's Kaiser Mead aluminum-reduction plant, in Spokane. Milham quickly found that men in this plant were dying at an increased rate of lymphoma, Hodgkin's disease, and benign brain tumors.

"The fact that there was no great increase in lung cancer among these workers—especially those in the pot rooms—surprised and puzzled me," Milham said recently. "Aluminum-pot-room workers are exposed to benzopyrene—the culprit in cigarette smoking—because coal-tar pitch is used as a binder for carbon in the electrolytic reduction process. At the time I did my study, the prevailing wisdom in the aluminum industry blamed coal-tar pitch for the excess cancers in aluminum workers I had found. But although coal-tar pitch had long been recognized as a potent carcinogen, it had never been associated with lymphoma, so I knew that it couldn't explain why the pot-room workers were dying of lymphoma at about six times the national average, and that I would have to look elsewhere for an answer to the problem. One thing that jumped out at me was the fact that the pot-room workers were exposed to extremely powerful magnetic fields. These fields are generated by the tremendous, seventy-five-thousand-plus-ampere direct current that powers the electrolytic process, during which aluminum oxide is reduced to molten aluminum—they are strong enough to tear a monkey wrench out of a man's hand. For this reason, I decided to look through the death certificates of all adult-male deaths in Washington State between 1950 and 1979 to see if deaths from non-Hodgkin's lymphoma, as well as leukemia, might be linked to occupations with exposure to electromagnetic fields. The results of that analysis were the findings I published in *The New England Journal of Medicine* in the summer of 1982. I've since learned that non-Hodgkin's lymphoma is a type of tumor that often develops in people who have impaired immune systems, so it may turn out that magnetic fields promote cancer by weakening the immune system."

Not long after his letter appeared in the *Journal*, Milham undertook to study causes of death among members of the American Radio Relay League, with headquarters in Newington, Connecticut, a national group of a hundred and forty thousand amateur radio operators whose hobby exposes them to electromagnetic fields. By acquiring back issues of the League's monthly magazine and reading the obituary sections, he learned the names of two hundred and ninety-six male members from Washington State and sixteen hundred and forty-two male members from California who had died between 1971 and 1983. After obtaining death certificates for two hundred and eighty (some ninety-five per cent) of the Washington State members, and for fourteen hundred and eleven (about eighty-six per cent) of the California members, he analyzed the causes of death for the combined total of sixteen hundred and ninety-one according to the proportionate mortality ratio for 1976, and found excess leukemia among the radio operators. Particularly striking was the fact that deaths from acute and chronic myeloid leukemia were nearly three times as prevalent among these men as they should have been, whereas deaths from chronic lymphatic leukemia were not particularly elevated. This was significant, because acute and chronic myeloid leukemia are known to be caused by exposure to ionizing radiation, whereas chronic lymphatic leukemia is not as a rule caused by ionizing radiation. Also striking was the fact that ninety-seven—some thirty-five per cent—of the two hundred and eighty death certificates from the Washington State amateur radio operators listed occupations for them such as electrician, electronics technician, and radio operator, whereas those occupations account for only about three per cent of male deaths in the Washington State death file.

AT the same time that Wertheimer called Kavet's attention to Milham's study, she sent him preliminary data from a recently completed Swedish study that supported the association she had found between the development of cancer in children and the proximity of their homes to high-current wiring. The Swedish study had been conducted by Dr. Lennart

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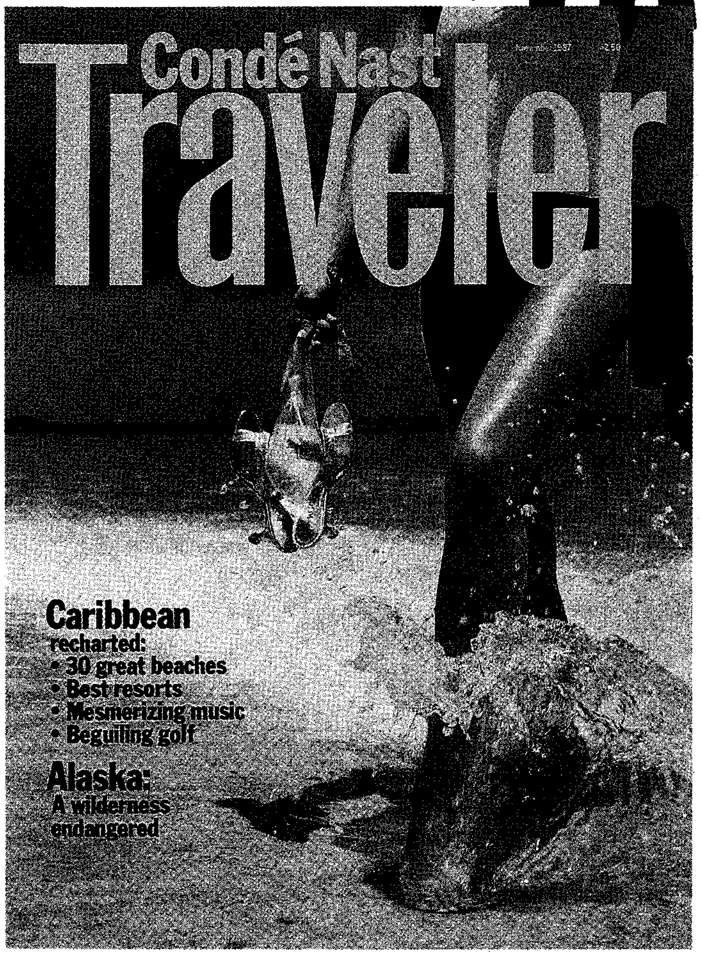

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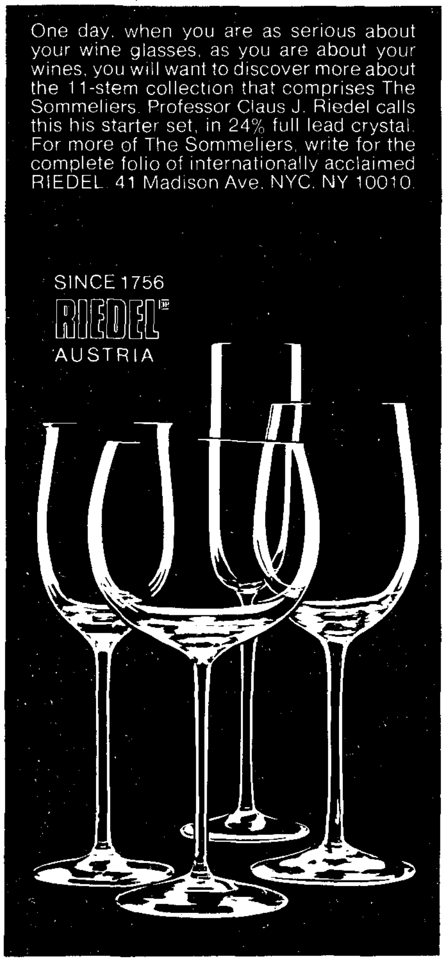
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Tomenius, a medical officer with the County of Stockholm. When he began his investigation, in the fall of 1979, he realized that Wertheimer's results might not apply in the County of Stockholm, because most of the electricity there is transported (as it is in New York City and many other metropolitan sections of the United States) in buried cables made up of closely packed and parallel distribution wires, whose current flow often tends to cancel out the magnetic fields they generate. Since Tomenius could not use a wiring-configuration code in these circumstances, he decided to measure the strength of the alternating fifty-hertz magnetic field outside the entrance door of each of the birth and diagnosis dwellings of young Swedish cancer victims, and to take note of any high-tension wires carrying between six kilovolts and 200 kilovolts, and also of any power substations, transformers, and electrified railways and subways that might be visible within a hundred and fifty metres of those homes. (In Sweden, as in most European countries, electricity is generated at fifty rather than sixty hertz.) He then collected the addresses at the times of birth and diagnosis of cancer for seven hundred and sixteen children up to the age of eighteen who were born in Stockholm County, and for each of these young cancer victims he selected a control individual, matched according to age, sex, and church district of birth.

In the end, Tomenius surveyed a total of two thousand and ninety-eight dwellings of cases and controls. He found that a hundred and ninety-six of these dwellings were within a hundred and fifty metres of high-tension wires, power substations, transformers, or electrified railways or subways, and that forty-five of them were within that distance of a 200-kilovolt transmission line. The average strength of the alternating-current magnetic fields measured at the entrance doors of the dwellings near the 200-kilovolt wires was 2.2 milligauss. When Tomenius analyzed his data, he found that twice as many of the homes of children who had developed cancer were near 200-kilovolt lines as were the homes of control children. Similarly, the incidence of cancer in children who lived in forty-eight homes where magnetic fields of three milligauss or more were measured was twice as high as that in control children.

Tomenius's study was not officially published until 1986, when it appeared in the journal *Bioelectromagnetics*. However, he gave a preliminary report of his findings at the International Symposium on Occupational Health and Safety in Mining and Tunnelling, which was held in Prague, in June of 1982, and it was this presentation that Wertheimer sent to Kavet at EPRI in September. As might be expected, she had a special interest in the results of the Swedish study. "It feels good not being out there alone anymore," she told Louis Slesin, the founder and publisher of *Microwave News*—a monthly report on non-ionizing radiation that is published in New York City—who interviewed her that autumn.

Obviously, Milham's findings and the Swedish study put pressure on officials of the New York State Department of Health and the members of the Power Lines Project's scientific advisory panel to have Wertheimer's childhood-cancer study replicated. Meanwhile, Wertheimer and Leeper had concluded their investigation of adult cancer and submitted a paper entitled "Adult Cancer Related to Electrical Wires Near the Home" to the *International Journal of Epidemiology*, put out by Oxford University Press, and publication was scheduled for December. When Wertheimer finished analyzing the data they had collected, she found that "the homes of cancer patients outnumbered control homes most clearly in the VHCC [very high current configuration] category, with the proportion of cancer homes diminishing over succeeding categories." She went on to say that "this suggests that a dose-relationship may exist between AMF [alternating magnetic field] exposures in this range and cancer," and she pointed out that the association between wires carrying high current and cancer "is quite clear and highly significant for cancer occurring in adults before age 55, but is much less impressive for cancers occurring at older ages." Wertheimer also found that people living near wires that carried very high current developed cancers of the nervous system, uterus, and breast as well as lymphomas more readily than people living near wires that carried lower current, or living far from any wires.

In a section of her paper entitled

"Discussion," Wertheimer analyzed her observations:

> In this study, adult cancer was found to be associated with residence at an HCC address. Although the association was highly significant, it was considerably weaker than the similar association we observed for childhood cancer. This does not necessarily mean that AMFs affect adults less than they do children; rather, it seems likely that, in adults, the years of exposure to environmental carcinogens, as well as to AMFs from various sources, all may affect cancer rates so strongly that the effect of residential HCCs is frequently obscured.
>
> In general, a small increment in cancer, occurring against a relatively high overall cancer rate, is difficult to demonstrate. Where the background cancer rate is low, however, that same increment will be more visible. Thus if there is a modest increase in cancer rate due to HCCs, it should be most visible in children, where cancer is generally rare; and it should also be more visible in young adults, where cancer is still relatively uncommon, than in older adults where cancer is frequent. This is essentially what we observed.

In the spring of 1982, Wertheimer sent an advance copy of the adult-cancer study to Greg Alvord, at the New York State Health Department, and early in 1983 the members of the Power Lines Project's scientific advisory panel commissioned Annemarie F. Crocetti, an epidemiologist and a clinical associate professor in the Department of Community and Preventive Medicine of the New York Medical College in Valhalla, New York, to evaluate Wertheimer's work and determine whether it warranted further investigation by the Power Lines Project. Crocetti, who received her doctorate in public health at Johns Hopkins, is highly regarded as an expert in the toxicity of heavy metals, such as cadmium, lead, and nickel, and she has long been active in efforts to reduce lead levels in air, soil, water, and food. In February, she travelled to Boulder and met with Wertheimer over a period of several days to discuss in detail the methodology, analyses, and results of the investigations that Wertheimer and Leeper had conducted. When she returned to New York, she told the scientific advisory panel that Wertheimer's data collection was "extraordinarily meticulous," but that she found the adult study to be flawed in terms of its selection of controls and in how it defined the length of time to which its subjects had been exposed to alternating-current magnetic fields. The childhood study, she felt, "presents relatively few problems," and she recommended that it be replicated as part of the Power Lines Project's research program. She also recommended that gaussmeter measurements of indoor magnetic fields be made, in order to validate Wertheimer's concept of using wiring configuration to determine their strength.

Shortly after Crocetti submitted her report, the members of the scientific advisory panel accepted her recommendation that the childhood-cancer study be done again, and also decided to look into Milham's finding that adult leukemia was associated with exposure to alternating-current magnetic fields. In September, they awarded a contract for a study of adult cancer to the Battelle Pacific Northwest Laboratories, and a contract for a replication of the childhood-cancer study to David A. Savitz, an epidemiologist at the University of Colorado's School of Medicine, in Denver. In doing so, they were fully expecting (as Dr. David O. Carpenter, the director of the New York State Health Department's Wadsworth Center for Laboratories and Research, who had been placed in charge of the Power Lines Project, later admitted) that Wertheimer's findings would not hold up, and that the new studies would finally lay them to rest.

NEARLY ten years had elapsed since Becker and his six colleagues on the Navy's advisory committee reviewed evidence that ELF electric and magnetic fields from Project Sanguine might adversely affect human health, and warned that a large segment of the nation's population might be exposed to even stronger fields from electric-power transmission lines. During that time, dozens of experimental studies here and abroad had shown that ELF electromagnetic fields produced biological effects in test animals, and the epidemiological studies by Wertheimer and Leeper, Milham, Tomenius, and others had suggested that alternating-current magnetic fields might be a cause of cancer in human beings. Doubters in the medical and scientific community had challenged the epidemiological studies on the grounds that they contained insufficient data on the intensities of the magnetic fields encountered in residential and occupational exposure, and that other potential causes of cancer, such as pollution, genetics, and diet, had not received adequate consideration. What bothered

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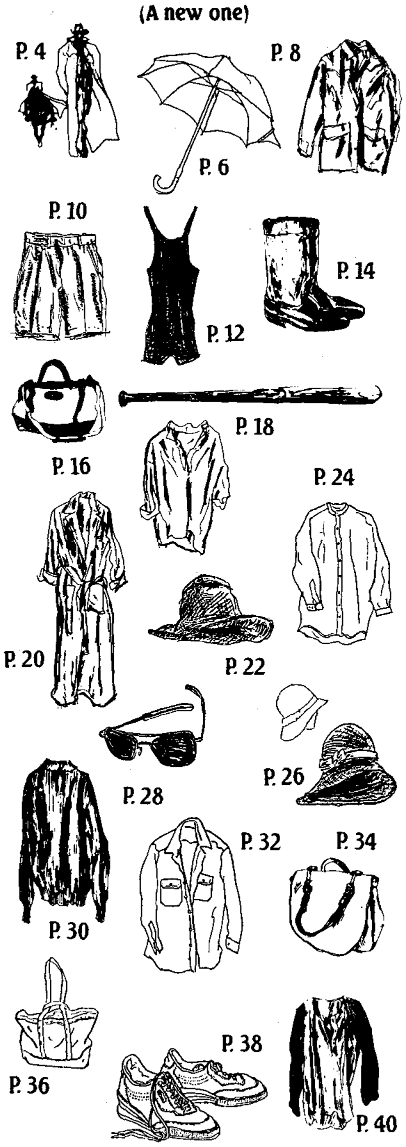

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them most of all was the lack of any theoretical ground upon which to support the hypothesis that the weak electric and magnetic fields generated by power lines could interact with biological systems at all, let alone pose a threat to human health.

As it happened, information that would help to explain the observed effects of power-line radiation had been in the process of development since the early nineteen-seventies, thanks to the pioneering efforts of an Australian-born scientist, Dr. W. Ross Adey, who had served on the National Academy of Sciences' committee that evaluated Seafarer. Together with colleagues at the Brain Research Institute of U.C.L.A., he had been investigating the interaction of weak electromagnetic fields with the outer membranes and the inner workings of brain cells. Adey is a lanky, brown-eyed man of sixty-seven with wispy gray hair falling over his ears, and a craggy, weather-beaten face. He has a wry sense of humor, a combative streak, and a marked inability to suffer fools gladly —indeed, a strong tendency not to suffer them at all—and he has not only survived the controversy, uncertainty, coverup, and political infighting that for two decades have characterized the field in which he works but also emerged as its leading theoretician and philosopher.

Adey was born and grew up in Adelaide, in South Australia. Like many children of the twenties, he was fascinated by radio, and as a teen-ager he built a large radio receiver and used it to record signals from the planet Jupiter. In 1939, he entered the University of Adelaide Medical School, and after receiving his bachelor's degree in medicine, in 1943, he served for two years as a surgeon lieutenant in the Australian Navy, where he became familiar with the techniques of radar. Following his service in the Navy, he went back to medical school in Adelaide and received his doctorate in 1949. He then went to England, and spent the next two years as a research fellow at Oxford University, studying anatomy and the physiology of the limbic system—the portion of the brain that is concerned with the expression of emotional and sexual behavior. It is also associated with memory, and damage to the limbic system can result in severe memory loss. After returning to Australia for three years, he came to the United States in 1954 and went to work as a professor of anatomy and physiology in the Department of Anatomy at U.C.L.A., and in 1961 he joined the university's newly formed Brain Research Institute.

During the early nineteen-sixties, Adey did groundbreaking work on the radio transmission of brain waves, placing in the skulls of test animals tiny transmitters that broadcast their electroencephalographic (EEG) waves to receivers. In 1965, he became the director of the newly established Space Biology Laboratory at the Institute, and over the next two years he and his colleagues performed extensive computer analyses of the EEG patterns of fifty astronaut candidates from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

Thanks to a series of experiments performed a few years earlier by Rafael Elul, an Israeli scientist who had taken a leave of absence from the Hebrew University–Hadassah Medical School, in Jerusalem, to work at the Brain Research Institute, Adey had learned that tiny, fluid-filled spaces between brain cells contained sugar-tipped strands of protein that protruded from the membranous surfaces of the cells. He also learned that the tips of the protein strands were extremely sensitive to positive and negative currents; they could be seen to sway in response to them.

"At that time, brain waves were widely regarded as being a general 'noise' in the cerebral system, and as having little or no direct physiological role in information processing," Adey recalled recently. "It was also believed that the excitation of nerve cells required powerful electric stimulation in order to overcome the tenth-of-a-volt electrical field that is known to be present at all times between the surface and the interior of every cell membrane. There appeared to be good reason for this, because the electric charge between the exterior and the interior of the very thin cell membranes, which is known as the membrane potential, is enormous. It is, in fact, equal to the charge of a two-hundred-thousand-volt power line if the power line, instead of being suspended fifty feet in the air, as is customary, were to be placed an inch above the ground. In such a case, though, the power line would, of course, instantly arc over and burn out. That gives some idea of the astonishing resistance to electrical current that is provided by the two layers of fat—together only a millionth of an inch thick—that make up the membrane of a cell. Indeed, the insulating quality of the tiny cell membrane is vastly more efficient than most, and perhaps all, man-made materials. The wonder is that every cell in the body functions from birth to death with this extraordinary electrical barrier at its surface. A major question to be answered, therefore, was how this could be so.

"Elul's work showed us that the protein strands protruding from cell surfaces might act as Trojan horses to permit extremely weak electrical and chemical signals to pass through the barrier of the membrane potential and reach the cell interior. It paved the way for us to consider the possibility that these strands might be sensitive to electrochemical breezes blowing across the cell membranes—much in the manner of a field of wheat waving in the wind—and to hypothesize that the rhythmic waves they were generating were not just general noise but intercellular whispering; in other words, the sound of brain cells communicating with each other in a private language. Since all brain waves, whether they are dominant EEG waves or the weak electric ripples emanating from the interiors of cells, travel as oscillations through the fluid-filled spaces—or gutters, as I prefer to call them—it was obviously important for us to know more about what was going on in these gutters. It was also necessary for us to learn more about the role of calcium, whose prevalence in brain tissue had fascinated me since my days as a medical student, and whose ions were known to play important roles in the transmission of nerve impulses in the brain."

During the middle nineteen-sixties, Ahron Katchalsky, a Russian-born molecular biologist and biophysicist from Israel, who was a member of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Neurosciences Research Program, investigated the binding of calcium, magnesium, hydrogen, and other important biological ions to artificial molecules that simulated the protein strands found in all living tissue. He discovered that calcium ions are bound more strongly to the protein strands than are most of the other ions present in the fluid-filled gutters of the brain. At about the same time, other scientists demonstrated that calcium might be involved in chemical changes taking place at the membrane surface. At that point, it became clear to Adey that if he was going to learn anything about the role of the cell membrane in brain chemistry he was going to have to investigate the binding and unbinding of calcium. So when the space program began to wind down, in 1970, he decided to pursue this line of inquiry in earnest.

The approach that Adey and his colleagues used in studying cerebral calcium was influenced by a study they had conducted for the government in 1967 and 1968, which, in turn, resulted from the discovery by the State Department, in 1962, that the Russians were beaming low-intensity microwave radiation into the American Embassy in Moscow. At first, it was believed that the microwaves were being directed into the Embassy to activate electronic listening devices hidden in its walls. It was soon realized, how-

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ever, that the Russians were transmitting at multiple frequencies that did not appear suitable for normal electronic-eavesdropping techniques, and by 1965 the motive for the Soviet microwave bombardment had become the subject of intense scrutiny by various American intelligence agencies, including the Central Intelligence Agency, whose officials suspected that the Russians were conducting research into the effects of microwaves upon human behavior. For security reasons, this scrutiny was carried on with the utmost secrecy, and was cloaked in the usual euphemisms. The microwave beams being directed at the Embassy were referred to as the Moscow Signal; the investigation of them was carried out under a highly classified research program called Project Pandora; and information about it was parcelled out on a strict "need to know" basis, which, as it turned out, excluded most of the State Department employees at the Embassy who were being irradiated. Some idea of what was afoot can, however, be gleaned from the fact that C.I.A. agents interviewed a number of scientists who were involved in microwave research, asking them such questions as whether it was reasonable to believe that microwaves beamed at human beings from a distance could affect the brain and alter behavior.

Project Pandora was placed under the direction of the Advanced Research Projects Agency (ARPA)—an organization within the Department of Defense which was then engaged in developing a wide variety of electromagnetic weaponry. In 1966, ARPA gave a number of research contracts to independent scientists to study the effects of low-level radiation in test animals. Among them was a contract awarded to Adey and some colleagues at the Space Biology Laboratory to investigate the effect of weak ELF electrical fields, oscillating at seven and ten hertz, on the brain waves and the behavior of monkeys. Together with Rochelle J. Gavalas-Medici, an experimental psychologist, and other associates, Adey conducted a series of experiments during which three monkeys in whose brains EEG electrodes had been implanted were trained to press a panel once every five seconds, and were rewarded with apple juice if they performed within a two-and-a-half-second interval. After the animals were performing satisfactorily, they were exposed for four hours a day to very weak, ten-volt-per-metre electric fields oscillating at either seven or ten hertz. Exposure to ten-hertz fields did not produce any marked change in the monkeys' behavior, but when the animals were irradiated with seven-hertz fields their ability to estimate a five-second interval was shortened by as much as half a second. Moreover, Adey and his co-workers observed increases in EEG intensity at both the seven- and the ten-hertz frequencies in the limbic system of the brain in all three monkeys. The increase indicated that the externally applied electric fields could drive the electrical activity of the brain, and thus produce a phenomenon called brain entrainment, which had obvious application for mind control.

During the early nineteen-seventies, Adey, Gavalas-Medici, and Suzanne M. Bawin, a Belgian-born research neurophysiologist, who was doing her Ph.D. work under Gavalas-Medici's supervision, studied the effects of low-intensity electric fields of seven, forty-five, sixty, and seventy-five hertz on the brain waves and behavior of monkeys. Their one consistent finding was that weak fields (some as low as one volt per metre) oscillating at brain-wave frequencies could produce significant changes in the EEG and in behavior. This finding was reinforced when they exposed live cats to very high-frequency (VHF) radio waves, of a hundred and forty-seven million hertz (147 MHz)—a frequency used by ham-radio operators—modulated at brain-wave frequencies. What they did, in effect, was to impose the slow ELF rhythm of the brain waves on the fast oscillation of the radio waves. They discovered that unmodulated 147 MHz radiation at a field intensity of one milliwatt per square centimetre had no biological effect, but that an ELF-modulated signal of the same intensity could powerfully change the pattern of the cats' brain waves at specific sites within the brain and at specific ELF frequencies. Among other things, this indicated to Adey and his colleagues that radio-frequency fields at power levels far below those necessary to induce the heating of tissue could produce profound changes in the electrical activity of the brain.

In 1974, Bawin, Adey, and Leonard K. Kaczmarek, a newly graduated biochemist from the Charing Cross and Westminster Hospital Medical School, at the University of London, exposed freshly removed chick brains to the same low-power, ELF-modulated 147 MHz field that had been used in the cat experiments, and found that exposure to specific frequencies between six and twenty hertz increased the release of calcium ions bound to brain-cell membranes and to their protruding protein strands by about twenty per cent, with a maximum effect at sixteen hertz. A graph of the results showed that the outflow of calcium followed a "tuning curve," with the peak of the effect at sixteen hertz and a lower effect at both higher and lower frequencies. (By way of contrast, the unmodulated carrier wave of 147 MHz produced no effect.) Thus Bawin, Kaczmarek, and Adey concluded that the phenomenon did not depend simply upon the intensity of the electromagnetic field but was sensitive to a narrow "window" of frequencies. In later work, Adey and his associates observed similar windowing with respect to a narrow range of field intensities and to lengths of time of exposure.

By the end of 1975, Adey and his co-workers had gathered considerable evidence to show that weak electromagnetic fields have a direct effect on the vertebrate nervous system. Their monkey studies had produced behavioral effects indicating that weak oscillating fields could result in modification of recall and of the ability to estimate time. Their experiments with chick-brain tissue and live cats indicated that weak fields could alter the flow of calcium from the membranous surfaces of cells and from their protruding glycoprotein strands, thus changing the chemistry of the brain. These findings led them to conclude that slow electrical oscillations within the forest of protein strands surrounding brain cells formed the basis of an independent cell-to-cell communication system, and to speculate that such oscillations might be the basis for changes in brain chemistry associated with the storage of information.

What remained unclear was how electromagnetic fields that were less than one four-thousandth the strength of the electric barrier provided by the membrane potential could act as an electrical stimulus capable of influencing the release of calcium and other chemicals from the surfaces of brain

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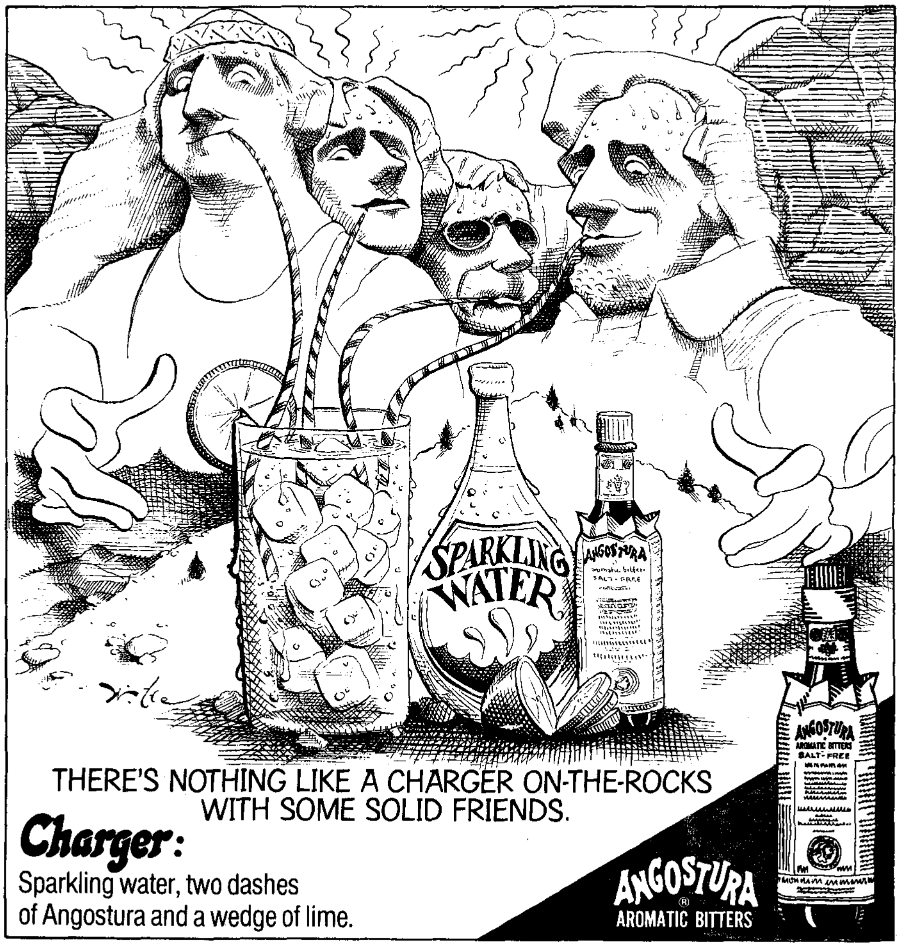
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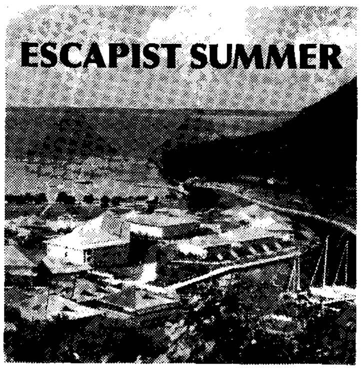

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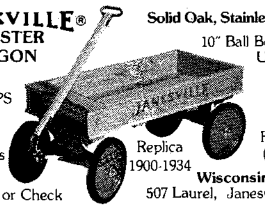

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cells. In an attempt to explain the mystery, Adey pointed out that, the membrane potential notwithstanding, a brain cell is so sensitive to fields that surround it that if one terminal of a one-and-a-half-volt battery were connected to a wire placed in the Pacific Ocean at San Diego and the other terminal to a wire in the Pacific Ocean near Seattle—about a thousand miles away—the cell would be able to detect the infinitesimal electric gradient of the resulting one ten-millionth of a volt per centimetre that would be produced in the intervening seawater. Adey then postulated that weak electromagnetic fields must be acting as triggers to stimulate and amplify a powerful system of coöperative interactions at the membrane surface. As for the reason that these electromagnetic fields did not elicit major disruptions of cerebral processes, such as producing perceptual distortion or interfering with judgment and decision-making, Adey suggested that, because each cell in central-nervous-system tissue generates its own very small electric field within its own immediate, tiny environment, an electric field originating outside the nervous system would be far too crude to disturb the complex intrinsic field within. In a paper written at the end of 1976, he drew an analogy with ocean waves: "Within a cubic meter of water at the ocean surface there are numerous local pressure gradients producing highly complex focal motions. Passage of a large tidal wave through the same region has relatively little effect on the major fluid movements within this small volume."

Up to this point, Adey's research at the Space Biology Laboratory had been financed almost entirely by NASA, ARPA, the National Science Foundation, the Air Force Office of Aerospace Research, and the Office of Naval Research. This circumstance undoubtedly influenced his decision to become a member of the National Academy of Sciences' committee formed in January of 1976 to evaluate the possible biological effects of the ELF electric and magnetic fields that would be generated by the Navy's Project Seafarer. At that time, he did not seem prepared to make a major issue of his opposition to the thermal theory of microwave and radio-frequency injury, which represented the mainstream thinking of the scientific community on the biological effects of non-ionizing radiation. Some observers note that Adey and his colleagues were just beginning to probe something profoundly revolutionary in the realm of science, and realized that there were many people in positions of authority and responsibility who might be capable of hindering the painstaking program of research they were about to start.

Whatever the case, when Robert Simpson, the attorney for the New York Public Service Commission, who had recruited Becker and Marino, asked Adey to testify about the biological effects of ELF fields at the power-line hearings, he replied that the issue was far too complicated for lawyers to handle, and that he wanted no part of it. He evinced a similar attitude when he was approached by a journalist at a scientific meeting in Boulder, Colorado, in 1975, expressing doubt whether readers would be able to grasp the difference between biological effects and biological hazards, and voicing concern that the great potential of radio-frequency radiation as a tool for studying the electrochemical workings of the brain might go undeveloped if there were too much adverse publicity. Over the next ten years, however, Adey changed his mind, as he came to realize that the ignorance of laymen and the possibility of adverse publicity posed nowhere near as much of a risk to the search for the truth about ELF electromagnetic fields as did the obfuscation of industry, the mendacity of the military, and the corruption of ethics that industrial and military money could purchase from various members of the medical and scientific community.

—PAUL BRODEUR

(This is the first part of a three-part article.)

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Who he?

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THE THEATRE

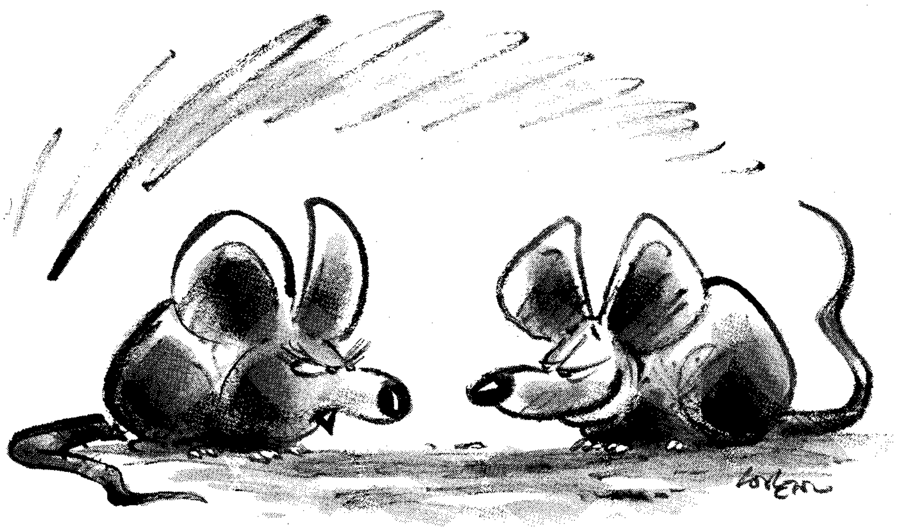
Cymbeline Undone

THERE are some of us who always felt that any production of Shakespeare, no matter how clumsy, was better than none at all. We were wrong, and have been defeated forever by the "Cymbeline" at the Public. This was my first exposure to the play, and I allowed myself the luxury of seeing it first and reading it later, impersonating, as it were, an Elizabethan (for three hours, anyway). A mistake; there is no play to see, and even the gallant synopsis tucked into the program is of little help. Under the perverse, all-thumbs direction of JoAnne Akalaitis, the performance is so relentlessly jokey that every opportunity for clarity or credibility, or even humor, goes by the board, and the structure, rickety at best, collapses in ruins. No story is told. Since many of the lines as spoken are unintelligible, much of the poetry is lost as well. Some emotion does break through the fog, though, in the person of Joan Cusack, who plays Imogen, daughter of King Cymbeline, a monarch of ancient Britain. She secretly marries Posthumus, a gentleman of the court, thereby enraging the wicked queen, her stepmother, who has expected Imogen to marry her doltish son. Posthumus is banished to Italy, falls in with a rogue named Iachimo, boasts of his new wife's virtue, and eventually agrees to a wager that Iachimo cannot seduce her. Enough of this.

The settings—gray-black-and-white projections by George Tsypin—are Britain, Italy, and Wales. The costumes, by Ann Hould-Ward, are Victorian. Why? Why not? The acting ranges from the barely adequate to the preposterous, but the actors, with Miss A. at the helm, can be considered more sinned against than sinning. Miss Cusack is lovely and romantic, but—again the circumstances cloud the opinion—in speech or deportment she is nowhere near ready for the ravishing role of Imogen. Nevertheless, she has a style all her own, and there is no doubt that there is an actress aboard. Jeffrey Nordling is O.K., I guess, as Posthumus—but a husband who bets on his wife's chastity doesn't seem to be any great catch, much less a hero. I enjoyed Frederick Neumann as an old man who twenty years before kidnapped the king's young sons and has raised them in a Welsh cave. Most of the others slip gently out of mind. The one exception to all this complaining is Philip Glass, who composed the fine score; his "Hark, Hark the Lark" rivals Schubert's.

You may someday see a worse "Cymbeline," but I doubt whether you'll see a duller or more humorless one. Non-vintage Shakespeare doesn't have to be a waste of time. All through "Cymbeline," I kept remembering a production in the Park, some years ago, of "Pericles." It was joyous, funny, and altogether delightful.

—EDITH OLIVER



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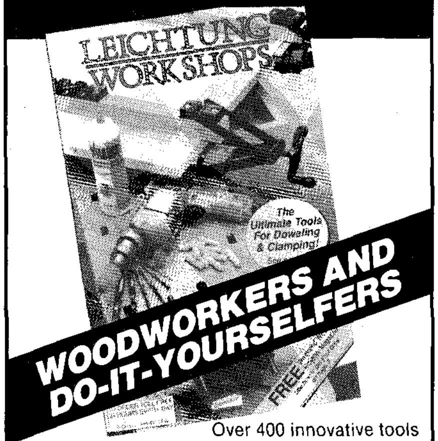
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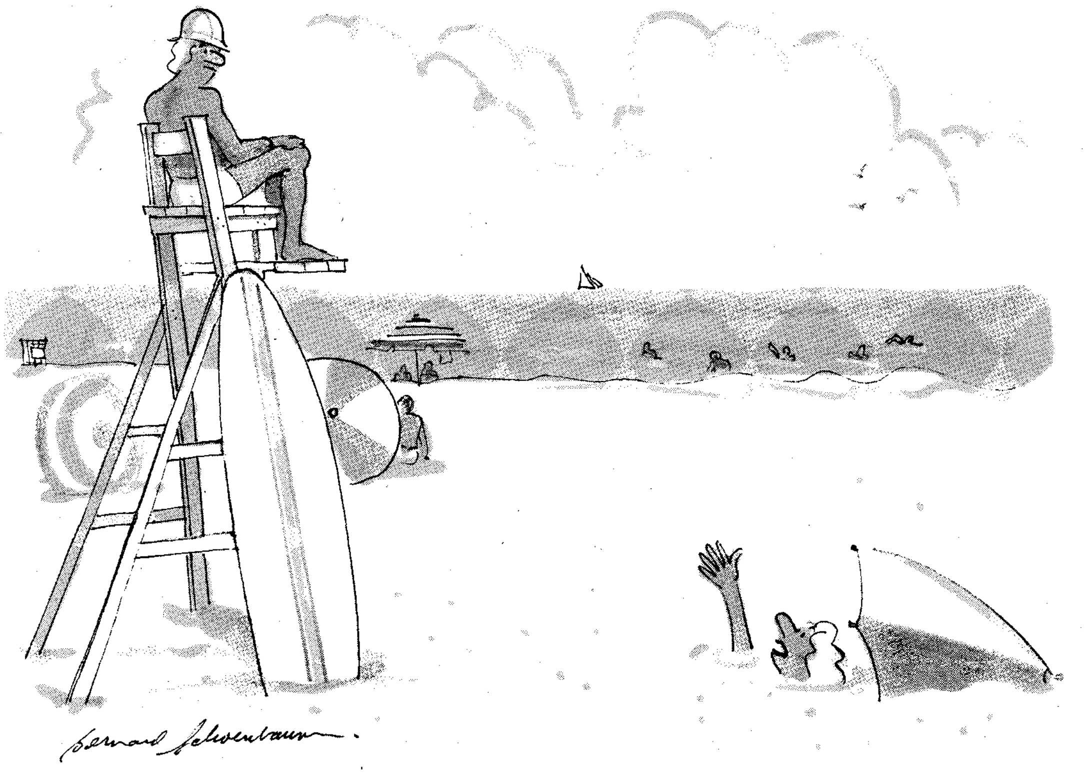
MUSICAL EVENTS

Flourishing Art

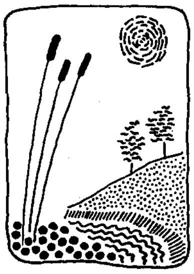
THE Brooklyn Academy's opera venture, which began with the Welsh National "Falstaff" and continued with Peter Sellars' Weill-Bach double bill, came to a splendid close with four performances of the Arts Florissants production of Lully's "Atys." I wrote about its première, in Prato, late in 1986. It has since been performed some forty times, in several cities—notably Paris, with runs at the Opéra-Comique—and has been recorded, on Harmonia Mundi. "Atys" reached Brooklyn with its cast—its alternating casts—intact, and not as routine but as a presentation so well rehearsed and secure that the singers, the instrumentalists, and the dancers could be as fresh, daring, and spontaneous as they wished. This is one of the most important productions of our day: a revelation of what early opera can offer to a modern audience when inspiring direction, skillful, stylish performers, and ample funds conspire. It was serious and accomplished in ways that the Met "Ring" was not. I am not suggesting that Lully's "Atys" is an opera more important than Wagner's "Ring." It is not that, but it does deal with serious matters: it tells (as does "Tristan") of love in conflict with loyalty and duty; it explores (as does the "Ring") human frailties in rulers of our world of whom we expect just decisions unclouded by personal partialities; it shows, at last, an existing order disturbed, overthrown, replaced by a new order. Atys, liegeman of King Celaenus, loves Sangaris, who has been betrothed by her father, the river god Sangarius, to Celaenus; and Sangaris loves Atys. Cybele, the Great Mother Goddess, who has fallen for the beautiful Atys, behaves like a jealous woman, not a female Jehovah, when she learns of his attachment to Sangaris. But at the close she enjoins universal veneration for the hero who at her hands has suffered so cruel a death. Cybele and Atys were great deities of the Roman Empire: Grant Showerman, the author of "The Great Mother of the Gods," calls them "a duality representing the relations of Mother Nature to the fruits of the earth."

Before this Arts Florissants revival, Lully used to be considered a shade dry, a shade dull; his successor, Rameau, was held in higher favor. Sure, there were a few hit tunes: "Bois épais," from "Amadis," which Caruso (and many others) used to sing; "Belle Hermione," from "Cadmus"; Charon's "Il faut passer," from "Alceste." But whole operas when they were revived tended to seem rather draggy. It needed William Christie, the musical director of Les Arts Florissants, to demonstrate that we had not really *heard* Lully before. Mr. Christie assembled a band with forces close to those which the composer commanded. There were fifty-four players in the Brooklyn performance, including six flutes, six oboes, and nine basses de violon. The instrumental *petit chœur*—a continuo group twelve strong, including two harpsichords and three lutes—had rehearsed along with the singers from the start, learning the music, the text, the drama, and its enactment in companionship with them. (In most modern opera productions, an orchestra gets "added" during the last few days of rehearsals.) So the recitatives were vivid and various, and the airs flowed. When the full band burst forth, it was in exciting, complex timbres that could hardly be guessed at from the plainer look of the printed score. Lully was an astonishing musical architect. His basic materials were those of Venetian commercial opera. The standard Venetian conventions—sleep scene, mad scene, lamento—appear. But Louis XIV's composer, unfettered by finance, treated them in his larger, grander way, more expansively and more spectacularly than Cavalli and his colleagues had done. When Atys succumbs to Cybele-induced sleep, his Agreeable Dreams were, in 1676, enacted by two players on *violle*, two on theorbo, six on flute (an Hotteterre clan was present), four solo singers, and eight dancers; and his Baleful Dreams by a chorus of twelve, eight different dancers, and another soloist. In the Arts Florissants production—with the French government, a regional branch, and various foundations providing support to approach that of a



"Help!"

new Louis XIV—those forces were nearly matched. The long sleep scene, enacted in gleaming costumes and with ravishing onstage timbres, was an enchantment. The company came to Brooklyn a hundred and fifty strong, with twenty-four soloists and a chorus of thirty-four. Eight figurantes were recruited to be Cybele's stately attendants.



The Harmonia Mundi recording, I know, has not won over all doubters among those who have heard but not yet seen the Arts Florissants "Atys." Other collaborators play their parts in the revelation. Francine Lancelot's choreography uses a seventeenth-century vocabulary to create new dances specific to the production. Her Ris et Danceries troupe—twelve strong, smaller than Louis XIV's company—powerfully enhances the drama, and she has also taught the singers and the chorus a physical rhetoric to match that of the music. Carlo Tommasi's set, planned for touring, forgoes the big transformations and the complicated stage machinery—aerial chariots bearing cohorts of singers and instrumentalists—of the original and lays everything within a spacious marbled salon, variously furnished to suggest the changing scenes. Its proportions are beautiful, its spaces dramatic. Patrice Cauchetier's costumes are lavish, detailed, and abundant, and seem to have been executed in costly stuffs. (In general, the mortals are clad in black and silver, the apparitions in jewelled colors and gold. When Atys is ordained High Priest of Cybele, he dons a gray silk soutane, lined with scarlet, of Lisztian elegance.) The lavishness of it all may give one pause. This "Atys" came here because France is celebrating the bicentenary of the French Revolution. An opera whose prologue glorifies Louis XIV, and which became known as l'Opéra du Roy, the monarch's favorite opera, may seem a strange choice to figure in such a celebration. But the performance told of a concern for high art which today is sustained only by regimes not quite given over to commercialism.

The staging, by Jean-Marie Villégier, intelligently blended historicism with a kind of Wieland Wagnerish formalism. It was neither period reconstruction nor modern stylization but contained elements of both in a nice balance. Some of the processions recalled the solemn rituals with which Wieland Wagner once invested Gluck's "Orfeo" (but they included an occasional "human" touch: a tardy chorister might scurry, with embarrassment, to his allotted place in a tableau). The allegorical prologue—did M. Villégier fear we might grow bored?—became a rehearsal with a stage director in charge. At first, this seemed a bit fussy, but it was neatly and amusingly executed. When the opera proper began, formalism and modern directness of action and reaction were combined. It is not the only way of presenting "Atys," but it proved to be a successful way. I continued to regret the presentation of Sangarius as a flighty, jolly old drunkard, sipping away at his bottle; the music of the buoyant divertissement to which he enters holds no warrant for such characterization. And the amplification of Alecto—who in the original simply flies in, at Cybele's command, from Hades, shaking her torch before Atys to drive him mad—into a prominent role, emphatically played by a male mime, seems to me mistaken. But these are quibbles. As a whole, the Arts Florissants "Atys" moves with wonderful sureness.

And one returns to the music: to the beauty of the sounds, the liveliness of the declamation, and Mr. Christie's sure pacing of long, linked movements. He is an ideal conductor, attentive to every turn of the score and to what is being created on the particular night, who needs use no more than his eyes and an occasional lifted finger to hold everything in place. Most of "Atys" is continuo-accompanied. The instrumental *petit chœur* and the singers work together, without conductorial intervention unless something is in jeopardy; then rescue comes swiftly. Each artist is encouraged to take a vividly personal approach, but the ensembles—duets, trios, and a tense quartet are among the glories of the score—are expertly balanced.

One "Atys" cast is in the three principal roles Anglo-American, the other Franco-Belgian. Howard Crook, the American Atys, has the prettier voice and the more graceful demeanor; Guy de Mey has slightly more force of

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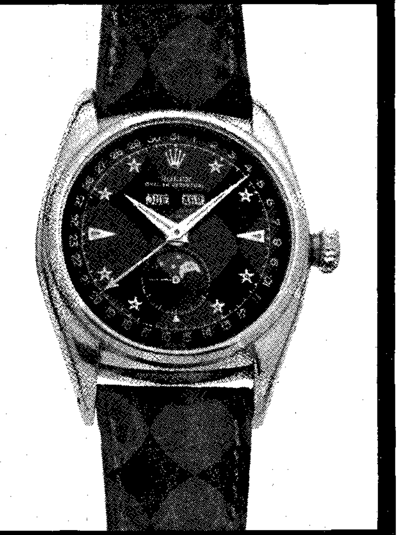

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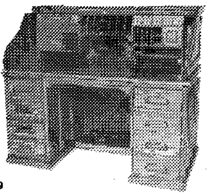


utterance. Ann Monoyios, the American Sangaris, is perhaps less spirited than Agnès Mellon, but into "Revenez, ma raison, revenez pour jamais"—a radiant solo set into the great fourth-act trio—she pours tone of consummate tenderness and beauty, even more affecting than Miss Mellon's. Jennifer Smith, the British Cybele, is large, grand, and imposing; Guillemette Laurens, the French Cybele, is even more touching in her poignant voicing of the goddess's words. Cybele, the Great Mother, is the protagonist. Act III ends with her long solo "Espoir si cher, et si doux," and the five-act opera ends with her leading the elegy for Atys. Both voices, Miss Smith's and Miss Laurens's, rang out, and so did the voices of the chorus. The two fine casts were not in competition; in different ways they brought the opera to life. Although Brooklyn's Opera House, which holds two thousand people, is nearly twice as capacious as any in which this "Atys" has previously played, Lully's opera came across.

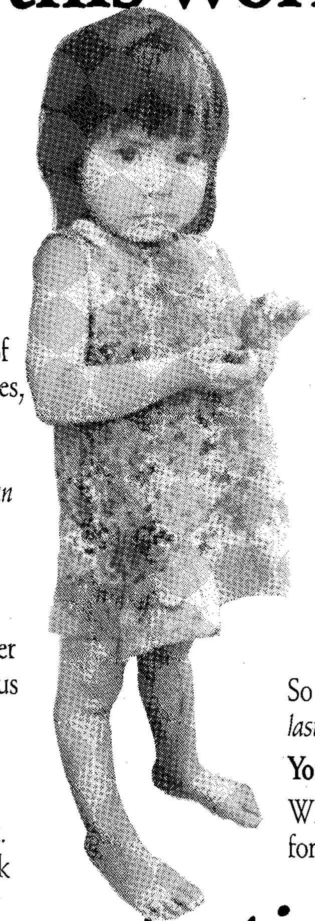
DURING the run of "Atys," another Paris-based French Baroque ensemble, Capriccio Stravagante, which is directed by the American harpsichordist Skip Sempé, made its American début, at an afternoon concert in Florence Gould Hall. It shares its string players with Les Arts Florissants (including Myriam Gevers and David Simpson, eloquent violon and basse de violon of the Arts Florissants *petit chœur*); and for this program Miss Laurens joined the ensemble. The music was part French, part Italian. Among the instrumental items, Biagio Marini's "La Foscarina," a Tarquinio Merula chaconne, and Giovanni Battista Riccio's ingenious "Eco," with onstage and offstage fiddles in dialogue, were outstanding. Miss Laurens sang more Lully (the Plainte Italienne from "Psyché," airs from the "Ballet de la Naissance de Vénus," the "Divertissement de Chambord," and the "Ballet des Muses") and also Monteverdi ("Et è pur dunque vero," "Tempro la cetra") with a feeling for the words, their color, their meaning, and the way decorations can reinforce that meaning which made her interpretations wonderfully compelling. In Luzzasco Luzzaschi's "Aura soave" and Frescobaldi's "Aria sopra la Romanesca" she produced dazzling decorations—divisions that were rapid, distinct, and eloquent. Her voice sounded bigger than it did in Brooklyn: Gould Hall's intimate, powerful acoustics—I saw eyes glance around, listeners wondering whether amplification was in use (it was not)—furthered the force of her singing.

A FEW days later, in Merkin Hall, the Boston Camerata and the Schola Cantorum of Boston performed Jean Gilles's Requiem, which was heard at its composer's funeral (1705), at Rameau's (1764), at Louis XV's (1774), and at that of many another famous Frenchman. Apparently, it is still to be heard in Paris churches. Four soloists, a chorus of sixteen, and a band of sixteen (thirteen strings, two flutes, and a little organ) took part. The Requiem, a striking piece, blends something of Lullian formality with the melodic gentleness and charm of a Fauré. A good way to be sent off! But the Camerata performance, directed by Joel Cohen, was dutiful, unfanciful. William Hite, the tenor soloist, began the Mass with a splendidly forward, arresting cry of "Requiem aeternam" but then subsided into meek marking of the music. Anne Azéma, the soprano, began the "Et lux perpetua" with fiery brilliance but did not sustain it.

The Mass was preceded by a carefully chosen program: a Gregorian antiphon, Charpentier's "Orphée descendant aux enfers" and "Pie Jesu," and the "Tombeau Les Regretz," for two gambas (which were not well played), by Sainte-Colombe. Whoever edits the Merkin program books must blush: not even the little information available about Sainte-Colombe was offered. Elsewhere, chunks of text were missing; and we were told that Louis XI was "laid to rest to the sounds of" the Gilles Requiem. Louis XI died in 1483, and Gilles was born in 1668—rendered as "1688" in the program book, which would make the Requiem the work of a prodigy who died at the age of seventeen. More important than misprints, however, are acoustics: this concert demonstrated once again how urgently Merkin Hall needs to enter into regular partnership with one of the churches nearby, to house programs that call for full, warm sound and apter ambience.

—ANDREW PORTER

How can you possibly help all the needy children in this world?



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DANCING

The Little American Girl

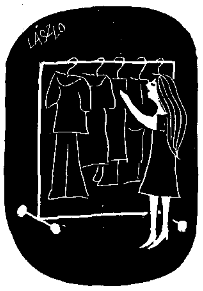
THERE has always been a Katzenjammer Kid in Twyla Tharp, and in a new piece called "Bum's Rush" she lets it out. The structure is like that of a strip cartoon with characters going nowhere and doing nothing in particular: if they dance, it's more to entertain themselves than to communicate; if they speak, they don't make a lot of sense. The piece, which is part of an all-Tharp evening being presented by American Ballet Theatre, honors the low comedy of long-ago vaudeville and circus acts. What makes me think of the Sunday papers is the surrealism of some of Tharp's images. You see a rubber tire lying there on the stage and getting pumped up, seemingly, by itself; then it walks off on point. Shelley Washington, in clown getup, addresses another clown (Richard Colton): "John! John! Jah-ah-ah-ah . . . "—and she draws the vowel out at the top of her lungs as she pins him to the ground and gives him a good shaking. Then (and here's what only the Sunday-pulp surrealists could have imagined) the whole bit goes into reverse: "Nah-ah-ah-ah . . . adge!" with action suited to sound. Knowing Tharp, I'd guess that retrogrades play a big part in the movement scheme of "Bum's Rush," but it's not something you notice. The movement style is such a mixture of things and the scene-to-scene continuity so wayward that you have all you can do to stay with it.

"Take no prisoners, dear."

Tharp recently joined the staff of Ballet Theatre, and a number of her dancers, all of whom are in "Bum's Rush," were taken into the company. I don't know that "Bum's Rush" was actually planned as a déclassé sequel to "Push Comes to Shove," but it has the look of one. "Push Comes to Shove" was the piece that, in 1976, began Tharp's association with Ballet Theatre and with Mikhail Baryshnikov. There was a vaudeville spirit to "Push," but it was lighthearted and debonair. The tone of "Bum's Rush" is flat and implicitly derisory, in the crude style of the tank-town circuits, where "art" dancing could be seriously presented one minute and gagged up the next. Gil Boggs, who performs the "Baryshnikov" role in "Bum's Rush" (and very well, too), is as close as the piece comes to having a straight man. Everyone else is some kind of Tharpian variant of a pulp stereotype: the Philosopher (Colton), the Termagant (Washington), the Kid (Daniel Sanchez). Sanchez also composes, with Kevin O'Day and Jamie Bishton, a Neanderthal trio whose specialty is convulsive gesturing, shrieking, and gibberish. Santo Loquasto has outfitted the piece in junk sculpture and tattered red velvet drapes, and Dick Hyman has provided a ragtime score with a full complement of honks, whistles, and other sound effects, including the cracking of bones when the Ballerina (Elaine Kudo) is hoisted into improbable positions. The momentum of "Bum's Rush" never flags. One could wish at times that it did—when that gibbering trio is on, for instance, or when Washington goes into her duet with Colton, laughing hysterically with every lift. At such moments, the piece seems to go out of control; vaudeville disappears along with what I think is Tharp's true subject, American Dada, and instead we get this dose of seventies-style psycho-ward humor.

At its best, though, "Bum's Rush" functions like an American version of "Parade," Diaghilev's pop-art ballet of 1917, with music and sound effects by Erik Satie. Those of us who would have liked to see the Little American Girl danced by Twyla Tharp (the Joffrey revival of "Parade" was on the boards at the time that Tharp was creating her Joffrey ballets) are indirectly rewarded by what she has invented here. The piece is a variety show made up of varieties of incoherence, and it leaves you hanging, much as I imagine "Parade" did in its day. I'm bound to say that nothing in "Bum's Rush" seems to me as enjoyable as the Little American Girl. In fact, none of the "acts" of which the piece is composed are as striking as the raucous and anarchic energy of the whole. That's the original, irreplaceable Tharp contribution. When Tharp invests her energy in the creation of abstract dances or, as here, freakishly nonsensical assemblages, she hits the mark. When she tries to tell an intelligible story, as in another new piece, called "Everlast," she becomes entangled in imperatives that have nothing to do with her style or with her special gift for deranged metaphor.

Tharp not only tries to tell a story but tries to tell it with songs, and in a particular way with particular songs. "Everlast" is a mini-musical built along the lines of the Princess shows composed by Jerome Kern between 1915 and 1924. Kern songs are sung from the sidelines while the dancers—a large cast headed by Susan Jaffe (as a bored heiress), Kevin O'Day (as a rube champion boxer betrothed to the heiress), and Anne Adair (as a serving maid who idolizes the champ)—mime their way through a plot that could have been concocted by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse. The "Princess" shows—small-scale, swiftly paced "character" musicals whose form was dictated by the intimacy of the Princess Theatre—initiated the *Gesamtkunstwerk* tradition that dominated Broadway for the next fifty years. In singling them out for tribute, Tharp seems to be expressing a commitment or, at least, an attraction to that tradition at its most enchantingly rigorous. But rigorous is just what "Everlast" isn't. The songs lack specific plot connections and consistent period flavor. When a song does make a story point—for example, when the maid, disguised as a boy, coaxes the champ into a friendly boxing match in order to buck him up—the song ("Pick Yourself Up," 1936) is likely to be of the wrong vintage. Roughly half of the Kern compositions that Tharp has assembled postdate the Princess period; worse, they *sound* it. "In the Heart of the Dark," from "Very Warm for May," is unalterably deep-purple 1939, and "Put Me to the Test," written for Gene Kelly to perform in "Cover Girl" (1944), evokes nothing and nobody else.



In Kern there was supposed to be no such thing as an unrelated song; a song either carried the emotional burden of a show or pointedly provided relief from it. And though the Bolton-Wodehouse books were fantastic, they were purposefully constructed. They created wittily symmetrical characters and situations that gave the two types of song full play; they framed and buttressed and bridged the songs with talk. The score of "Everlast" welds song inexorably to song, and Tharp has all of them sung. (Judy Blazer, Jason Graae, and Molly Wasserman are the singers, grouped around a piano.) With no dialogue, and with minimal "continuity" to set them off, the songs and their lyrics constitute a kind of shadow plot that pulls our attention from the plot proper. Tharp really could have done without this constant flow of sung verbiage. And she makes more trouble for herself by including a subplot. I never did figure out who the Two Busybodies, danced by Washington and Kathleen Moore, were supposed to be or why they insisted on dressing up the champ's corner boy, Sanchez, as a general. Even if things like this did happen in the Princess shows, they wouldn't have happened while a song like "Till the Clouds Roll By" was being sung.

Jerome Kern—his songs, his era, and his roseate nostalgia for other eras—seems about the last subject that would interest Twyla Tharp. Along with having wanted to see her as the Little American Girl, I have sometimes wished there could be a grand-scale revival of "Show Boat" with dances by Tharp. Who could resist the riverboat shuffle this choreographer could create with the theatre throbbing to "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man"? But Tharp doesn't seem to have any temperamental attachment to the pastel Kern of the Princess period. With a script by James Jones, she achieves a surface verisimilitude. The hero and the serving maid meet cute: she spills champagne on him; he leaves his cap behind, and that gives her the idea of masquerading as one of his handlers; and so on. In "You Never Knew About Me," which comes soon after the champagne incident, the two lovers-to-be confess, while disavowing, their feelings for each other. Tharp lifts both the song and the situation from the 1917 show "Oh, Boy!" But "The Things I Want" (from the 1937 movie "High, Wide and Handsome") is not only musically but psychologically anachronistic. Danced by O'Day before a cyclorama as shadows of the two principal women loom over

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him, it has a neurotic spirit alien to the champ's character as Tharp has established it, and to the character of Kern's music as well.

Even when Tharp's instinct in regard to staging the songs is correct, it is undermined by the speed she goes at. "You Never Knew About Me" happens too suddenly; everything happens too suddenly. Tharp's time sense seems to be operating on a different standard from the one on which events take place in the theatre. It's not merely that she's trying to project delicate, pinpoint meanings over vast distances. (The Princess had three hundred seats, and, as everyone knows, the Met has three hundred thousand.) Condensing what for Kern would have been a two-hour show into forty minutes, and doing without dialogue and without performers who sing as well as dance, might not seem such folly if Tharp had found a new form and dealt with it on its own terms. Probably "Everlast," a ballet whatnot, would have been better off as a movie or a television show. It is filled with visual information that cameras were designed to put over—especially at the beginning, when a bunch of headlines are lowered and spotlit one at a time to give us the background of the plot. (Jones, the author of several screenplays, teaches a film course at Columbia that Tharp took last year.) As the scenes change and painted drops keep floating down —they are by Loquasto, and there seem to be a hundred of them—the plot becomes unfollowable. Only when Tharp stops the action for a solo or a pas de deux or a chorus number—only when she puts on Dancing instead of Story—can we focus on what's happening. The most mind-jamming moment comes when the champ writes a love letter and it, too, is lowered before us, in all its illiterate splendor, and the various terms in which Tharp has tried to express her aspirations for "Everlast" crash head on. We have (a) what should be a movie insert but, because of the overintricate illiteracies, would be (b) hopelessly illegible in any medium, accompanied (remember, this is a musical) by (c) "Katy-Did," complete with its tricky lyric—a song you listen to for the *words*.

Though "Everlast" (the title comes from a line of boxing trunks) may yearn to be a movie, its most persuasive feature is the performances of the three principals, which belong to the stage. The characters are stock types that Hollywood in the silent era would have had no trouble casting, and Hollywood was no doubt Tharp's inspiration. But she has directed Jaffe, O'Day, and Adair with attention to the human core of each type, and it is they who strike the show's note of authenticity—and who validate Tharp's obsession with the material. For Twyla Tharp is no pop-culture vulture. Her love of the American past is as evident in "Everlast" as the mystery of why she saddles herself with so many obligations to it.

The remainder of the program offers a more comfortable view of Tharp's talents. "Quartet" is twelve minutes of straight dancing, arranged for four Ballet Theatre soloists in her familiar hyperbolic style. The assortment and the profusion of ideas are as absorbing as ever, and the dancers distinguished themselves, especially Jaffe, whose clear-cut movement expositions here followed her limply petulant heiress in "Everlast." The score, a string quartet by Terry Riley, all in one movement and one tempo, was played on tape by the Kronos Quartet. As a closer, the company has mounted a production of Tharp's last major hit, "In the Upper Room," to music by Philip Glass. With its messianic lighting, by Jennifer Tipton, and its driving rhythms, contained, like Riley's, in one tempo, the piece went down well at the Met; audiences were electrified. It's too early to say what Tharp's formal association with A.B.T. may mean, but in terms of dance energy she is already having an impact. Alessandra Ferri, Ricardo Bustamante, and Jeremy Collins were the other dancers who looked good in "Quartet," and roles in the Glass piece were gratefully taken by A.B.T. dancers, among them Kathleen Moore, Cynthia Anderson, Dana Stackpole, Danilo Radojevic, and Robert Wallace.

—ARLENE CROCE

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Headline in the Waterbury* (*Conn.*) *Republican*]

HIGHER FERTILITY RATE YIELDS MORE BIRTHS

•

Big companies are aggressively buying weekly newspapers. Perhaps 50 percent of the nation's 7,600 weeklies are now independent, compared with an estimated 50 percent a decade ago.—*The Times.*

Another trend dies aborning.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JUNE 1

THE atmosphere in this city is fetid: mean, vengeful, and also frightened. Until yesterday, when Jim Wright offered his resignation, the fall of the Speaker of the House, dramatic as it may be, had been almost lost sight of amid the rumors, plots, and predictions of what more is to come. The sudden announcement, last Friday night, that Tony Coelho, Democrat of California and the Majority Whip, who was expected to seek to succeed Thomas Foley, Democrat of Washington and the Majority Leader, who was expected to succeed Wright, would resign from the House rather than go through a lengthy examination of his own financial conduct stunned almost everyone and set in motion still more maneuvers and speculations. A great many people seem to have lost their balance, and sense of proportion. Rumors sweep this city like flash floods; never mind whether anyone has the slightest idea whether or not they are true. No one wants to be left out on what might be the story of this or that House member, whether or not there is anything to the story. These days, a great many conversations begin with "I hear that . . ." And thus a rumor is spread. Smears occur in the media. There is a kind of confusion now about what is important and what is not, and about the much discussed subject of "ethics."

It is widely said that the fall of Wright and Coelho shows how low the ethical standards here have become; on the contrary, both episodes show that there are rules that are enforced against even the most powerful. Those rules, largely written in the mid-nineteen-seventies, set limits on the outside income members of Congress could earn and the ways they could earn it, and tried to define what constituted illegal gifts. It is those rules that tripped up Wright. That some tightening up of those rules still remains to be done is of course true, but it is unquestionably the case that in the category of "ethics" Congress is, on the whole, cleaner than it has ever been. Members accepting honoraria of two thousand dollars (before the nineteen-seventies, there was no limit on the amount) from interest groups in exchange for a speech, or even just showing up, is a practice that could be got rid of if an atmosphere could ever be established in which members could vote themselves a pay raise. The far more serious problem than honoraria is the current system of financing congressional campaigns, which forces members who are facing any sort of challenge—and leads some who aren't—to go perpetually begging for funds, and into prostitution.

Wright's position became untenable within the last month, as stories about other possible ethical difficulties kept appearing. Among the potentially most serious matters was Wright's investing a hundred thousand dollars in a company, Jewell Enterprises, which deals in nursing homes and had at the time a stake in pending legislation; Wright borrowed the funds with the help of an executive of Jewell Enterprises. Meanwhile, the House ethics committee continued to investigate an oil deal—the Sabine Lake project—on which Mallightco, the Fort Worth company co-owned by Wright and his wife, Betty, and George Mallick, a Fort Worth businessman and Wright benefactor, and his wife, made a huge and quick profit. And Wright suffered a serious blow three weeks ago when John Mack, his top and closest aide, was forced to resign as a result of the furor set off by a Washington *Post* piece about Mack's having brutally bludgeoned a young woman sixteen years ago. Wright had hired Mack after Mack served two years in a county jail; at the time, one of Wright's daughters was married to Mack's brother. Though many in the House and much of the press had known the story (it had come out a couple of years ago), the *Post* piece set off a tidal wave of anger that Mack (and Wright) could not withstand. And Wright himself undermined whatever credit might have been due him for giving a young man a chance at rehabilitation by saying, amid the furor, that he "was not told the details of the crime."

Some Democratic House members say that the Mack story stirred up more constituent interest, and rage, than any of the other stories concerning Wright. Democrats who had been saying that Wright should have his opportunity to explain his side of the story to the ethics committee (and the public), and who were concerned about the ambiguity of certain charges the ethics committee had brought against Wright, became impatient, and even angry, with him for putting them all under a cloud for so long. Increasingly, they wanted him to get the thing over with. There is a misconception around that Wright's problems paralyzed the House and prevented it from getting on with its legislative business. In fact, the House, like the Senate, has had little legislative business to conduct. The Bush Administration has sent it few initiatives, and the Democrats, who are having an identity crisis, aren't sure what it is that they want to do. Nonetheless, the Wright affair was a distraction for House mem-

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bers, especially the Democrats. One Democrat said to me a couple of weeks ago, "Can you believe we're talking about this when there's a revolution going on in China?" Since the Wright issue wasn't registering much with their constituents, their concern with getting the thing over with grew less out of political fear than out of weariness with the matter. A Democrat of middle seniority and no particular animus toward Wright said to me recently, "Members want to get this off their psyche. They want a new leader—someone they respect—to take over. They want to be rid of it." The expectation that Foley, who is highly popular within his party, would take over increased most Democrats' desire to make the transition.

WRIGHT'S difficulty in grasping the reality of his situation toward the end was of a piece with his behavior all along—and with what got him into trouble in the first place. He is a throwback to another era, a time when his misdeeds would not have seemed so serious, would not have even been considered misdeeds. A House Democrat said recently, "He's not in touch with the times or his colleagues." For a while, Wright had settled on the unwise strategy of trying to blame his troubles on Richard Phelan, the outside counsel retained by the ethics committee to conduct the Wright probe. In large part, according to one of Wright's colleagues, he did this because he could not believe that his own Democratic colleagues who serve on the ethics committee would vote, as they did, to bring charges against him. Wright apparently did not and still does not believe that he has done anything wrong. But Wright's lashing out at Phelan implied that Phelan had succeeded in duping the committee, and this, of course, did not sit well with the committee members. In fact it caused the committee's chairman, Julian Dixon, Democrat of California and a steady man (otherwise he wouldn't have had this position), who had tried to be fair throughout, to feel that he had to defend the committee more strongly than he might have. A House Democrat says, "Jim often acted on a visceral level, and he couldn't accept that his colleagues would do this, so it was Phelan, it was the media—it was somebody else." By a couple of weeks ago, House Democrats began to say, not for attribution, that it was time for Wright to go, and last week a few let their names be attached to the sentiment. Even some of his colleagues in the Texas delegation began to ask how he could continue to put his colleagues and his party through this.

Yet on some level Wright began to understand a couple of weeks ago that he couldn't escape all the charges against him. His attorney, William Oldaker, and Robert Torricelli, Democrat of New Jersey, who had taken up Wright's cause (other members felt that Torricelli was seeking publicity and the gratitude of some of the senior and most powerful House members), told Wright that while he might succeed in fending off charges that he and his wife had accepted illegal gifts from Mallick (a car, use of a condo, and a salary for Betty Wright), he stood no chance of winning on the charges that he had deliberately exceeded the limit on honoraria through bulk sales, largely to interest groups, of his book with the now ironic title "Reflections of a Public Man." Moreover, they told Wright, he would probably be subject to disciplinary action on the House floor—which would be humiliating and could well lead to the end of his Speakership, because there was no likelihood that the House would overturn the ethics committee if it voted a sanction against him. Wright gave permission to Torricelli and Oldaker to sound out the ethics committee on some face-saving solution, and, at Dixon's request, Louis Stokes, Democrat of Ohio and the previous chairman of the ethics committee, acted as a go-between for Wright and the committee.

Inevitably, Wright was receiving conflicting advice and seemed himself conflicted about what to do. Facing the end of one's public career, not long after having attained the third-highest political office in the land, was excruciating. So it was not surprising that Wright tried to elude his fate. But he had some other things to consider: if he did not go soon, the ethics committee would probably expand its inquiry into other matters, and one of Wright's strongest defenders believed that the nursing-home matter was potentially far more serious than any of those on which the committee had already brought charges. And Wright had to consider that the Justice Department might come into the picture. (On Tuesday, it was confirmed that the department was conducting a criminal investigation of Wright's finances.) So even before one of his new attorneys, Stephen Susman, of Houston, argued along with Phelan before the committee, on Tuesday of last week, on Wright's motions to have the two major charges against him dismissed (that Mallick had a "direct interest" in legislation and therefore gifts from him were illegal, and that the book deals were a scheme to evade the limit on honoraria), Wright was beginning to think about how to make his exit.

The argument before the committee on the motions to dismiss was largely pro forma. If Wright lost on either motion and did not resign, the committee would have proceeded to the "trial" phase, in which it would hear Wright and others and decide if there was "clear and convincing evidence" that the violations it had alleged that Wright had committed had actually occurred. In any event, it was doubtful the committee would back off and sustain either of Wright's motions: this would have required certain committee Democrats who had gone way out on a limb, and at least one committee Republican (who would have been eviscerated by his colleagues), to say, in effect, "Never mind," or, "Oh, I didn't think of that." (It is for this reason that a number of members of Congress would prefer that one group bring the charges and another decide whether there is "clear and convincing evidence.")

But before the committee had a chance last week to make a decision on the motions to dismiss the charges, Wright stepped up his attempt to deal, or allowed people to deal on his behalf. On Wednesday, with Wright's explicit permission, Torricelli and Oldaker sounded out Phelan on whether the committee would coöperate in giving Wright a dignified exit. What Wright wanted, it was said, was to be able to leave the Speakership and the Congress with no official charges next to his name. Wright's representatives proposed that the committee drop the charge that Mallick had a direct interest in legislation before 1986 (by which time Betty Wright had left his employ) and hold in abeyance the issues of Mallick's role after 1986 and of the book royalties. Vindicating his wife was of paramount importance to Wright (and perhaps his wife). In exchange, Wright would agree to step

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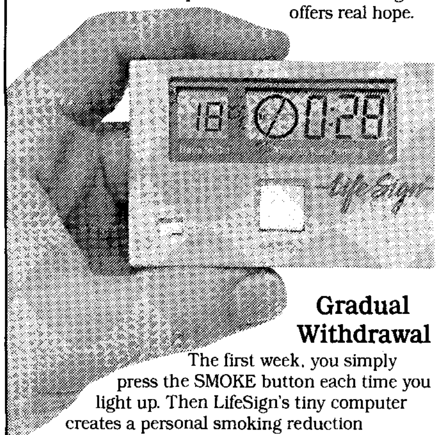

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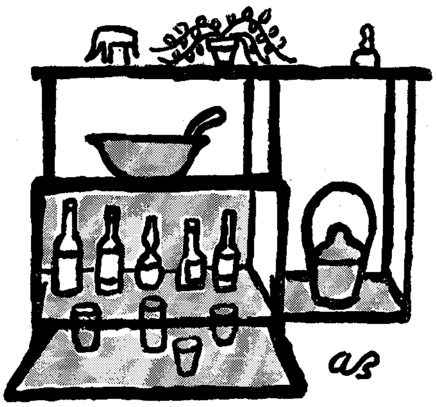
down from the Speakership after a decent interval, of about a week. Further, he would resign from the House by the end of June. (Otherwise, the committee would continue to have jurisdiction over him.) But Dixon, knowing that Wright was vacillating, was wary. By this time, he didn't think he could trust Wright, and also resented Wright's continuing to use the Speakership to protect himself. So, on behalf of the committee, Phelan asked that Wright resign within a day. At one point, Foley, who was in a most awkward position, was brought in as a go-between, to give the committee Wright's word that he would resign if the charges were lessened.

In fact, there was a sharp division among Wright's advisers over whether he should resign or fight it out; among those who were arguing against resignation was Susman, who was just beginning to become famous. Clark Clifford, who had been brought in to advise Wright, and his partner, Robert Altman, also argued that Wright should fight it out. (A Democratic congressman says that Clifford was apparently unaware of the collapse of Wright's political situation.) As, in the course of last Wednesday, news of the negotiations leaked (Democrats think the Republicans were attempting to sink the negotiations), both sides backed off. Neither wanted to appear to be plea-bargaining. Dixon announced that evening that the committee would go into recess until the Thursday after the Memorial Day weekend. The unspoken point was that this gave Wright time to cool off and get out before the committee met to consider his motions to dismiss, and the widespread belief here was that he would announce his resignation as Speaker yesterday and his departure from Congress some time after that. Several of the Speaker's allies assured others that Wright would resign yesterday.

THE quietude of the Memorial Day weekend was shattered early when, on Friday night, Coelho stunned a great many people by letting it be known that he would resign from Congress on June 15th. Coelho's troubles had begun when the Washington *Post*, in mid-April, in a front-page story, reported that Coelho had purchased a hundred thousand dollars' worth of junk bonds, not generally available to the individual investor, through Drexel Burnham Lambert (which was having its own legal problems) and suggested that the purchase had been improperly financed through Coelho's campaign funds. Coelho denied the *Post's* report that campaign funds had been used but said that in checking out the facts he had discovered that he had failed to disclose that he had borrowed fifty thousand dollars to finance half of the junk-bond purchase, and likely had underpaid income taxes on the gain he had made from the junk bonds. It also turned out that the loan had come from a California bank that was one of Drexel Burnham Lambert's major customers. Coelho, who had been a major fund-raiser for House Democrats, appears to have succumbed to the temptations of being around wealthy people who want to be helpful. A smart and very partisan man, Coelho had been a target for Republicans for some time. The National Republican Congressional Committee, whose role it is to get more Republicans elected to the House, had been gunning for him, dishing out negative material about him and slamming him for having been publicly supportive of John Mack in the *Post's* story. Coelho, who had been expressing his unhappiness with the House, and the attacks on him, saw things coming he didn't look forward to (how many things we may never know), so he took the decision to get out. His doing so further scrambled the picture for the Democrats' leadership struggles—actually, a number of Democrats had been saying that the choice of a new Majority Leader should be put off for a while, since they didn't want to promote someone (Coelho) who was under an ethical cloud—and won him the gratitude of his fellow Democrats. It also put more pressure on Wright.

Meanwhile, Dick Gephardt, Democrat of Missouri, emerged as the favorite to become Majority Leader after Foley became Speaker. Earlier in the year, there had been a small move to have Gephardt run for Speaker after Wright resigned, but Gephardt's associates let it be known that he was still interested in running for the Presidency, and believed he couldn't do both. Moreover, it would have been graceless for Gephardt to take on Foley, who had campaigned hard for him last year. A friend of Gephardt's says that now that Gephardt knows how much money it takes to run for the Presidency, another race in 1992 was "a sobering prospect." Another friend speculates that Gephardt, who had been in the House leadership before he ran for the Presidency, saw this opening as a way to "restart" his career within the House. (Gephardt has pledged that if he becomes Majority Leader he will not run for the Presidency in 1992.) Then, to top it off, CBS reported on Tuesday that William Gray, Democrat of Pennsylvania and chairman of the House Democratic Caucus, who was running to become the House Democratic Whip, was the subject of an F.B.I. criminal investigation into his financial dealings. Later that evening, Gray angrily denied the story, saying that the F.B.I. was conducting an investigation into his staff but had explicitly told him that he was not the subject of the inquiry. The inquiry is apparently into whether someone on Gray's staff was being paid for a no-show job (for which, under the rules, Gray would be accountable).

Because of the suddenly scrambled picture, House Democrats spent much of the Memorial Day break on the phone, and key Democrats denied that just because two of its top three House leaders had fallen their party was in crisis. On Sunday, Newt Gingrich, Republican of Georgia, who had put in motion the processes that had led to Wright's downfall, said that "another nine or ten" House Democrats would be found to have violated House rules on ethics. Gray himself, alluding to the recent conviction of an Ohio Republican congressman, Donald Lukens, for having sex with a minor, said on "Face the Nation" in response to Gingrich, "I'm not going to equate the Republican Party with the problems of Congressman Lukens and his recent criminal conviction, nor will I say the Republican Party is characterized by the ethics rendezvous that Mr. Gingrich



has. . . . So I think what we've got to stop doing is the smearing of hundreds of people by the actions of one." A Republican ally of Gingrich said to me later that Gingrich's statement was in part "bravado," with Gingrich saying in effect that if the Democrats came after him his guns were loaded. A complaint against Gingrich had already been filed with the ethics committee about Gingrich's own book deal, in which investors donated over a hundred thousand dollars to Gingrich (and his wife) to promote Gingrich's book; when the book failed to sell, the investors took a tax loss. Democrats argue that the promotion money was a gift.

Foley has let it be known that he hopes that the House will soon return to focussing on legislation, and he is seen as a conciliating figure (unlike Wright) who is liked on both sides of the aisle. But whether more partisan bloodletting over ethics can be headed off is in doubt. Some House Republicans have wanted to call off the warfare, but aren't quite sure how to do it. They had considered, before Coelho announced that he would resign, trying to arrange a swap of leaving Coelho alone in exchange for leaving Gingrich alone, but once the complaint against Gingrich had been filed with the ethics committee they didn't know how to do that. A Republican involved in these discussions says, "We should have learned from Wright how difficult it would be." This man pointed out that various other members might have ethics problems, and said, "How do you go after the Speaker and leave them alone?" Meanwhile, Lee Atwater, the Republican National Committee chairman, said that the House should have to vote on the ethics problems of Wright and Coelho, which was of course the last thing that the Democrats wanted to do.

Wright, after spending the weekend in seclusion with his wife, emerged Tuesday, making Delphic statements about when he would resign. He indicated that he didn't wish to resign before the ethics committee voted on his motions to dismiss the two big charges, apparently thinking that it might still dismiss the motion having to do with who has a "direct interest" in legislation. But this would leave him with one set of charges against him, and some of his advisers tried to tell him that he could not win the motion if

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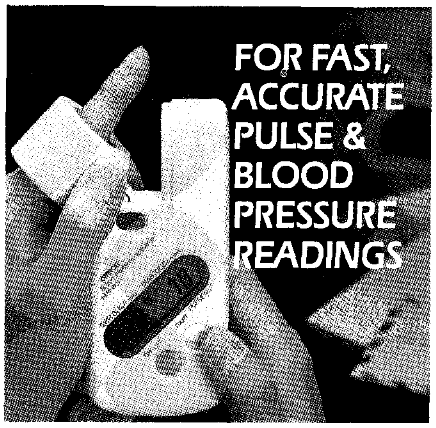

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he didn't agree to resign. A House member says that Wright was always "behind the curve," seeking solutions that were no longer obtainable. By yesterday morning—the day most people had expected Wright to resign—some of his advisers were very forlorn, hardly able to believe that Wright might let the issue go over until next week. Wright was described by one of his advisers as angry at Coelho for going so precipitately and receiving so much applause for it. (The impending funeral of Representative Claude Pepper, Democrat of Florida and a champion of the elderly, who died Tuesday at eighty-eight, might, it was thought, complicate matters.) Yesterday, Wright told the Texas delegation at lunch that he would make a statement on the House floor at four o'clock that day.

Watching Wright's speech, delivered from the well of the House, was a wrenching experience. Here was a man forced to give up the job of his life, for reasons he still didn't comprehend. Looking haggard and speaking for nearly an hour, Wright rebutted the ethics committee's charges against him, and seemed, since he was giving only his side of the story, almost convincing. To the extent that we know what he had done, he hadn't engaged in high crimes or grand larceny. He had, however, engaged in a pattern of behavior that violated the spirit, and perhaps the letter, of the House rules—behavior that could not be tolerated in a House leader. He had also made many enemies, which did not help him. His case leaves behind it some ambiguities about what exactly the rules do say, which will have to be resolved. But by this time everyone, including Wright, *knew* that it didn't matter what he thought; he was simply trying to apply a coat of paint to the wreckage of his public career. Alternately passionate, angry, humble, and defiant, his voice rising and falling with the cadences of an old-time orator, Wright defended his wife (saying that she had indeed earned her salary from Mallightco by giving it investment advice and that the car and the condo came with the job), himself, and also his hiring John Mack. (Of his wife's work for Mallightco, Wright said, "Is a woman's mental study and her time and her advice not to be counted as a work product?") He did the best he could with the book sales, perhaps inadvertently injecting a note of humor when he compared his own small royalty earnings to the advances given on such books as "Mayflower Madam." Decrying the growing role of negative campaigning and personal attacks, the resort to "vengeance," his voice rising, he cried, "All of us in both political parties must resolve to bring this period of mindless cannibalism to an end." For this, the Democrats gave him a standing ovation. Quietly, he apologized for anything he may have done to bring on the current atmosphere, and then he said, in a line that must have caused him agony, "Let me give you back this job you gave to me as a propitiation for all of this season of bad will that has grown up among us." He announced that he would resign as soon as a successor is named and called a Democratic caucus meeting for next Tuesday (to allow time for Pepper's funeral), and said he would leave the House by the end of June. Many members felt drained, and slightly uncomfortable, when Wright had finished speaking.

WHILE a great many Democrats felt relief at the news that Wright would resign, they remained very uneasy. A number of them saw the leaks out of the Justice Department, especially in regard to Gray, as a sign that the Republicans were using the department for political purposes, and were set on destroying as many Democratic leaders as possible. One Democrat speculated that the Republican political strategists (including Atwater) had decided that they didn't want a black to be able to challenge Jesse Jackson, as Gray might have. "It's the Nixon Administration all over again," this congressman said, and others shared his view. One middle-ranking Democrat whom I had been speaking to throughout the Wright affair said to me yesterday, after Wright made his speech, "I don't think this is the end of anything. In many ways, it's only the beginning of something. The possibility of reprisals and counter-reprisals is very great. If this goes on and on, it may not matter who ends up in the majority. This place won't be able to function. A lot of people are going to decide not to go into politics. People need to sit back and think whether they really want to be in a killing field, which is what we're headed for now."

—ELIZABETH DREW

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Hiccup

A FRIEND of mine who's in his early fifties and is eminent in his field says that when he grows up he wants to be Sean Connery. He doesn't mean the smooth operator James Bond; he means the bluff, bare-domed Connery of "The Man Who Would Be King" and "The Untouchables" and now "Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade." Connery's physical presence is assured, contained, insolent; that's what makes this burry Scotsman a masculine ideal. In "The Last Crusade," Connery, in a droopy mustache and a trim grayish-white beard, is Indiana Jones' scholar father, a medievalist who's too engrossed in his studies to pay much attention to his daredevil son's archeological adventures. Tweedy and distracted, in the manner of a Victorian pedant, he's the only surprising note in "The Last Crusade."

"I look for humor in whatever I'm doing," Connery has said, and he finds it here in his byplay with the man he calls Junior. Harrison Ford is a master of double takes, and Connery keeps occasioning them. He rags the two-fisted Indy as if he were still a kid, and uses paternal authority to outrank him—even to the point of slapping him in the face for using "Jesus Christ" as a swear word. Professor Henry Jones, Sr., is the only man alive who isn't in awe of Indiana Jones.

Each of the two stars carries associations from his past roles; their scenes together are so charged with personality that the atmosphere of parody is almost flirtatious. Connery isn't a subtle actor, but as a presence he has phenomenal subtlety. And he can be silly: He can introduce little-boy mischief, and his masculinity is never in doubt. Amusing himself, he gooses this entire movie along. Ford is a little dull until he has Connery to play off. Then they nudge each other skillfully, and the director, Steven Spielberg, knows just when to cut to the father's sheepish stare, the son's wolfy grin.

The Connery-Ford clowning distracts us from the doldrums of punches and chases and plot explication. The movie isn't bad; most of it is enjoyable. But it's familiar and repetitive—it's a rehash. It makes you recall the old-Hollywood wisdom: If they liked it once, they'll love it twice. The action simply doesn't have the exhilarating, leaping precision that Spielberg gave us in the past (before he became apologetic about it). Great Spielberg action is so brilliant it spooks you; it makes you want to cheer—you leave the theatre laughing at your own excitement. Here Indy punches out so many people that you weary of the amplified sound of fist against flesh. ("Indiana Jones" is this summer's "Roger Rabbit," but this time there's no distinction between live action and animation.) You watch chases by speedboat and motorbike, tank and airplane and dirigible (it's 1938), but you don't feel kinetically caught up in them. Vehicles keep exploding in flames—who cares?

Right at the beginning, in Monument Valley in 1912, when Indy as a Boy Scout (played by River Phoenix) rescues the jewelled "Cross of Coronado" from archeological looters and, escaping from them, hops onto a circus train, falls into a vat of snakes, grabs a whip from the lion's cage, and is cut on the chin, we laugh in hip recognition that we're seeing how the adult Indy acquired his phobia, his weapon, and his scar, even though there's no real wit in it. And we never get a clear idea of why the head looter resembles the adult Indy, or why Indy adopts the outward tokens of this looter—the brown fedora, the leather jacket. We see the looter give Indy a bit of approval (something he never gets from his father). Is that meant to be enough cause for Indy to turn the looter into some sort of good-bad-guy ideal and to reject his father's soft-tweed-hat tyranny? Spielberg doesn't seem to want the scenes to snap into clarity; he may think this fuzziness is artistic ambiguity. Even a complicated big scene of Indy and a blond art historian (Alison Doody) trapped in a Venetian catacomb that's full of rats isn't shaped satisfyingly. Most of the staging is shabby, routine. (A church stained-glass window that figures in the plot is so glaringly inauthentic you half expect the fakery to be the point.)

MOVIES
Westman

A few images make an impact: Indiana's horse is magnificent in motion, his eyes rolling, his mane flying; the vertical compositions that show the ancient city of Petra, which was carved into the rock mountains of Jordan, leave you wanting to see more. I like the device of Indy's father and friends looking down a cliff to what they think is Indy's grave while he has climbed up and is behind them, trying to see what they're looking at. It's a good gag—I've always liked it. And there are funny, wiggy bits, such as Alison Doody's last scene, when, after being misdirected almost consistently, she goes out in glory, with glittering eyes and a lewd smile. But the only real spin is in Connery and Ford's slapstick.

Their teamwork can't save the movie from the tone deafness that has been afflicting Spielberg's work ever since he became a consciously inspirational director, as in his dreadful whimsy about rejuvenation in "Twilight Zone—The Movie," and as in "The Color Purple" and "Empire of the Sun." (Offering mystical guidance seems to be his conception of a step toward becoming mature and responsible.) This third film of the Indiana Jones trilogy is virtually a reprise of the first one ("Raiders of the Lost Ark"). Spielberg and his associate George Lucas, the producer, appear to be retreating to the pulpy sincerity of "Raiders" as a way of dodging the rocks thrown at the second film ("Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom") for being "horrific." They've taken the "Raiders" mixture of cliff-hanger and anti-Nazi thriller and religious spectacle even further. Now the Nazis are after the Holy Grail—the cup that Jesus drank from at the Last Supper, which was used to catch the blood that spilled from the spear wound in His side. In the film's theology (which is murky at best), the Grail heals mortal injuries and confers eter-

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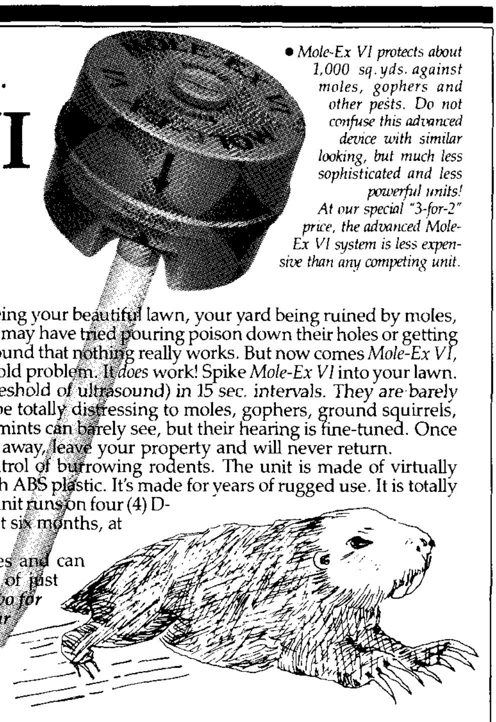

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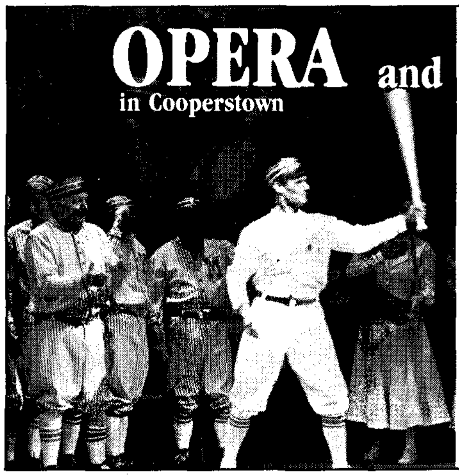

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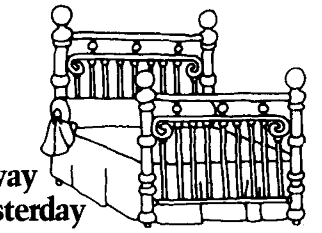

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nal life on anyone who drinks from it. (This is a rejuvenation whimsy, too.) And the script by Jeffrey Boam, based on a story devised by Lucas and Menno Meyjes, shows us that Indy and his father, in their search for the Grail, find each other. Their search is also a search for the divine in all of us, and John Williams' grandiose score tips us when the searchers are getting hot.

For a while in the twenties and thirties, art was talked about as a substitute for religion; now B movies are a substitute for religion. (The pulp adventure is the Grail. Connecting with your dad is the Grail.) And Spielberg hokes up his B movie by using the Connery-Ford teamwork for "heart." (He's trying to put back the heart he literally took out in "Temple of Doom.")

Spielberg wants us to feel the two men's yearning for the father-son relationship they've never had. And to bring them together he invokes pop Christian symbolism without any apparent awareness that this may be offensive to those of other faiths or of no faith—probably to some Christians, too. Isn't it offensive to him? During a miracle scene, when Denholm Elliott (as the museum curator who is Indy's superior) crosses himself, it's like a hiccup of old M-G-M.

"The Last Crusade" is jarring every time it impinges on religious mythology or historical events—as in a scene of a Nazi rally, with a huge bonfire of books. Spielberg wants to show his reverence for books, but the slick staging may make you think that his entire knowledge of history and culture is filtered through movies. (A man who loved books wouldn't be likely to have approved this follow-the-dots script.) And when he mixes Saturday-afternoon-serial death-defying stunts with "real" feelings that we associate with his own life (such as his pain at having been separated from his father), the movie feels awkward. It's a joke to us that Indy can never please his father, because we see Indy's wild-ass fearlessness. (In a carefree moment, he shoots three men with one bullet.) Indy isn't just relentlessly victimized by one physical attack after another; the verbal abuse he receives from his father—the fiercely robust Connery—adds a second dimension. It's almost as if Indy were being attacked *personally*—there's a giddiness to it. His being treated as a butterfingered kid is better, more original, than the serious archetypal-

Oedipal theme the movie is attempting.

Spielberg seems willing to throw anything into the stew (there's even a man who's more than seven hundred years old), but the joyous sureness is missing. He must have begun to distrust his instincts—to think he was doing the wrong thing. Directors who made big commercial hits used to feel guiltless, but Spielberg is too anxious, too well intentioned; he thinks it isn't enough to give the audience pleasure. Trying to give it what he feels he owes it (wisdom), he softens and sentimentalizes the action. And, of course, he's being congratulated for his new, grownup approach: members of the press are responding to the jump from the goofball connotations of "Temple of Doom" to the important sound of "Last Crusade." This mediocre movie seems destined to be a tidal wave of a hit. Spielberg, who was perhaps the greatest of all pure, escapist movie directors, is being acclaimed for turning into a spiritual simp.

USUALLY, when an actor plays a freak you can still spot the feet-on-the-ground professional. Nicolas Cage doesn't give you that rootedness. He's up there in the air, and when you watch him in "Raising Arizona" or "Moonstruck" it's a little dizzying—you're not quite sure you understand what's going on. It could be that this kid—he's only twenty-four—is an actor before he's a human being. That would explain his having had two front teeth knocked out for his role as the mutilated Vietnam vet in "Birdy"; it would explain his eating a plump, wriggling cockroach in his new film, "Vampire's Kiss." These things may not seem very different from Robert De Niro's going from a hundred and forty-five pounds to two hundred and fifteen pounds to play the older Jake La Motta, and De Niro could also be said to be an actor before he's a human being, but they go in different directions. De Niro swells and thickens and sinks down; he walks heavy—he's formidable. Cage strips himself, he takes flight, he wings it. I don't mean to suggest that he's the actor De Niro is—only that, in his own daring, lightheaded way, he's a prodigy. He does some of the way-out stuff that you love actors in silent movies for doing, and he makes it work with sound.

In "Vampire's Kiss," he's the whole show. As Peter Loew, a New York

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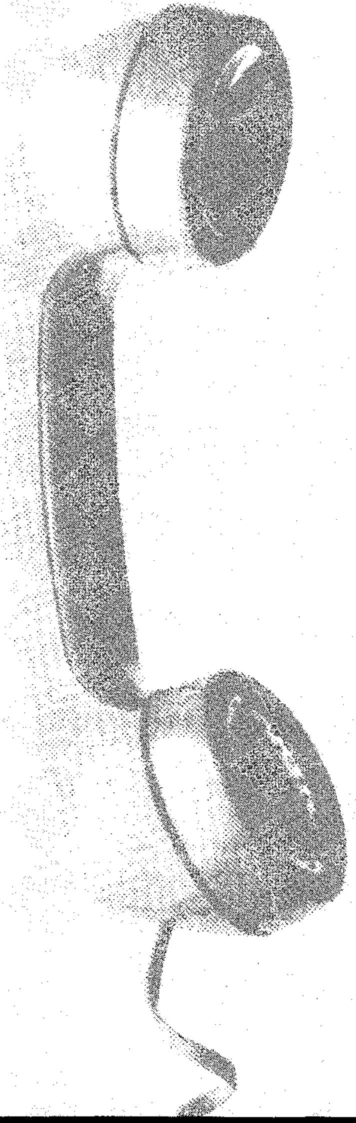

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literary agent, he's a fop, a pin-striped sheik with moussed light-brown hair and a pouty, snobbish stare. He talks in a poseur's high-flown accent; it's bizarre and yet right for the character. Locked into all that affectation, Loew has no way to make connections with anyone.

He's all raw, shattered nerves. He takes out his irascibility and his uppity sense of power on his scared, foreign-born secretary (Maria Conchita Alonso), the only person who has a sense of how weird he is; nobody believes her—people tell her all bosses are mean and crazy. But this one is really mean and crazy. His voice gets very high when he's bawling her out; he doesn't feel any need to hide his hysteria from her—he lets himself work up a rage. When he talks to his therapist (Elizabeth Ashley), she isn't alert to how quickly he's coming unstuck.

Loew is so impressionable he has begun to believe that Rachel (Jennifer Beals), a chic seductress he has met, is a vampire who feeds on him. He's sure that he himself is turning into a sunlight-fearing bloodsucker, and he doesn't understand why he hasn't grown fangs. He goes to a novelty store, buys a cheap plastic set, and begins to wear them. And his hair becomes lank, his body is crouched over; he comes to resemble the emaciated, miserly-looking vampire of Murnau's 1922 "Nosferatu," which he watches on television. He gets that rodent, phantom look.

The title "Vampire's Kiss" may lead you to expect an erotic comedy, and when you first hear Loew's swanked-up Ed Grimley diction you may wait for it to swing into a Transylvanian lisp, but, despite the Manhattan milieu, this is somewhere between a horror picture and a black comedy. It may be the first vampire movie in which the modern office building replaces the castle as the site of torture and degradation. The picture was written by Joseph Minion, who wrote Scorsese's "After Hours," and this script, too, suggests the avant-garde shorts of the twenties about a young man trapped in a nightmare. Once again, the women (and Loew picks up some dazzling beauties, among them Kasi Lemmons as Jackie) are essentially figures in his fantasy world, rather than characters. The young British director Robert Bierman, who also did the creepy, terrifying HBO film "Apology," works well with the performers, and an eerie score, by Colin Towns, and the cinematography, by Stefan Czapsky, help to suggest a madman's city. Yet, the picture seems to crumble. That may be because the writer and the director don't distinguish Loew's fantasies from his actual life. Rachel is wonderfully accessorized, with dangling earrings that pick up the highlights on her fangs, but we need to get some tipoff to the difference between the fanged Rachel and the real one, and to what makes her different from the other women he meets. Why does he feel she's drinking his blood? The Hemdale people, who backed the film, made cuts—especially in Loew's sessions with his therapist—and, from reports of people who saw the director's version, key material was removed.

Whether the flaws are the fault of the moviemakers or the money men—and I've never known the editing by money men to improve a picture—we miss seeing how and why the lonely phoney gives in to his delusions. But with Cage in the role we certainly see the delusions at work. This daring kid starts over the top and just keeps going. He's airily amazing. At Loew's maddest, Cage's head is held back on his neckless body and his eyes bulge out like loose marbles. And this apparition is somehow a plausible part of the singles nightlife and the Manhattan street world.

There's a little caustic humor in the fact that Cage doesn't give Loew a single likable quality. When Loew meets Jackie at a bar and condescendingly asks what she does, she says she's a director of personnel. Asked what he does, he replies, "Literature." You look at that spoiled face and you never have to think, "Oh, the poor bastard." I liked the scene in which his lovemaking with Jackie is interrupted by an enormous bat (it looks as big as an owl) that flies into his apartment. He says "Shoo!" to it helplessly, and as Jackie goes out the door she laughs and mimics his "Shoo!" Later, when he's telling his therapist about the incident, he says that he was fighting off the bat and he had this new feeling: he was aroused by the bat. The possibility of its arousing him is less amusing than his saying he fought it off. That's how a wimpy male talks after he goes "Shoo!"

—PAULINE KAEL

LETTER FROM ROSTOV-ON-DON

ON a clear, starry evening in early March, several thousand people assembled at the Palace of Sport in the city of Rostov-on-Don, some six hundred miles south of Moscow, to watch a performance by a Soviet comedian named Yevgeny Petrosyan. The air was just crisp enough to frost the breath as they waited to get in, milling around a fountain in the plaza in front of the arena. In one corner of the plaza, two men had set up an open charcoal fire and were grilling shashlik on skewers for people looking to buy a quick supper. A breeze picked up the smoke and blew the aroma of roasted meat lightly over the crowd. Moments before the show started, the arena staff opened two or three of the building's many narrow doors. The people quietly surged forward, jammed shoulder to shoulder as they waited for those in front to trickle through the bottlenecks, created for the convenience of the ushers taking tickets. No one complained.

For Rostov, the show at the Palace of Sport that night represented one of the fruits of the political changes that Mikhail Gorbachev has introduced in the Soviet Union. No one I spoke with could remember a local appearance by the nationally popular Petrosyan back in the days when state agencies provided all the city's public entertainment. One of the private-coöperative businesses that have sprung up during the last year in Rostov had booked him for this appearance. Tickets cost three rubles and fifty kopecks each—nearly half a day's pay for many people—but the arena was full, from the rafters down to folding chairs set up on the concrete floor in front of the stage.

Petrosyan, a short, elegant, dark-haired man, wore a precise navy-blue suit and a snowy-white shirt. He bears the title Meritorious Artist of the Russian Soviet Federated Socialist Republic, which means that at some time in the past the cultural authorities reviewed his work and found it exemplary. No state agency, though, would have been likely to approve the jokes that Petrosyan and his troupe of supporting comics told on this particular evening. In earlier years, such jokes were circulated by dissidents, and ordinary people might repeat them across their kitchen tables, but they would not have been heard in a public performance. Now they were booming through the amplifiers in the Palace of Sport.

On medicine: "Our health care is getting better under *perestroika*. We have the best diagnosticians in the world. What they treat you for, you die of."

On proletarian internationalism: "I know where our food is. It has gone to the developing countries of Africa. In return, they promise to follow the path of socialism. Then we buy bread from the Americans for gold, which helps them follow the path of capitalism."

On the growing Soviet minority population: "We did a performance at an Army base for thousands of soldiers. Not one of them cracked a smile. Afterward, their commanding officer came backstage and thanked us for a great show. 'But nobody laughed,' I said. 'That's all right,' the officer told me. 'None of them speak Russian.' "

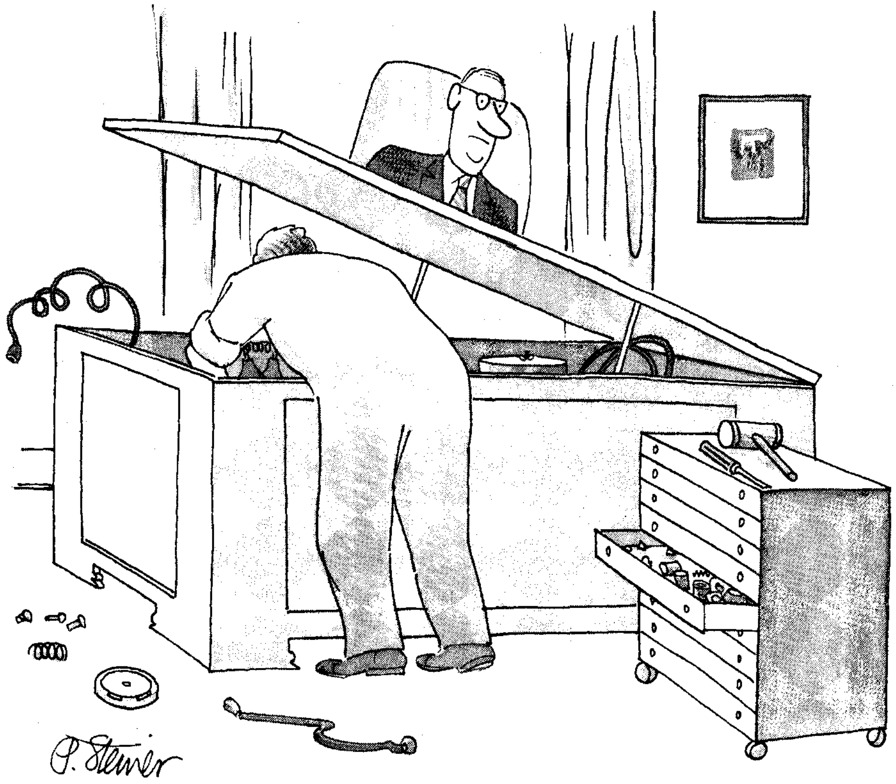
On sex, *glasnost*, and the new private-coöperative businesses: "Now the papers are full of stories about the kind of girls we used to be told didn't exist under socialism. About their working conditions. About their salaries." Pause. Eyes roll. "Pretty soon, we'll probably see the first coöperative brothels. But, of course, they'll have to fulfill their state plans. And the quality of their work will be checked by Gospriemka." Gospriemka is a state agency that is in charge of quality control. "They'll engage in socialist competition with other brothels. And once a year they'll donate their labor on a Saturday, the proceeds going to the Soviet Peace Fund."

I looked around. Even the stolid women ushers standing in the aisles had doubled over with laughter.

I wondered if Petrosyan would dare aim a barb at Gorbachev himself. He did, gently, in a monologue in which he assumed the character of a stunned Russian who has just returned from a trip to West Germany. ("They don't reward their best workers by putting their picture on a board of honor," he tells a drinking buddy. "They pay them *money!*") The character concluded, "So let's drink to the success of *perestroika*. To democracy! To *glasnost!* To Gorbachev!" A dramatic pause, and then a climactic, tipsy toast: "To Raisa Maksimovna!"

But this rather broad hint that Gorbachev's wife is the most powerful member of the family was not the joke that cut deepest into the politically powerful. The joke that should worry Soviet leaders, I thought after the performance, was this one:

Two women, both grandchildren of participants in the 1917 revolution, are reminiscing. "Isn't it wonderful?" says



the first. "Our grandfathers dreamed of a land without barons oppressing the poor people. And, look, their dreams have come true."

"Speak for yourself," says the second woman, sadly. "*My* grandfather dreamed of a land without poor people."

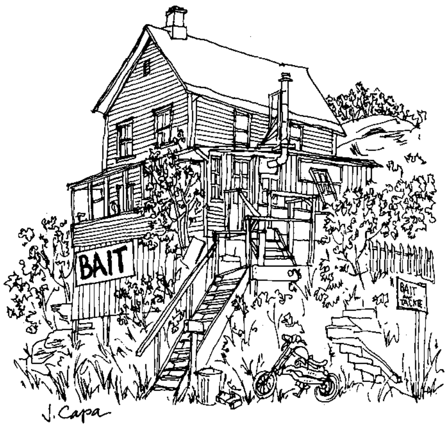
PETROSYAN's occasionally black, derisive tone and the gleeful reaction of his audience surprised me. I had come to Rostov to see whether the reforms that have so dramatically altered the atmosphere in the capital were taking hold in a smaller, more typical Russian city as well. To an outsider from the West, *perestroika* and *glasnost* seem such welcome changes that I found it difficult to imagine Russians' being anything but grateful for them. But the Russians of the Don River steppe country have traditionally had a prickly relationship with the central authorities.

The early Russians in the territory were serfs who had escaped from bondage on the estates of Muscovy in the sixteenth century. The czar's writ then did not extend as far as the Don. No one's did. The settlers, called Cossacks, established their own government, known as the Don Cossack Host. Although they acknowledged the sovereignty of the czar late in the sixteenth century, they continued to elect their own leader, the *ataman*. Cossacks, by repute, rode brilliantly and fought fiercely, and their regiments became the crack troops of the Imperial Russian Army. The Don country stayed loyal to the czars longer than most areas of Russia: it did not fall under Bolshevik control until 1920. Then, according to the laconic account in the Great Soviet Encyclopedia, "the Don Cossack Host ceased to exist," and the new Soviet people officially absorbed the Cossacks.

The city of Rostov exists because Russia's reach for a harbor free of ice in the winter exceeded its grasp. For more than a century, the Russians periodically assaulted the Ottoman port of Azov, at the mouth of the Don. In 1637, the Don Cossacks took it, but Moscow could not defend it. Peter the Great's forces captured Azov again in 1696, but he, too, could not hold it against the Turks. In 1761, the Russian government, which by then was in St. Petersburg, decided on a next-best step. The Empress Elizabeth ordered the construction of a fortress on a readily defended ridge overlooking the Don some thirty miles upstream from Azov. A city grew up around the fort, named after a Russian saint, Dmitri Rostovsky. In 1806, Emperor Alexander I added "-on-Don" to the new city's name, to distinguish it from an ancient Russian town not far from Moscow that was also named Rostov.

The early population, according to an 1897 history of the city, "was not distinguished by a particularly high level of morality, but it breathed energy and enterprise." In 1779, Catherine the Great invited a colony of Armenians to move from Turkish dominion in the Crimea to free land south of the Rostov fortress. They established an adjunct city, called Nakhichevan, and added their business skills to the area. By the end of the last century, Rostov had become, in addition to a rambunctious river port, a center of rail transportation, with stockyards and ironworks. It had a hundred and twenty thousand people, a growing working class, sizable minorities of Jews and Armenians, and, according to a doctor's report issued in 1874, nineteen houses of ill repute.

Soviet rule completed the industrialization of the city but scraped away many of its eccentricities. Rostov annexed Nakhichevan and renamed it the Proletarsky District; a statue of Karl Marx now stands in the district's central square, where, I was told, there was once a statue of Catherine. Stalin's first five-year plan decreed that Rostov should build harvesters for the new collective farms on the steppe, and the resulting factory, called Rostselmash, became the city's major employer. (Rostselmash's two-millionth harvester, manufactured in 1984, stands on a pedestal outside the factory gate.) River trade dwindled in importance—I saw only a few rusty-hulled freighters docked at Rostov's piers—but the new factories demanded labor, and the youth of the steppe migrated to Rostov. By 1987, the city's population had risen to more than a million.



Rostov grew horizontally, filling the steppe to the north, east, and west of the river with row after row of four- and five-story brick apartment blocks and thousands of small brick cottages owned by individual families. Central Rostov feels like a much smaller city. Very few buildings rise more than ten stories. Those of the Soviet era tend to be heavy gray stone structures, turning darker each year with encrusted grime. A handful of handsome, pre-revolutionary buildings survive. The Party headquarters for the region, or oblast, occupies one of them—an emerald-green-and-white building that housed the city Duma in czarist times. In Old Nakhichevan, some of the merchants' houses still stand, their pastel façades enlivened by the gaudy, baroque flourishes—friezes, cartouches, and bas-relief sculptures—that were favored by the architects of the Russian aristocracy in the last century. The local authorities, of course, long ago subdivided such houses into apartments.

Rostov has a straight, broad, tree-lined main drag, Engels Street. It runs parallel to the river, connecting the railroad station with the Gorky Theatre, a boxy building that some Rostovites believe was designed, at the height of Socialist Realism, in the nineteen-thirties, to resemble one of the tractors turned out in the local factory. Nearly every important local institution, apart from the cathedral, is on Engels Street: the Intourist Hotel, the major stores, the Palace of the Pioneers, the Party headquarters, the regional office of the K.G.B. The better restaurants are on Engels Street, too, including a coöperative café named Aksinya, after the heroine of Mikhail Sholokhov's novel "And Quiet Flows the Don." In Rostov, it's wise to dine early. By eight-thirty in the evening, both the state-owned and the coöperative restaurants tend to lock their doors. At a state-owned place, the staff will ignore someone who knocks on the door and points to a sign saying the restaurant is open until ten. At a coöperative, a waiter will come and explain, politely and regretfully, that there is no more food to sell. The best meal available on Engels Street, I thought, was the local equivalent of fast food, on sale from sidewalk vendors during the day: byelyasy, a hot fried pastry with a filling of meat and onions, for thirteen kopecks.

Buses and taxis and trams move briskly on Engels Street, because there is no competing traffic. A local law prohibits private cars from using the street, and at the main intersections pedestrians must cross via tunnels. Bright-colored mosaics decorate the tunnel walls. Those in the tunnels at the corner of Engels Street and Budennovsky Prospekt depict scenes from an idealized socialist life: lively schoolchildren in red neckerchiefs, girls in white dresses dancing with young men in suits, proud parents taking a newborn child home from the hospital, sturdy workers in the mines and wheat fields. The mosaics seem anachronistic, since aboveground nearly all the old propaganda displays—banners and slogans, towering portraits of Lenin and Politburo members—have disappeared. On Soviets' Square, in front of the seat of the regional government, there is a new source of visual excitement, a three-sided aluminum-and-glass case displaying photographs by the staff of the Moscow newspaper *Izvestiya*. In mid-March, one side showed Soviet soldiers leaving Afghanistan. A second showed some fleshy backstage scenes from a Moscow beauty contest. The third, most remarkably, contained about a dozen black-and-white photographs of the storefronts and street life of the Russian émigré neighborhoods in Brighton Beach. Whenever I passed the photo display, it was surrounded by knots of people staring intently.

A local newspaper, *Molot* (the name means "the hammer"), listed eleven movie theatres in the city. While I was there, a dubbed version of "Romancing the Stone," the 1984 American swashbuckler with Kathleen Turner and Michael Douglas, was packing them in at the Rossiya. At the Rostov Officers' Club, a troupe from the nearby city of Novocherkassk was presenting a dramatization of Anatoli Rybakov's "Children of the Arbat," but, surprisingly, there were empty seats in the back of the hall; revelations about Stalinism may have lost the allure they had when they were forbidden. I missed by a couple of days the finals of the Miss Don pageant, which took place on March 7th, on the eve of the Soviet holiday in honor of women. Oksana Kolomenskaya, a student from the city of Taganrog, edged the local contestants for the prize. One of the pageant judges, V. Ladny, wrote this about it in a newspaper article: "For many years, we felt that for a Soviet girl it was not right to compete in beauty contests, that for her there were competitions for milkmaids or tractor assemblers. It was as if we were trying to prove that beauty belongs to the accursed West. Here we thought the only important thing was how much of her production quota a girl fulfilled. It turned out that that wasn't true."

AS winter ended, the city launched its annual battle against dust. After the snows melt in southern Russia, the weather turns arid. The soil dries out, and the wind, unobstructed by the treeless steppe, blows it everywhere. A cover of grass might alleviate the problem, but I saw only two thick lawns in Rostov—one in front of the headquarters of the local Communist Party and

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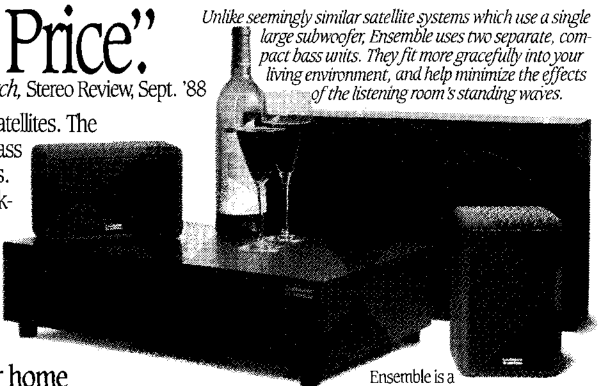

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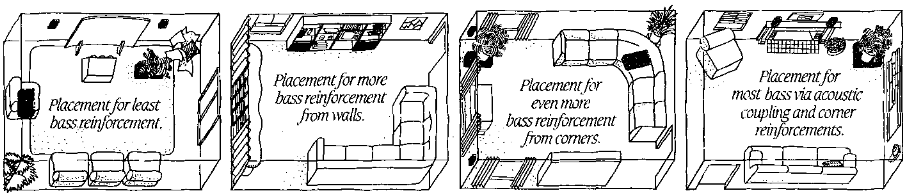
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the other on the infield at the racetrack. Elsewhere, the city plants flowers, but there are innumerable patches of bare earth, which are everyone's responsibility and no one's. The city copes with the ensuing dust by sending squads of workers in baggy coveralls to sweep the streets with brooms.

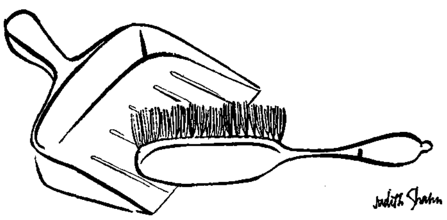
Warmer weather drew hundreds of promenaders to Engels Street every evening. Grandparents and parents and toddlers walked slowly, the adults often arm in arm, up and down the boulevard and through Gorky Park, nearby, talking and watching their neighbors watch them. I occasionally heard complaints in Rostov about growing crime, including drug sales and prostitution, but the practitioners of those trades, if they existed, did not flaunt themselves. According to a semimonthly report published by *Molot*, by far the most common crimes were moonshining and public drunkenness. No one seemed to alter his behavior out of fear of crime. Well past dark, boys with toy rifles played combat games around the plinth of Lenin's statue, and an enterprising amateur astronomer set up a telescope on a tripod at the entrance to the park, selling a look at the moon for twenty kopecks. A line formed.

On Engels Street, people stand in lines a lot. They stand and wait for the buses and trams, and most of them stand during the ride. They line up to buy fresh cucumbers from sidewalk venders who work for the city. They line up in the state grocery stores for cabbage, turnips, potatoes, and onions. (Those were the only vegetables available there in March.) They line up just to get into a clothing store on a Saturday, and if they find something to buy they line up to pay for it. They do this with great patience, for the most part, although once, crushed in a bus, I heard a woman sharply tell a man to keep his hands to himself, and once, near Engels Street, I saw people pushing and shoving one another to get to a table where some children's sneakers from Bulgaria had suddenly gone on sale.

The lines were no surprise. Throughout the winter, the Soviet press had reported in detail on the national shortages of basic commodities, like laundry soap, and also on the government's statistics showing that in most industries production was rising. Before I arrived in Rostov, I had a chance to ask Abel Aganbegyan, one of the country's leading reform economists, how production could rise and the lines get longer at the same time. Aganbegyan replied that in the past decade or so Soviet wages, on the average, have risen faster than productivity. In a market economy, inflation would create an equilibrium between the supply of money and the supply of goods, but in the Soviet economy state controls retard or disguise inflation. People had excess money and little to do with it except save it. They accumulated at least a hundred billion rubles, either in savings accounts or under their mattresses. People remembered, though, that in the past the government had occasionally resorted to "currency reform" decrees, which effectively confiscated savings: salaries and prices would remain the same, but on a given day a new ruble would replace the existing ruble, and it might take ten old rubles to buy one new one. Last winter, Aganbegyan said, many people became convinced, despite government denials, that another such currency reform was in the offing. They took their savings and bought whatever durable goods they could find, picking many stores clean.

ROSTOV had one shopping area without lines—an open-air market, not far from the river. I walked to it one chilly, gray morning with a cheerful young woman named Lyubov Khvostovaya. Lyubov was twenty-eight, with bright brown eyes and high cheekbones. She set a brisk pace, pointing out the sights of the riverside as we passed them: a "stereo theatre" that shows 3-D movies; a statue of Stenka Razin, a Don Cossack who led a peasant revolt in 1670; and blue-and-white river cruisers, still in winter mothballs, that in summer take passengers from Moscow to Rostov, via the Volga River and the Volga-Don Canal.

Lyubov lives with her husband, her daughter, and her mother in an apartment on Prospekt Stachki, or Strike Avenue, named after a 1902 strike by Rostov railway workers, which prefigured the larger Russian uprisings of 1905 and 1917. She was between jobs when I met her. She told me that she had almost become a doctor, but had quit medical school one year short of graduation, because of an unhappy love affair with someone at the school. She became a paramedic with a city ambulance. She said she liked the hours in the ambulance service—one twenty-four-hour shift followed by two or three days off—because they gave her time to pursue her favorite sport, parachute jumping. But then her husband demanded that she quit jumping, in favor of a less dangerous sport, and she also decided that she needed a job with more regular hours, in order to spend more time with her daughter. So she had just quit the ambulance and found a job as a nurse, which she planned to start later in the spring.



Turning away from the river, Lyubov led me up a steep, dusty street to the market. We entered a broad plaza. Row after row of narrow tables had been set up under a gray tin roof, and behind each table stood several farmers, dressed in shapeless black or khaki jackets. Most of the men wore fur hats—*shapki*—and the women, all stout, had kerchiefs on their heads. Some of the farmers seemed to be Russians, but some, with dark eyes and black hair, said they were from Armenia or Georgia. They spread great piles of produce next to rusty scales and, smiling and offering samples, urged people to buy. We saw potatoes costing sixty and seventy kopecks a kilogram; in the state-owned grocery store on Engels Street, potatoes cost twenty-five kopecks, but "you have to throw half of them out, because they're rotten," Lyubov said. These potatoes looked firm and fresh. The farmers had tomatoes for sixteen rubles per kilo, and a local variety of watermelon for two rubles and fifty kopecks per kilo; I never saw either tomatoes or melons in a state store. In an indoor pavilion we saw butter costing eight rubles a kilo; the state stores sold butter, depending on the quality, for three rubles or less, but it was rationed—each adult received a coupon good for four hundred grams per month. Good, meaty sausage went for nine rubles a kilo; sausage of that quality used to sell for three rubles and fifty kopecks in the state stores, but then it disappeared, Lyubov said. The farmers didn't bargain much. If you didn't like their price, they shrugged

"I don't get it."

and waited for someone who did. Lyubov sampled freely and bought sparingly. "That way, you can have a free meal while you shop," she said, smiling.

The market offered more than food. People sold flowers, seeds, and bulbs in one corner, and, in another, medicinal herbs and barks. I bought a packet of herb tea that was supposed to be effective against bronchitis, pneumonia, flu, and catarrh. Lyubov bought me a set of five orange plastic earrings with magnetic points at the clips. The earrings, called *klipsy*, came with a map of the ear, like an old phrenology chart, showing precisely where they should be attached to treat ailments of the stomach, head, or limbs. They promised, for instance, help for eye problems if the points were placed precisely in the center of the earlobe. I asked Lyubov whether she believed in herbs and *klipsy*. She said that she didn't, but that she didn't think they did any harm, either. Lyubov did believe, firmly, that swimming in the frigid winter waters of the Don protected her from colds and other ailments. She did her swimming regularly with a local club called the Walruses, and she earnestly invited me to take the plunge with them.

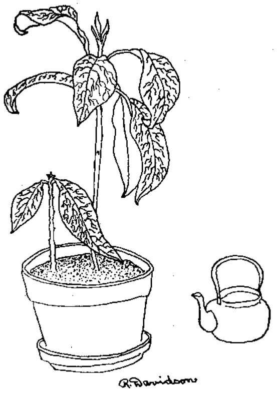
On the same day that Lyubov led me through the market, all the newspapers printed the full text of Mikhail Gorbachev's speech on agricultural reforms before a special plenum of the Communist Party's Central Committee, in Moscow. Gorbachev offered a variety of remedies for the nation's food problem; his speech appeared to reflect many compromises between reformers who wanted much more individual enterprise in agriculture and conservatives who wanted to retain a heavy emphasis on collective and state farms. Gorbachev said that collective farms should be permitted to break up their land and rent it to individuals, families, or small collectives, called brigades, but he did not advocate that they be required to do so, and how many of them actually will remains a question. The thrust of the Gorbachev program, however fitful, is away from state-controlled pricing and distribution, and toward the kind of market system that produced the abundance—and the prices—that Lyubov was showing me.

The prices in Rostov do not readily translate into dollars. The official exchange rate in March pegged the value of one ruble at $1.65, which would mean that the tomatoes I saw cost roughly twelve dollars per pound. (A kopeck is a hundredth of a ruble.) But the official exchange rate is an artificial one, and doesn't reflect the true, degraded value of the ruble. Had I chosen to try the currency black market, I could probably have got rubles for twenty-five cents each. Soviet salaries average about two hundred rubles per month, but, again, simple comparisons are misleading, because necessities like rent, transit fares, and bread receive heavy state subsidies. Even so, Lyubov could rarely afford the market. Her ambulance job earned her about a hundred and forty rubles per month, and her husband made about a hundred and seventy, in construction work. Were she to feed her family strictly from the market, she estimated, it would cost four hundred rubles per month. So she saves the market for special occasions or special items and stands in line at the state stores for most food.

Lyubov led me to a cafeteria across Budennovsky Prospekt from the market. She had tea and I had a cup of gritty coffee. When we spoke about the food situation in Rostov, she raised the issue of corruption. A year or so after Gorbachev came to power, she told me, there was an investigation of the local food industry. The courts convicted and sent to prison ten men for siphoning food from the system and enriching themselves on the black market, but Lyubov believed that for each of those ten at least ten more continued to operate. And to her that explained the disappearance of decent sausage from the state stores. As for expansion of the market system, she said she had nothing against farmers' selling their produce and making a profit from it, but she objected strongly to the kinds of coöperative food businesses that were springing up on the streets of Rostov. "If someone buys a kilo of meat for three or four rubles and grills ten shashliki out of it and sells them for two rubles each, that's speculation," she said.

If everyone in Rostov had to live only on his or her salary and could buy only what was immediately available in the stores or in the market, the city would have a lot of hungry people. But the system offers a lot of small subsidies, and people use their ingenuity. I ate one evening in Old Nakhichevan, at the home of an Armenian family, the Matevosyans, in a neighborhood of small brick cottages in yards surrounded by high walls. The Matevosyans' street was mostly packed, rutted dirt, and their yard was strewn with old pipes and trash, but the cottage itself was sturdy and trim, with bright-green shutters. There were three people in the household. Marya Danilovna, the matriarch, was seventy-two. She was short and stout, wore a flowered housedress, with slippers, and had a woollen cap over wispy gray hair. Her daughter, Galya, was a schoolteacher in her thirties, who was divorced. She had long hair, dyed red, and bright lipstick. Her son, Georgy, a boy of ten, completed the family. For dinner, they had invited Galya's cousin Grisha, who is an engineer in his late twenties.

Galya's late father, Marya Danilovna's husband, had built the house himself. He bought the small patch of land for seven hundred rubles back in 1950, and constructed the house room by room over seven years, whenever he could find the bricks and other materials. It has a small bath; two small bedrooms; a living room, where Georgy slept; a kitchen, with sink, refrigerator, stove, and cupboard; and a dining room, with a television set and, along one wall, a glass-doored cabinet. From the cabinet Galya pulled two of the family's heirlooms to show me: a seashell and an old coin purse with a cracked mother-of-pearl case. Her great-grandmother, she said, had brought them both back from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land in the last century—a journey that, family tradition had it, she made entirely on foot.



One of her father's lasting contributions to the welfare of the family, Galya said, was the cellar he dug for them beneath the house. She pulled up a trapdoor in the dining-room floor. A ladder led down to a small, cobwebbed hole with whitewashed stone walls. Shelves lined the walls, and jars full of vegetables filled the shelves. "Every summer, we grow vegetables in the yard," she said. "Also, at the end of the summer, when the prices in the market are lowest, we go there and buy lots of tomatoes and cucumbers. We preserve them in jars. And that is what we eat in the winter." We dined that night on noodle soup, stuffed tomatoes, cabbage salad, potatoes, and a bit of sausage and cheese. Except for the sausage, which was fatty, it was all delicious, and most of the meal had come from the cellar.

The family did not have to get along solely on what Galya earned each month—about two hundred rubles, from teaching and from private tutoring. Marya Danilovna received a pension of forty-four rubles and also two special food packages—one for being the widow of a Second World War veteran and the other because she was diabetic, and needed a special diet. She did not think much of the quality of the sausage and groats in the packages ("Sometimes it's so bad I don't want to eat it," she said), but she picked them up at a special store every month, and they helped feed the family.

I asked whether they thought the food situation, in general, was improving.

"It was much better in the nineteen-twenties," Marya Danilovna replied. "When I was a girl, we lived in a village about twenty kilometres from Rostov. We had a cow, a horse, some chickens. We had all the butter and milk and eggs we wanted. We ate well." She paused. "I can see that my life's almost over, and I'm not going to live any better."

I asked if she thought that Gorbachev and *perestroika* might improve life for the rest of her family.

Marya Danilovna considered the question carefully. Then she said, "I think he's a good man. But I don't think one man can change things."

Grisha carried the family's economic hopes for the future. He planned soon to leave his job, at a factory that made pots and pans, and, with his father and a friend, start a coöperative business to manufacture household appliances. For the past two months, Grisha had been shuttling from one city office to another, trying to complete the registration process for the new business. He showed me a sheaf of papers about an inch thick. On all of them, it seemed, he and his partners had given the same information: their names, their addresses, their dates and places of birth, their membership in the Communist Party or in the Komsomol, its youth wing (Grisha, though he had no sympathy with Party ideology, duly noted his Komsomol membership on each page), what they intended to manufacture, and what percentage of their revenues they intended to take as salaries. That week, Grisha had completed the penultimate step in the process—registering the new business with the local police. To begin operations, the coöperative still needed an official seal, a rubber ink stamp. Without one, the state bank would not process its drafts and deposits. Grisha had sketched a design and gone to the one shop in Rostov that made seals. There he learned that the backlog of orders was such that it would take ten months for his coöperative to get its seal. Through the influence of a friend, he hoped to cut the wait to two months.

Marya Danilovna, the only member of the family who could remember Stalin's time, had a final word with me. "Sonny," she said as I left, "we've spoken to you from the heart. Don't publish our names." I promised her that I would not, and in this account I have changed them.

Few people I met in Rostov made such a request. Most of those I spoke with were friendly, and pleased—almost eager—to be candid. Some of them had met and befriended some Americans who visited Rostov with a touring United States Information Agency exhibition of computer technology in 1987. "After the Americans left, we waited for someone to come and ask us what we had been doing with them and what we had said," a woman named Olga Kolobova told me. "Nothing happened."

Late one afternoon, I left Rostov's natural-history museum with a reporter from one of the local newspapers, *Evening Rostov.* A colleague of hers, a sportswriter named Zhenya, met us in an olive-green jeep, and we climbed in. Zhenya belonged to the Oscar Madison school of sports journalism: he was dressed in a rumpled green jacket and had a couple of days' worth of stubble. He was writing a story about the Army Sports Club's soccer team, and sitting in the front seat was the club's director, a gray-haired colonel in full uniform, down to brass tanks on his lapels.

"I'm Igor," the colonel said, flashing a smile from which one front tooth was missing, and offering a hand that felt twice as thick as my own. "And this is Private Andryusha, behind the wheel." Andryusha, who looked to be about nineteen, nodded.

"Have time for a drink?" Zhenya asked.

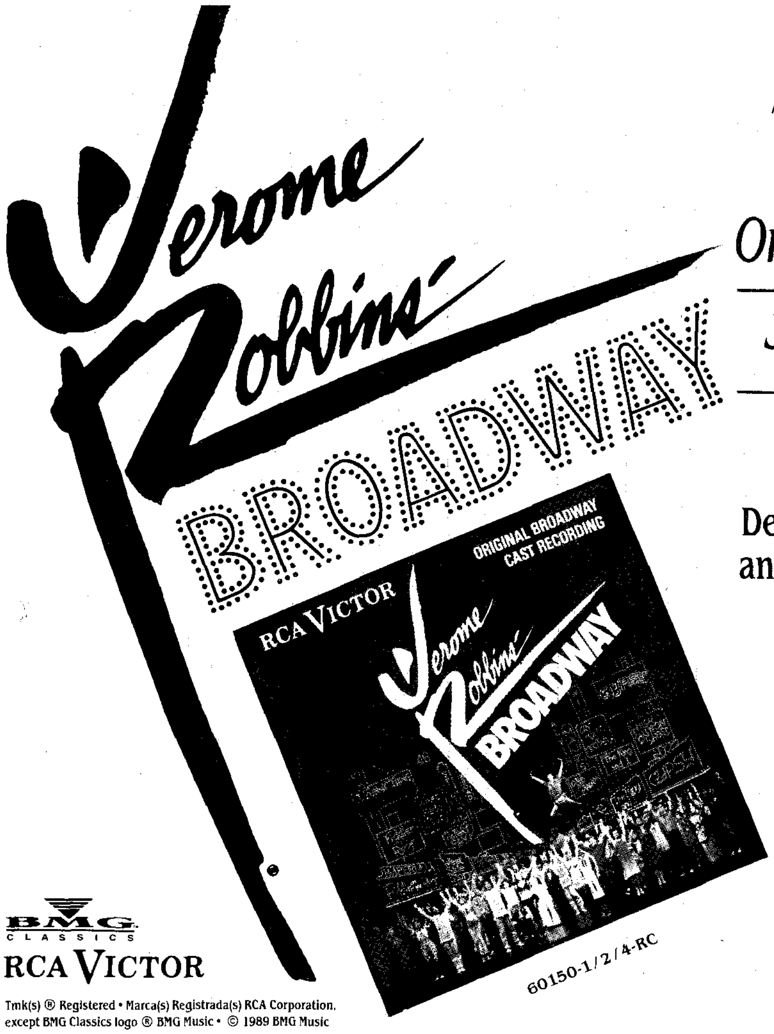
I said that would be fine if we could get back to my hotel by six o'clock. "Is that six o'clock tomorrow or the day after?" Zhenya asked, grinning.

Andryusha set off with a rumble, and began slaloming skillfully around pits and potholes in the road.

We soon pulled up behind the grandstand of the Rostov racetrack. The season's first meeting was still five weeks away, but the track bar was open. We got out of the jeep and walked in. Only the barmaid, a stout woman with blond hair pinned up in a chignon, was there. The colonel selected a table, walked over to the bar, and began a discussion with the barmaid. "We're not supposed to be able to drink here now," Zhenya explained. Apparently, the government's campaign to discourage alcohol abuse had affected the bar's license. "But he'll fix it." The colonel soon returned with a teapot and four cups. He poured half a cup for everyone. I sniffed my cup. It held cognac.

The colonel raised his cup and proposed a toast. Some years ago, he said, he had travelled to West Germany for a soccer match. At his hotel, wearing civilian clothes, he entered an elevator. Three American pilots in uniform got in next to him. It had struck him, standing quietly next to these Americans, that even though their jobs perhaps entailed practicing to bomb the Soviet Union, they were not his natural enemies. They were just men, like him. But, because of the times, he had said nothing. Now he wanted to take the opportunity to say what he had thought then. "We're all human beings," he said, cup suspended, suddenly a little solemn. "So I propose a toast to friendship, to simple human friendship."

THE private-coöperative business that Grisha was trying to organize had a great deal of company both in Rostov and around the Soviet Union. Before *perestroika*, the only legal coöperatives in the Soviet Union were agricultural organizations. Beginning in 1987, the central authorities began to allow coöperatives to operate in a few service industries, such as restaurants and home-repair businesses. In 1988, the government vacillated, apparently uncertain how far to let the new form of business go. A law passed that May promised to let people start up almost any business they wanted, but in December a decree eliminated more than a dozen categories, ranging from video rental to cancer treatment. Even so, *Izvestiya* reported on March 10th of this year that 77,548 coöperative businesses had registered across the Soviet Union, confounding the notion that the years of Communist Party rule had thoroughly extinguished the entrepreneurial spirit of the old Russian Empire. In Rostov, I bought a directory, published last November, that listed more than four hundred coöperatives in the city. At first glance, the coöperatives seemed engaged mainly in ripping off small pieces of American pop culture and peddling them for a fast ruble. I passed one sidewalk vender in a worn tweed overcoat selling, for twenty rubles a



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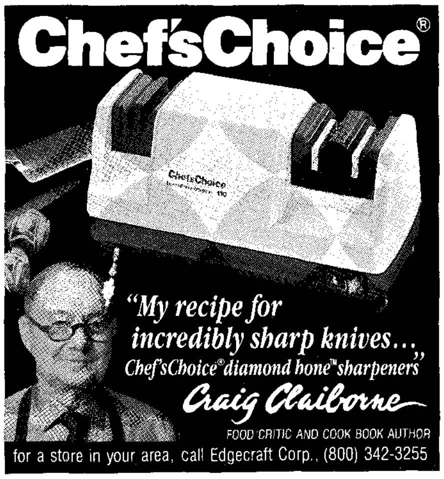
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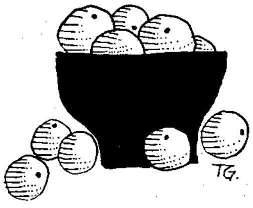
copy, a board game called Menedzher (a Russian neologism borrowed from English). It was a knockoff of Monopoly, and was manufactured, he told me, by a Leningrad coöperative. Instead of the streets of Atlantic City, players bought Leningrad properties. A big turbine factory called Elektrosila occupied the Boardwalk square. A player who got all the factories in a color group could add subsidiaries, raise prices, and, in the end, bankrupt his comrades.



On Engels Street was what was supposed to be the center for the city's youth activities—the Palace of the Pioneers, which was the headquarters for the Soviet equivalent of the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts. A photo display in its window showed earnest youngsters in white shirts and red neckerchiefs studying Leninism and atheism, just as Soviet boys and girls have always done, but the Palace of the Pioneers was dim and quiet on a Saturday afternoon when I looked in. The big crowd was across the street at the Palace of Culture of the Construction Workers, where two coöperatives had rented space. In a small upstairs room, one of them was showing American videotapes to viewers, at a ruble a head, and a crowd of perhaps seventy people had jammed in there to watch "Airplane." A Russian male voice provided an approximate translation of the dialogue. The video business, I was told by the young man taking tickets, put on five or six shows a day and split the take with the administration of the Palace of Culture. In the lobby, under a wooden relief of iron-jawed Soviet hardhats, another coöperative had set up a kind of video arcade. On long tables were four Soviet color television sets rigged up to Atari computers, complete with joysticks and American software—obtained, I was told, in Poland. Customers paid ten kopecks a minute to play Boulder Dash, Ninja, and Stealth Bomber, in which the player racked up points by blowing away targets in an unidentified foreign country. An attendant kept track of the time for each player with a large timer that appeared to have been salvaged from a photography lab. At whatever hour I dropped in, I found every set occupied by a glassy-eyed Soviet boy, joystick in hand. The coöperative had had to put up an iron railing to keep the crowds of spectators from smothering the paying customers. The coöperative, I estimated, was taking in something like two hundred and fifty rubles per day. On the street outside one day, a grimy-faced boy in a speckled fur hat walked up to me and asked if I could spare ten kopecks; it was the first time I had seen a Soviet kid beg.

In the minds of many people in Rostov, a fine line separated making an honest profit from speculating—a word that in Russian carries a predatory, criminal connotation. As my friend Lyubov Khvostovaya had indicated, no one minded if the farmer who grew the food earned a good living, but everyone resented a middleman's taking a cut. Some people feared that the coöperatives were bringing back capitalist exploitation, or, worse, they suspected that people who had been good Communists all their lives would not have the funds or the skills to start a business. It was marginal characters, who had spent the Brezhnev years in the black market or in some other corrupt sector of society, who had the capital, and they would be the ones to attain the good life under *perestroika*.

Molot reflected this uneasiness in an interview it published with Boris Lazarevich Greenberg, the director of a new union of city coöperatives that were engaged principally in the manufacture of clothing and shoes. "Boris Lazarevich, our readers tell us that you can't help seeing the absurdly high prices the coöperatives are demanding," the interview began, and it went on to say, "Our readers say the coöperatives are raking in enormous, wild amounts of money," and "People say the coöperatives care more for the ruble than for their fellow-man." Greenberg responded, a little defensively, that if there were coöperatives in Rostov that were gouging customers they weren't members of his union. His members tried to keep their prices in line with those of the state enterprises. And he suggested that Rostov shoppers see for themselves.

I GOT in touch with Greenberg, and he invited me to visit him. The address he gave me turned out to be an old two-story building in Nakhichevan with a black-and-gold sign on the façade identifying it as the office of the Ministry for Daily Service of the Population. I walked upstairs, past a door labelled "Party Committee," and entered an office dominated by a large portrait of Lenin. Boris Greenberg, a trim, handsome man in a gray three-piece suit, strode toward me from behind a desk with three telephones on it. He had thinning hair and brown eyes and seemed to have come from the same mold as Gorbachev himself.

"I was born in 1944, in Stavropol Krai, so I'm a compatriot of Mikhail Sergeevich Gorbachev," he said when I asked him to tell me about himself. (Gorbachev was also born in Stavropol Krai.) His father was Jewish and his mother Russian. When he turned sixteen and had to choose a nationality designation for his internal passport, he chose Russian. "I served in the Army here in Rostov, and I stayed here to attend the university," he said. "After school, I worked as an engineer, making ninety-five rubles a month. I took graduate work in economics by correspondence and completed my *aspirantura*"—a slightly higher degree than an American master's—"with the Pushkin Institute in Moscow. Then I took my candidate's degree"—the equivalent of a doctorate—"from Rostov University. I'm married and I have two children." He pulled pictures of his daughter, who was four, and his son, who was one, from his wallet and showed them to me. Unlike many Soviets, he had waited until he was in his mid-thirties, with his career established, before marrying.

Greenberg had risen rapidly in the state clothing industry. In 1983, when the passing of Leonid Brezhnev and his generation opened room at the top for young men throughout the country, he became director-general of the regional government's clothing-and-shoe-manufacturing enterprises, supervising nine thousand employees in dozens of shops and small factories. Because his enterprises fulfilled their state plans, his salary and bonuses amounted to about thirteen hundred rubles per month. In the last year, however, a national decision to enhance the power of municipal government had caused the regional clothing amalgamation to be broken up into various city amalgamations. Greenberg's dominion had shrunk to thirty-five hundred employees. When I spoke with him, he was holding two posts: director-general of the city government's clothing industry and head of the coöperatives' union as well. He was the king of the Rostov rag trade.

I asked if he belonged to the Communist Party.

"Of course," he said. "I became a member—or a candidate for membership—back in 1965, while I was in the Army. I'm a member of the Party committee for our enterprises."

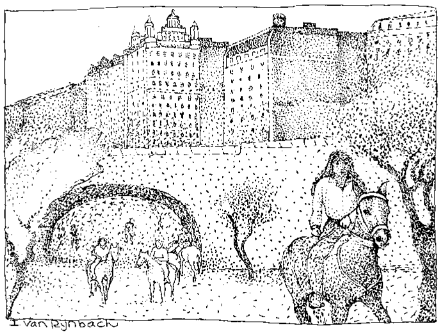
Why was it that a man who had been invited to join the Party at a rather early age, a man who had done so well in the state sector, had developed an interest in coöperatives?

"The competition from the coöperatives forced me to pay attention to them," Greenberg replied. "Before, there was a state monopoly. Then I began to feel competition from individuals who received the right to work for themselves and sewed at home. Then coöperative partnerships appeared. Because they were smaller, they could react more quickly to changes in fashion. So I felt compelled to join in."

As Greenberg explained it, *perestroika* has given birth to three kinds of private, or semi-private, businesses. Individuals may work for themselves. Partners may launch independent businesses. And, finally, workers at a state-owned factory may organize coöperatives, using some of the state's facilities, if their employer agrees. Greenberg began encouraging the workers in the shops and small factories in his amalgamation to organize coöperatives and rent the state facilities they worked in, and then to join the union of coöperatives he helped to found in the summer of 1988. Coöperatives involved in construction and other kinds of business joined, too.

How had his colleagues in the Party reacted?

"I guess I got silent approval," he said. "It varies. The smarter ones approve. The lower the intellect—regardless of the job—the worse they think of me. People are afraid we'll earn high salaries. A bureaucrat who makes two hundred and fifty rubles hears that a coöperative businessman is making fifteen hundred rubles and he starts to say, 'Who the heck is he to be earning that much?' " In his own case, Greenberg added, a second suspicion arose: "Because my name is Greenberg, they think I want to make a lot of money to take to Israel." To protect himself against the charge that he hoped to grow rich and emigrate, Greenberg decided to take only his state salary for the time being, earning no money for his coöperative activities.



Suppose that one of the union's coöperatives built a hotel or guesthouse, using hired labor, and that it hired additional labor to work as maids, bellhops, etc., I said. And suppose that the hotel flourished and the coöperative grew wealthy. What would be the difference between that and capitalism?

For the first time in our conversation, Greenberg, whose words usually ran over each other in their haste to keep up with his thoughts, waited a bit before answering. Then he said, "That's a serious question. With us, right now, it's a little different. We haven't reached the point of exploitation." In fact, he went on, the coöperatives' union that he directed tried to curb some of the most capitalistic tendencies of its members. They had to agree to take no more than twenty per cent of their profits as salary. The rest had to be reinvested, either in new equipment that would improve the quality of Rostov's clothing or in a communal House of Coöperatives that Greenberg planned to build, with facilities ranging from meeting rooms to saunas. In return for this self-restraint, the union offered some protection. "We have a legal office," he said. "We can defend little coöperatives against bureaucrats or anyone else who tries to violate their rights."

Greenberg offered to show me the new shopping center that his union had just opened, and the next morning, a sunny, chilly Saturday, we met at an old, faded-yellow stucco building on Budennovsky Prospekt. The building enclosed a courtyard in which the city had tried to run an outdoor theatre. A fresh new sign at the entrance proclaimed the shopping center's name—Novy Byt, which means, roughly, "A New Way of Life." In the courtyard, individual tradesmen operated out of small glass-and-aluminum huts, displaying their wares on tables in front. The courtyard was dusty, and the few pastel umbrellas erected in the center failed to cheer the place up much, but the merchandise showed a little more flair than the goods in the state stores. One vender sold skirts made of thin stone-washed denim for thirty-five rubles. A few words of English on a piece of apparel seemed calculated to give it added cachet. One pair of denim pants was emblazoned with "My Trousers Is New, 1988." Another vender sold plastic bags of organic fertilizer—chicken manure she had bought from surrounding collective farms. Another sold lapel buttons. Someone who liked to engage in the old Russian custom of forming an ad-hoc trio outside a liquor store to buy and consume a bottle of vodka could outfit himself with a button that proclaimed "I'm Looking for a Third." Someone who realized that Russian women were tired of such men could buy a button saying "Single and Sober."

This, Greenberg told me, was the kernel from which Rostov's new coöperative service sector would grow. He had plans to put a roof over the courtyard and turn it into a year-round market. Across the street, in the shell of an old brick factory that had been gutted by fire, he showed me where the saunas and atrium of the House of Coöperatives would be. Walking up Budennovsky Prospekt, we dropped in on several coöperative ateliers that were once government-run shops. In one, women sewed hats. In another, men stood at hand-operated machines stamping out felt inserts for the soles of boots. Greenberg showed me some women's boots and asked what I thought of them.

The cordovan model looked fine, I said, but the gray ones and the white ones would probably not be considered stylish in the West.

"I bet in the West you can just call up and order the kind of leather you want," he said.

I was not sure, but I said I imagined so. Or a salesman might visit, I added.

"Here we go to the leather factory and they show us the colors they'll sell us. Take it or leave it."

Coöperatives or no coöperatives, Rostov's cobblers and hatmakers still depended on the state for leather, fabric, and machinery. And that meant that no matter how hard they worked they might never improve the style and durability of the shoes and hats that Rostov wore. Greenberg knew this, and, like many coöperative entrepreneurs, he saw one potential solution: foreign investors. A decree from Moscow last December gave coöperatives the right—in theory, at least—to deal directly with foreign businessmen. As Greenberg talked about it, he sounded the way a South Korean businessman might have sounded thirty years ago. "We're looking for partners who can help us," he said. "We're hoping to reach agreements." The foreign partner would supply the equipment and the raw materials. Greenberg's coöperatives would provide the labor, which, he noted, was three times as cheap as Italy's. But he knew no one in the West and had no way to advertise.

The coöperative "boom," as *Izvestiya* called it, represents the most radical change in the economy of the Soviet Union since Stalin extinguished the New Economic Policy and imposed his model of centralized state planning and ownership. The N.E.P., which lasted in Russia roughly from 1921 until 1927, permitted free enterprise on farms and in retail trade. In Lenin's formulation, the state under the N.E.P. would control only the "commanding heights" of the economy—the banks and the major industries—and let individual enterprise handle the rest. Soviet historians now tend to portray the period of the N.E.P. as a golden interlude between the austerity of the revolutionary years and the economic despotism of the Stalin era. The implication is that if only Lenin had lived long enough to thwart Stalin the Communist Party would have created a system of abundance and governmental restraint. *Perestroika* proposes to rectify the Stalinist aberration, and the coöperatives, which are reminiscent of the N.E.P., are one of the means by which it promises to do so.

The historical rehabilitation of the N.E.P. allows the present Soviet leadership to introduce private initiative into the economy without being heretical. But this revision may be deluding them. The actual N.E.P. experience suggests that mixing a one-party authoritarian system with free enterprise may unleash some of the uglier aspects of both systems. According to an account by Walter Duranty, who was the *Times* Moscow correspondent during the twenties, the N.E.P. era was one of rampant corruption and speculation. Brothels and opium dens flourished in Moscow. People made fortunes buying and selling food, some of which had been donated by the American Relief Administration. Inflation was so high that the government annually lopped several zeros off the value of the ruble, and on the first of the year thousand-ruble notes might replace existing million-ruble notes. It's too early to predict whether the coöperatives, and the whole economic-reform movement, will suffer the same fate as the N.E.P. But some of the same problems Duranty described turned up as issues in the election campaign in Rostov this spring.

FOR their boldest experiment with democracy, the Soviets devised an electoral system only slightly more rational than the American Presidential nominating process. The electoral-reform law, passed in 1988, created a new Congress of People's Deputies, with two thousand two hundred and fifty seats. The law gave a third of the seats to deputies elected in "territorial districts," which were to be apportioned by population—one seat per three hundred and fifty thousand or so. Another third of the seats went to deputies from "national territorial districts," thereby guaranteeing representation to the various republics and autonomous regions, no matter how small. The final third went to candidates from certain established organizations, ranging from the Academy of Sciences to the Union of Journalists. The Communist Party had a reserved block of a hundred seats from this group.

Any organization or workplace could nominate candidates. In February, special electoral caucuses in each district winnowed the list of nominees.

At some of the caucuses, the fix appeared to be in, and across the country about a quarter of the races wound up with only one candidate, who was almost always an influential local official. In Moscow and Leningrad, with their critical mass of intellectuals, and in some of the Baltic republics, where nationalists enjoy widespread support, the election embarrassed the local Party leaderships. Some ninety per cent of the Moscow electorate voted for Boris Yeltsin against a factory director tacitly favored by the Party. On several occasions before the election, thousands of his supporters took to the streets in noisy unauthorized demonstrations.

There was little unauthorized about the campaign in Rostov. Polite posters, listing the history of each candidate in the contested races, appeared in the store windows. *Molot* published the candidates' answers to questions like "How do you see your role in moving forward the idea of *perestroika* in the light of the decisions of the XIX Party Conference?" Some of the candidates stated frankly that they had no substantive disagreements with their opponents. The only political activity I saw in the streets was a blue sound truck that occasionally trundled along Engels Street blaring the virtues of one of the local candidates.

Only a single candidate, Alexander Vlasov, ran in the national territorial district representing the entire oblast. Vlasov, a nonvoting member of the Politburo, currently heads the government of the Russian Republic. Earlier in his career, he led the Rostov regional Party organization, and he returned to Rostov to secure his place in the new legislature. The present chairman of the regional Party organization, Boris Volodin, and the chairman of the regional Soviet, Nikolai Pivovarov, found territorial districts in the Rostov area where no one chose to oppose them. I asked one of the candidates in a contested Rostov election, Vladimir Shevlyuga, how some districts wound up with contested elections and some had only one candidate. He replied that in the one-candidate districts people had been afraid to run against the Party heavyweights. In the national territorial district, for instance, the chairman of a local helicopter factory and the senior investigator of the regional procurator's office had both been nominated, but both had chosen to withdraw. Gorbachev did little to discourage his allies around the country from running unopposed, and he himself chose to be elected to one of the Party's hundred reserved seats rather than face the electorate directly. All three of Rostov's unopposed candidates got the requisite number of votes for election.

The 269th Territorial District, which encompassed some of Rostov's central precincts, had a two-candidate contest. Though it was not the kind of heated affair that Moscow witnessed, neither was it the empty ritual of past Soviet elections. Both candidates, Shevlyuga and a man named Vladimir Balashev, belonged to the Party, and both were the kind of model workers who had been chosen, along with model women, model young people, and model minorities, to give past Supreme Soviets a democratic veneer. But neither, it turned out, was the kind of marionette that used to fill that role.

I met Shevlyuga after one of his campaign appearances, while he was waiting to speak with some voters. He was a short young man with a drooping brown mustache, hollow cheeks, and high cheekbones, and was wearing a brown suit, a yellow shirt, and a striped tie. He had a high-pitched voice and stammered occasionally. When I introduced myself, he shook hands and readily agreed to tell me about himself and his candidacy. He was born in 1956, on a collective farm. He had a high-school education and had served in the Soviet Army. Like so many of his generation, he had moved to the city and found work in a factory. He worked the night shift at Rostselmash, as a molder of metal parts.

The management of Rostselmash, he said, had wanted someone else to be the factory's candidate, but when it passed the word, there was a mild revolt. Shevlyuga himself did not start it. He found out that he was a candidate when he came to work one afternoon and heard that the Party secretary in the metal shop had nominated him. "He was against this being decided behind the scenes—he said the people should decide," Shevlyuga said. "I've worked in the factory for eleven and a half years, and the people know me, and they probably saw in me

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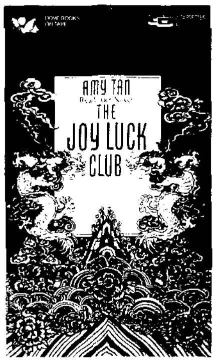

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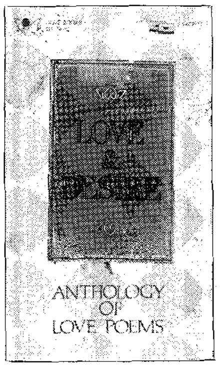

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the features they wanted in a deputy.”

I asked Shevlyuga how much he had raised and spent on his campaign, and he smiled.

“Not a kopeck,” he said. “The state pays.”

Both Shevlyuga and Balashev, the nominee of the second-largest factory in the district, made up their campaigns as they went along. They had no public-opinion polls or broadcast advertising. More than anything, the campaign resembled a conscientious race for the town council in an American suburb with an active chapter of the League of Women Voters. Various organizations sponsored forums for one or both candidates. Each candidate would bring along one or two colleagues from his factory, who would introduce him, review his life history, and praise his work habits. Then each candidate, in turn, would give a formal statement outlining his platform. Finally, the chairman would invite the audience to submit written or oral questions. Once in a while, the local television station would send a camera crew to record a segment for the evening newscast.

On an evening about two weeks before the election, both candidates appeared at a forum in the auditorium of the city's medical institute. They sat on a stage in front of a bright-red shirred curtain. To their right someone had mounted a sign on an easel: “Election for People's Deputy of the U.S.S.R. March 26. Everyone to the Polls”—a reminder of the old days, when the only question at issue was whether the state could announce a hundred-per-cent turnout. The hall, which seated about six hundred people, was half full when the speeches began; as the program went on, more people drifted in.

Balashev, a broad-shouldered middle-aged man with a calm, direct gaze, thick graying hair, and bushy eyebrows, bore a passing resemblance to Andrei Gromyko, the old Soviet Foreign Minister. Like Shevlyuga, he had a high-school education and worked as a skilled laborer in his factory. He spoke first, in an earnest monotone, and concentrated on the bread-and-butter issues. The city government had to have more money for housing, he said. The center of the city was becoming a slum, because the only institutions with money to spend on construction were the big factories, and they found it more convenient to build sprawling apartment complexes on the city's outskirts than to maintain old buildings. He suggested that reductions in military spending might be one way to come up with more housing money. He advocated longer vacations for all workers, and indexing pensions to inflation, and requiring the government to stage a referendum before raising food prices. Farmers should be given lifetime leases on the land they worked, with the right to pass the title on to their sons. The environment was “a life-and-death problem,” and there ought to be laws creating ecological crimes, just as the law defined war crimes during the Second World War. “I'm for *perestroika*, for *glasnost*, for the irreversiblity of reforms, for democratization, and for a memorial to the victims of Stalin's repression,” he said, in conclusion.

“Well, our programs aren't very different from each other,” Shevlyuga began. “I agree with Vladimir that housing is the main question.” He endorsed his opponent's proposal for longer vacations and added a suggestion that every housing complex have a complete sports facility. Coöperatives, Shevlyuga said, were not justifying the hopes placed in them. In some cases, the state sector was failing to supply them with raw materials, but the coöperatives were guilty of speculating on goods they bought from the state. The city government ought to direct and control them.

The audience listened a little somnolently. Some people struck up whispered conversations with their neighbors. Then Shevlyuga hit on an issue that excited them. “The top leaders of the Party—Comrades Volodin, Pivovarov, and Vlasov—have turned out to be the only candidates in their districts. I say that's not right.” For the first time, the audience interrupted with applause. “If these elections are to be responsive to today's spirit of democracy, there must be no fewer than two candidates per district.” More applause. “And I also don't think it's right that certain organizations have the right to elect candidates. Let the people vote.” Still more applause.

The audience, it soon became apparent, wanted to discuss reforms more fundamental than those the candidates had endorsed in their platforms. “How do you feel about special stores?” someone asked in a written question; the reference was to stores for Party and government officials. ("We all must be equal," Shevlyuga replied.) "Do you support Academician Sakharov?" someone else wanted to know. (Some parts of his program, both men said.) "How do you feel about the popular fronts in the Baltic area?" ("They're a healthy force in a one-party state," Balashev answered.)

One elderly man stood up and spoke, timorously but at length, about the horrors of the Stalin era. They might never have occurred if the people could have voted for another party, he said. So why not have a multi-party system? As he finished, a few Party stalwarts began a slow, rhythmic clapping, which in Russia is a sign of impatience and derision. But the candidates took the question seriously.

"I don't think that in a government of laws you can prohibit any party," Shevlyuga replied.

"Let the informal groups and national fronts exist, and history will show," Balashev said.

No one asked either candidate to pledge allegiance to Mikhail Gorbachev. In fact, no one mentioned his name. It was not until the next campaign meeting I attended, where Balashev appeared alone, that Gorbachev came up. "I know you'll probably have to vote for Mikhail Sergeevich Gorbachev for president of the new Supreme Soviet," a questioner began. "But will you have the bravery to criticize him? Do you think he deserves criticism?"

Balashev answered this question, as he had answered all the others, in a steady, calm manner. Yes, he said, he did think there were reasons to criticize Gorbachev, and, no, he would not be afraid to do so. Before he could elaborate, however, the questioner broke in with another query, about the wisdom of combining the positions of Communist Party leader and head of government, as Gorbachev had done. "I don't think any man should have those two posts," Balashev said.

After the meeting, Balashev invited me to walk with him. As we took in the pale spring sunshine in First of May Park, I asked what he had had in mind when he said that Gorbachev deserved some criticism.

The candidate considered his answer carefully, head down, as he walked. "I support Gorbachev," he said, finally. "But I don't think he knows how to listen to people. On his trips around the country, he doesn't really listen. He raises questions and answers them himself." He paused again. "I think everyone is worried about the concentration of power in Gorbachev's hands after this election."

I asked how he thought the avalanche of criticism unleashed by *glasnost* was affecting popular morale in Rostov.

"Some people are dispirited," he said. "They think nothing is going to change. They don't believe in anything."

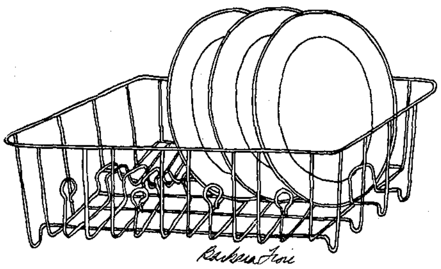
And how did he himself feel?

"I went through a period of doubt from the late nineteen-seventies until recently," he replied. "But *perestroika* has rekindled my belief in the Party."

On Election Day, March 26th, voters in the 269th Territorial District received ballots with both Shevlyuga's and Balashev's names on them. Crossing out Shevlyuga's name was a vote for Balashev. Crossing out Balashev's was a vote for Shevlyuga. Crossing out both was, in effect, a vote for "none of the above." Enough voters crossed out both names so that neither man won a majority of the 217,378 votes cast; Shevlyuga led, though, 107,797 to 90,819. As a result, in accordance with the campaign law, the process in the 269th Territorial District started over, with new nominations, and a new election, on May 14th.

In the second round, two new candidates joined Shevlyuga and Balashev, who were renominated. Again, no one received a majority, but Balashev, failing to finish first or second, was eliminated. In the final round, on May 21st, Shevlyuga emerged triumphant, taking fifty-two per cent of the vote and defeating a mathematician and environmental activist from Rostov State University, Yuri A. Dombrovsky.

I continued to encounter evidence of the malaise that Balashev had found as he campaigned in Rostov. Few people I spoke with opposed Gorbachev or *perestroika*. They all believed in the necessity of reforming the old system. Nevertheless, reform left many of them restless or dissatisfied. Gorbachev, like Moses, had delivered them from bondage, but he had not yet led them out of the desert, or even convinced them that he knew the way to the Promised Land.



I talked one night, over beers, with some of the partners in a new coöperative business that sells computer programs. One of them, Viktor Raikin, said that although the business was doing well he did not feel any happier about his life.

I asked why.

In response, he quoted the opening line of a poem by Osip Mandelstam, written during the height of Stalin's terror: "We live, inside ourselves, not knowing the country." In the days before *perestroika*, he explained, he had lived, spiritually, much as Mandelstam had. He had a job, as an engineer in a factory, but the job was only a formality. He invested no energy in it. "My real life was translating and writing poetry, which I did whenever I could," he said. "I was completely estranged from politics." He had been able to see quite clearly the course of his life: in the future, he could expect a little more money, perhaps, and a few more square metres of living space; he would devote himself to his poetry and his friends—to the internal, private existence that Mandelstam had described. Now, thanks to the reforms and his new job, he had to face a challenging, bewildering array of prospects, to take more responsibility for his life. He had to pay attention to politics. And he could see no guarantee that even if he did everything right the system would reward him with a better life.

Olga Kolobova, the woman who had waited for a knock on her door after she met the Americans from the U.S.I.A. exhibit, worked as the firm's office manager. She was passionately devoted to the works of an American science-fiction writer, Clifford Simak, and was taken aback to find that I had never heard of him. Olga had one brown eye and one blue eye. She smiled when I noticed that, and told me that Russian folklore considered eyes of two colors to be the sign of a witch.

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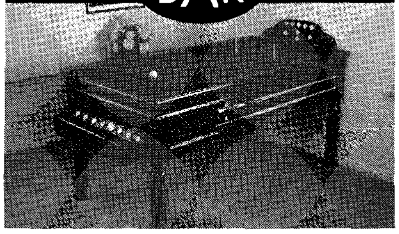

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Andrei told me, and explained that his programs helped other Soviet programmers solve their software-application problems, and that the cramped capacity of his computer hardware forced him to program concisely and cleverly. Late in 1988, the new firm had begun marketing Andrei's toolboxes. They were a hit, and he soon began earning two thousand rubles a month, a like amount going to the firm. New wealth had not affected his basic problems, though. Andrei and Olga were romantically involved, but neither had a separate apartment. Like nearly everyone under the age of forty whom I met in Rostov, both lived with older relatives. Olga and her young daughter from a previous marriage shared a room in her parents' apartment. Andrei lived with his grandmother. When they wanted to be together, they arranged to have Olga's parents keep the girl in their room.

That must be quite awkward, I said to Olga.

"I am thirty-two years old," she said, and shrugged. "If not now, when?"

I paid a visit one day to a psychologist I had met, a kindly man in his late forties. He worked for a state facility, but he also had a private practice, and he told me that most of his private patients suffered from depression. Unlike many Soviet practitioners in the mental-health field, he generally did not prescribe drugs, preferring to treat his patients by talking through their problems with them.

I asked him whether the new political climate had affected his practice.

He said that it had. "More people are complaining to me, to be honest about it," he added.

I asked why.

"Until recently, faith in the future—that bright, shining future we were promised—was something strongly inculcated in all of us," he said. "When people lose that faith, they're depressed. And they're shucking that faith off, putting it out of their heads."

Why should they be losing faith?

The answer, the doctor said, had to do with the reforms—particularly *glasnost*, and the honest look it had forced people in Rostov to take at their society. "People used to think that criticizing something was the same as correcting it. Now they see that it won't be so easy."

Would they be happier without *glasnost*?

"No," he said. "Definitely not."

To an outsider, I said, that seemed a little contradictory.

"You live in America, and I live here," the doctor said.

I asked if I might have his home phone number, in case I needed to get in touch with him again.

The doctor blushed. He and his wife did not have a phone, he said. They had been on the waiting list for seventeen years. —Robert Cullen

• •

THE IDEA

For us, too, there was a wish to possess
Something beyond the world we knew, beyond ourselves,
Beyond our power to imagine, something nevertheless
In which we might see ourselves; and this desire
Came always in passing, in waning light, and in such cold
That ice on the valley's lakes cracked and rolled,
And blowing snow covered what earth we saw,
And scenes from the past, when they surfaced again,
Looked not as they had but ghostly and white
Among false curves and hidden erasures;
And never once did we feel we were close
Until the night wind said, "Why do this,
Especially now? Go back to the place you belong";
And there appeared, with its windows glowing, small,
In the distance, in the frozen reaches, a cabin;
And we stood before it, amazed at its being there,
And would have gone forward and opened the door,
And stepped into the glow and warmed ourselves there,
But that it was ours by not being ours,
And should remain empty. That was the idea.

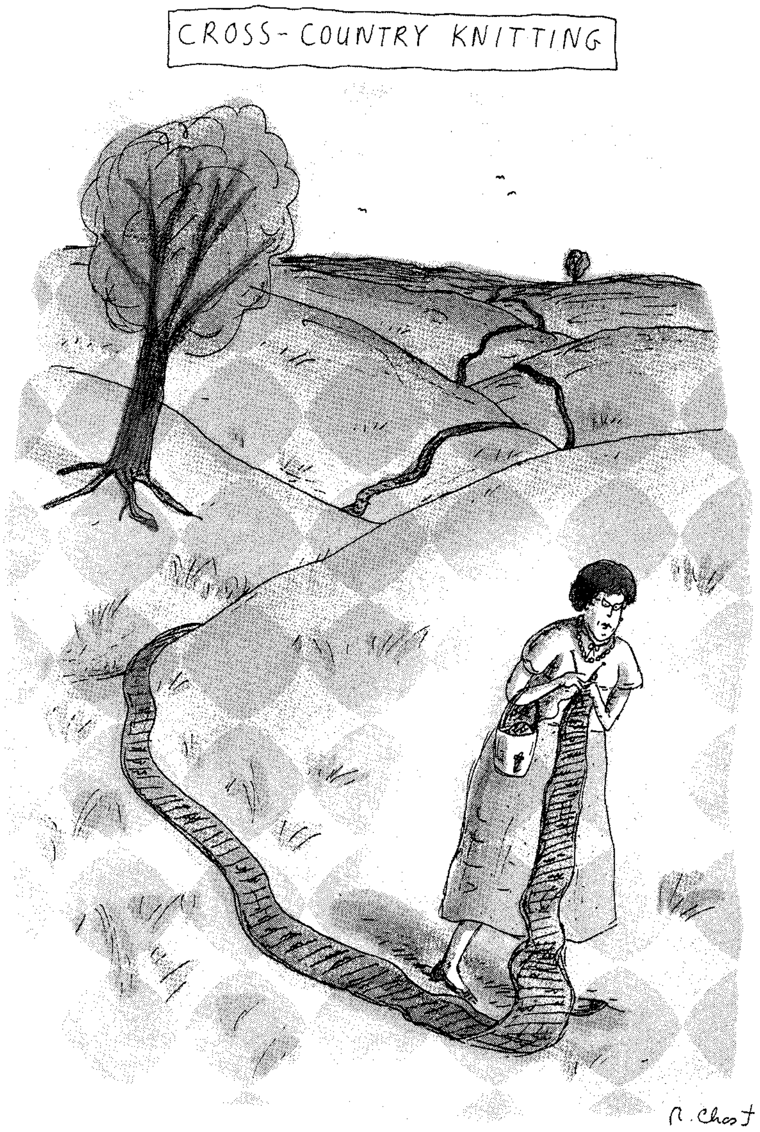
—Mark Strand

BOOKS

Amis Lite

THE title of Kingsley Amis's new novel, "Difficulties with Girls" (Summit; $18.95), could as well apply to all his long fiction—seventeen novels that form an extended and almost obsessive satiric examination of the ways in which men fail to get along with women. Amis is often dismissed, like Peter De Vries, as one of the last practitioners of that lightweight and marginal genre the "comic novel," and his books are certainly funny, but they employ few of the conventions of high comic writing. They have none of the mandarin polish of Beerbohm or Firbank; none of the airy silliness of Wodehouse; none of De Vries' wordplay and literary allusions. There is about Amis's prose a kind of ornery plainness—a flat refusal to be arty or highbrow—and the books carry, along with the jokes, a ballast of pain and melancholy.

In recent years, Amis has perversely made a point of finding humor in subjects that are difficult or unpleasant; three of his four novels before this one dealt corrosively with impotence, madness and misogyny, and the debilities of old age. Originally labelled an anti-establishment type, an Angry Young Man, he is frequently accused these days of having gone over to the other side, but actually he belongs to neither camp, and remains a kind of odd man out in contemporary fiction: a stubbornly unfashionable (and at times deliberately old-fashioned) writer who takes a dim view of liberal and Tory alike, and has made a lifelong study of nastiness and prejudice and hypocrisy—of the ways we betray one another.



In this country, Amis's reputation rests mainly on his first book, "Lucky Jim," which was published in 1954 and may be his most consistently funny novel. I know chunks of it almost by heart, like Jim's drunken attempt to conceal a bedroom smoking mishap by shaving the rug, and they still make me laugh. But "Lucky Jim" is not entirely characteristic of Amis. The hero lucks out, after all: he escapes his boring teaching job and his neurotic girlfriend, and moves to London, still an innocent—and possibly still a virgin. John Lewis, who is the hero of Amis's next book, "That Uncertain Feeling," is neither. Married, with two children, and trapped in a dead-end job in a provincial library, he embarks on a guilt-ridden affair with a predatory socialite, only to wind up in an even drearier and more provincial job in a Welsh colliery. After "Lucky Jim," in fact, there are no innocents in Amis, unless one counts Jenny Bunn, the sweet and trusting heroine of Amis's fourth novel, "Take a Girl Like You," who comes down from the North to work in a nursery school near London and spends much of the book fighting off a randy classics master named Patrick Standish—and in the end even Jenny gives in, or is forced to give in.

In book after book, Amis's great subject turns out to be not love or romance—those staples of traditional comic writing—but sex. Sexual desire is the engine that propels most of his plots, sex is the subject most often on his characters' minds, and the sadness that pervades his books is largely a postcoital sadness. Amis was one of the first British writers to take sexuality for granted and to write about it frankly, and yet sex in his books remains something vexing and problematic. It's not exactly shameful, the way it could be for so many earlier English novelists, but neither is it liberating, as it is in Lawrence. Often, sex in Amis is just bothersome—a necessity for which the price you have to pay is invariably too high. But sometimes it's close to an affliction.

Jenny Bunn and Patrick Standish turn up again in "Difficulties with Girls," which is, in effect, a sequel to "Take a Girl Like You." They're married now, and living in a modish apartment block in London. Jenny works part time in a hospital, caring for children, and Patrick has given up schoolteaching in fa-

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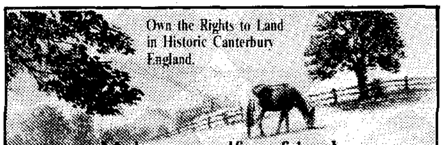
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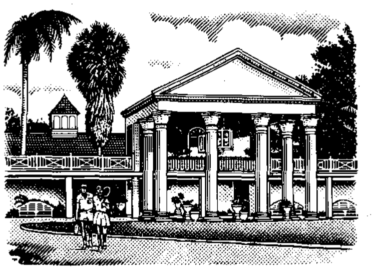

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vor of a job with a second-rate publishing house. His chief difficulty is the common Amis complaint: a sort of constant, oppressive horniness. As Jenny sadly notes to herself, the mere sight of a pair of breasts is enough to "turn the scale" with Patrick, and when he isn't going to bed with other women—or thinking about it—he's often patronizing a shop near Charing Cross Road that specializes in girlie magazines. (Some enterprising graduate student should look into the leitmotiv of naughty reading material in Amis—from the racy tabloid that John Lewis keeps handy under a sofa cushion, to the magazine *Mezzanine*, with its photos of genitalia like "giraffe's ears," which the hero of "Jake's Thing" is forced to study as part of his therapy, and Patrick's *Twosome* and *Titter*. The one thing that no Amis character in need of a quick thrill would ever be caught dead with is a *book*.)

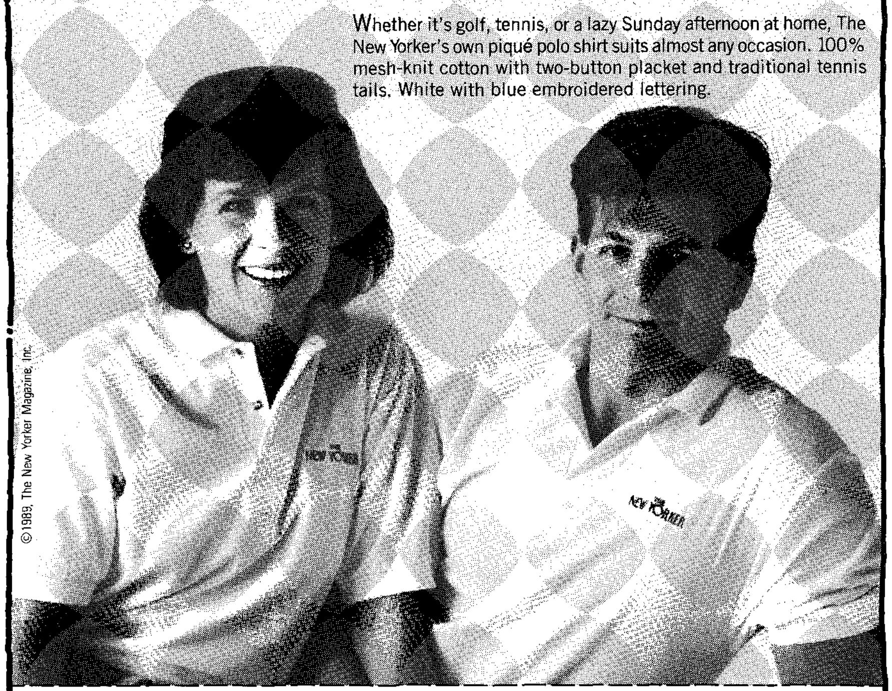
Much of "Difficulties with Girls" is concerned with the effects of Patrick's priapic condition on the Standish marriage, and on Jenny in particular, but there is also a subplot involving a neighbor of the Standishes, Tim Valentine—a prison visitor by occupation, or so he says—whose problem is almost the opposite of Patrick's. He suffers from some form of performance anxiety, and has been convinced by a psychiatrist that he must subconsciously be a homosexual (or "poof," to use the term most often employed in the book). Eventually, Tim falls in with a gay couple named Eric and Stevie, and the theme of sexual difficulty should probably be extended to include them—or, at least, Eric, the "husband" of the pair. He more or less sums up the book, in fact, when he tells Patrick, "It's the clash between male and non-male that causes all the trouble. They're different from us. More like children. Crying when things go wrong. Making difficulties just so as to be a person." (Eric's troubles with Stevie culminate in a not very convincing murder attempt, and, in general, the homosexual scenes are the weakest in the book. They're not openly homophobic, as some critics have claimed; they might be more interesting if they were. Instead of the brilliant invective that Amis can so often summon up to offend liberal pieties, here is only a kind of broadness approaching caricature—the kind of giggle that turns up all the time on "Benny Hill.")

"Difficulties with Girls" is set in the London of the late sixties, and yet, aside from a couple of references to the sexual revolution and to a fellow who has renamed himself Krishna Ram Das (one of the Somerset Ram Dases, someone points out) and is dispensing mantras from a house on Eaton Terrace, there's little period description or flavor. It's as if Amis hadn't bothered to remember what the sixties were really like—or couldn't bear to. The flat that Patrick and Jenny live in, with walls so thin they can hear the neighbors, belongs more to the yuppified London of the Thatcher eighties than to the communal sixties, and Patrick's publishing house is caught in a prewar time warp, bringing out overwritten tomes about ancient Babylon and the usual slim volumes of vapid poetry. There are virtually no young people in this book, no references to sixties clothing or music, and only one mention of drugs—a labored definition of a "reefer." The mind-altering substance of choice here, as in all of Amis, is alcohol, which is consumed in astonishing quantities and almost limitless variety. Amis is to booze what De Quincey was to opium. No one has written with greater relish of the giddy optimism of drunkenness, or more harrowingly of the miseries of the morning after. At one point, for example, Patrick, coming home after a lengthy publishing lunch, finds that a last cognac has "produced in him a tiny refined concentrate of a hangover, mundane stuff like headache and dry mouth hardly there at all, his attention fixed on whether or not a giant fist would fall on him from heaven before his heart blew up."

Part of what made "Take a Girl Like You" so successful was its evocation of that moment in late-fifties England when a certain self-conscious bohemianism became fashionable. The novel is full of precise and telling details: a Mel Tormé album on the record-player; a copy of "Bonjour Tristesse" that one of the characters picks up and leafs through in an idle moment. And it's instructive to consider in this context Amis's "Girl, 20," which Summit has just reissued in paperback, along with "One Fat Englishman." The latter is an odd and almost creepy book about the travels in America of a loutish English publisher, a man who is practically Appetite personified. But "Girl, 20"—about a middle-aged composer and conductor who, in his need to stay youthful, chases after a startlingly obnoxious seventeen-year-old girl, takes up all sorts of trendy causes, and eventually turns to "innovative" music—is sharp and funny and unexpectedly touching. First published in 1971, it's really Amis's valediction to the sixties—filled with stinging putdowns of the cultural and intellectual pretensions of that decade, and animated by vivid passages such as this one, where the narrator, a newspaper music critic, talks about a concert of experimental music:

> The element I was trying to breathe seemed not so much gaseous as fluid, or even some rarefied form of gelatin that shuddered constantly under the swipes of immense invisible ping-pong bats. It smelt of tennis shoes, hair and melting insulation, and was fearfully hot. If the place itself had the look of the hastiest possible adaptation to human occupancy, the audience—five hundred strong? a thousand?—might have been making it their home for weeks. . . . Every few feet were plastic carrier bags, radios, footwear and clothing discarded momentarily or for good, coloured newspapers of strange format, textiles that might have been blankets or stoles or things intermediate, and the already substantial piles of general litter. Here and there I could make out an ordinary human being.

By contrast, the sixties of "Difficulties with Girls" are a bland and featureless era, and as a result the book has an oddly dated, disconnected feel. Amis's novels tend to dramatize their concerns rather than talk about them. They rely heavily on dialogue and confrontation—on pub scenes and restaurant scenes and party scenes, which give the characters the chance to score points off one another, and give the author, a master mimic and ironist, the chance to plant outrageous tirades in the mouths of others. "Difficulties with Girls" is no exception, but, because the world of the book seems at times less than real, the issues it raises—Patrick's infidelity in particular—never take on much urgency or consequence, and the plot is memorable less for any over-all development than as a vehicle for a series of little set pieces. One of the most satisfying of them has to do with Patrick's pursuit of Deirdre, an aging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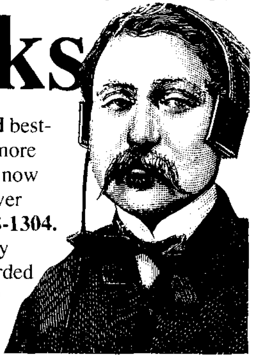
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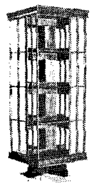
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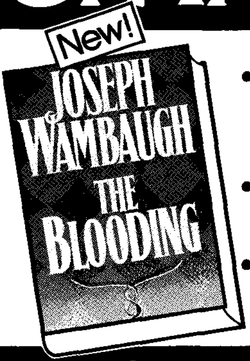

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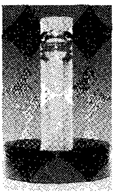
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Irish novelist, who is writing her memoirs about her years with "Willie Yeats" and "Bernie Shaw" and "fellows of that kidney" in the hope that Alec Guinness will star in the movie version. Over a vinous lunch (during which she nearly drinks Patrick under the table), she drops a few hints of what the manuscript contains, including this answer to Patrick's question about what H. G. Wells was like:

> Oh, he was on and off like a little sparrow, my dear. It may sound odd to the present generation, but I don't think any of us minded at all, or even noticed. You didn't then. Rebecca did, of course. She was always the girl for noticing and minding. The voice of the future, they called her, and they were right. My grandnephews and -nieces tell me that's the general way of it in this day and age, noticing and minding everything. I suppose the truth is there's never been many as much fun as H. G.

Another set piece involves Patrick's affair with a neighbor, the horrid Wendy Porter-King, whose pillow talk is enough to set the teeth on edge. "The sky is blue and I feel gay," she says fatuously, and later, after Patrick feels that he has acquitted himself particularly well, she tells him, "I don't understand. You drove at me so remorselessly, so . . . implacably. You seemed tormented by some kind of hatred, for me, for yourself, whatever, I don't know, I'm just baffled. What is it with you darling? Won't you tell me, for the love of God?" Listening to her, Patrick becomes convinced that she must secretly be an American.

Set pieces aside, "Difficulties with Girls" is a milder, slighter book than anything else Amis has written recently, and, perhaps more to the point, a milder, slighter book than "Take a Girl Like You" (which of all his novels may be the most generous and ample), and the question inevitably arises: Why a sequel at all? Why relocate Patrick and Jenny in what is clearly for Amis an uncongenial period? If there's an element of nostalgia here, it must be less for the innocence or utopianism of the sixties than for the youthfulness and expansiveness of Amis's earlier writing, and maybe even for the kind and open nature of the revived Jenny Bunn, who is that rarity in Amis, and in all fiction, actually—a character both truly good and truly interesting.

The cruelties of real time, as opposed to novelistic time, are such that if Jenny and Patrick were to be transported to 1989 they would now, like Amis, be middle-aged—almost as old as the geezers in "The Old Devils," Amis's previous novel, who are endlessly preoccupied with their teeth, their bowels, and their hearts, and with carefully tending their secret stores of resentments and jealousies. "The Old Devils" is a remarkable and affecting book; it's tired and grumpy in the same way its characters are tired and grumpy—a brilliant match of tone and theme. And the vision it offers of what's in store for all of us is so bleak and unforgiving that in the end one of the characters decides to devote what time is left him (allowing for daily visits to the pub, that is) to memorializing the past by translating an old Welsh epic poem and inserting references to a lost love. Something of the same impulse, though on a less tragic scale, seems to lie behind "Difficulties with Girls." It's a book that takes the big and difficult themes of recent Amis—impotence, infidelity, craziness—and views them in an earlier, simpler, more benign light. The story ends happily, almost on a fairy-tale note—itself an oddity for Amis—and it contains in Tim Valentine a character of so many tics and such exaggerated foolishness that he could have wandered in from some other kind of novel altogether. (Were it not for his embarrassing sexual problem, he might be on leave from a meeting of the Drones, for example, or a country-house weekend with Bertie Wooster and Gussie Fink-Nottle.) There are moments, in fact, when "Difficulties with Girls" is on the verge of breaking into farce or comic nonsense: moments when it aspires to be the kind of lighthearted "romp" that Amis's critics accuse him of writing.

But Amis must know that going back is always a chancy undertaking, and that sequels rarely live up to their originals. "Difficulties with Girls" suggests that it's Amis's anger and impatience—even his intolerance—that have given his writing its edge. Like the beer his characters toss down with such enthusiasm, his work is better when it's dark and bitter. —CHARLES MCGRATH

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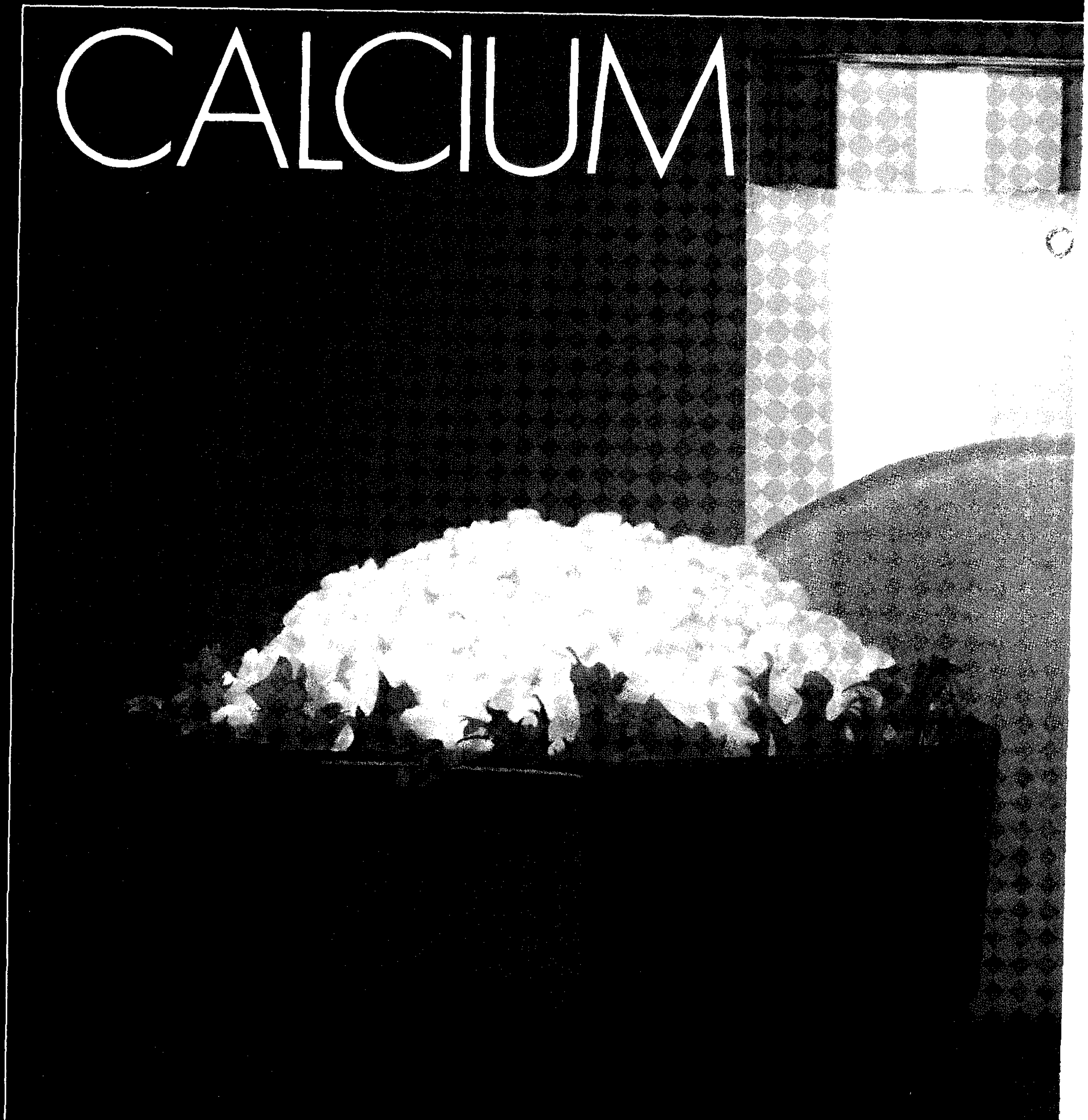

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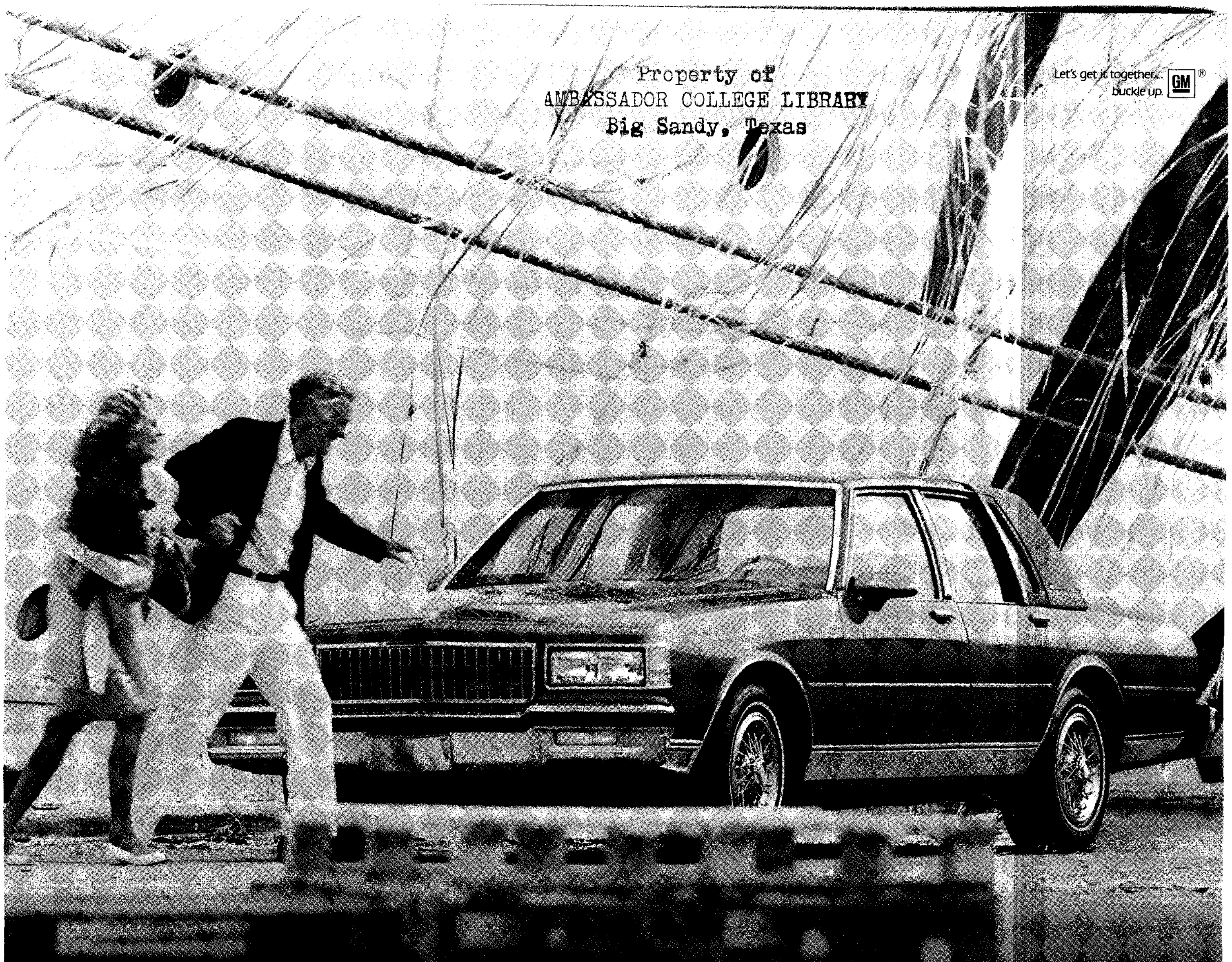

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